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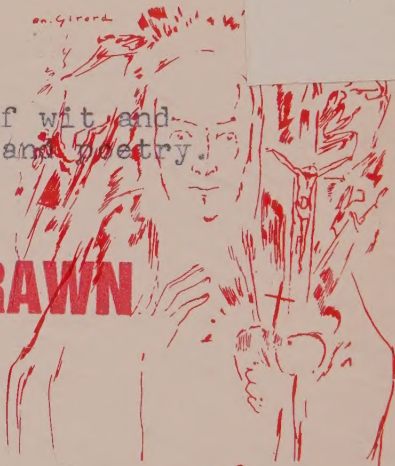
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WIT AND HUMOR

PROSE AND POETRY

SELECTED FROM THE LITERATURE OF ALL TIMES AND NATIONS

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES, BY

A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C.

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VOLUME II

Sacred Heart
University Library

PHILADELPHIA

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1898

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THE LIBRARY OF WIT AND HUMOR.

RABELAIS.

[FRANÇOIS RABELAIS was born in 1483 (or according to some biographers, in 1495), at Chinon, a small town in Touraine, France. His father, who combined the cultivation of a small farm, of which he was the owner, with the business of an apothecary, gave his son the best educational advantages. At an early age François was sent as a pupil to the abbey of Seully, and thence to the University of Angers. Here he made the acquaintance of Jean (afterwards Cardinal) Du Bellay, to whose friendship he was subsequently much indebted. At the request of his father, Rabelais entered the priesthood, becoming first a brother of the Franciscan convent of Fontenay le Comte, in 1519. He now began to display that enthusiasm for study which made him perhaps the most erudite man of his age. His studies embraced the whole range of the sciences, especially medicine, and a mastery of the Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish, German, English, Hebrew, and Arabic languages. His learning, however, provoked the jealousy and hatred of the monks, who suspected that his Greek was a cover for heresy. On one occasion, in 1523, his cell was searched for suspicious books, and to avoid severer persecution he fled. His wit and learning having gained him influential friends, he obtained by their exertions a papal indulgence authorizing his transfer from the order of St. Francis to that of St. Benedict, upon which he became an inmate of the monastery of Maillezay. Here his condition appears to have been little improved; for after a few years he abruptly quitted the monastery without ecclesiastical sanction. In 1530, he settled at Montpellier, and, taking a degree in medicine at the University, was appointed a lecturer therein. At Lyons, whither he went as hospital physician in 1532, he published several works on medical science, archæology, jurisprudence, etc. In 1534, he accompanied Du Bellay to Rome, as travelling physician. He obtained from Pope Paul III. on the occasion, a remission of the penalties attached to his monastic misdemeanor, with permission to return to the order of St. Benedict. He continued, however, to practice medicine at Montpellier and elsewhere until 1538, when he became canon of Du Bellay's abbey of St. Maur des Fosses, near Paris. On Cardinal Du Bellay's loss of influence, Rabelais at first shared the ef-

fects of his disgrace, but afterwards received from the Cardinal of Lorraine the curacy of Meudon, which he held until his death. He is said to have been exemplary in life, profuse in charity, and sedulous in the relief of suffering. Some wrote that Rabelais died at Meudon; but Dom Pierre de St. Romuald says, that Dr. Guy Paton, Royal Professor at Paris, who was a great admirer of Rabelais, assured him that he, himself, caused him to be brought from his cure to Paris, where he lies buried in St. Paul's Church yard, at the foot of a great tree still to be seen. He died in a house in the Street called *La Rue des Jardins*, in St. Paul's Parish at Paris about the year 1553, aged seventy years.

The following is his Epitaph written by his contemporary, *Baif* :

Pluton, prince du noir Empire,
Où les tiens ne rient jamais,
Reçois aujourd'huy Rabelais,
Et les tiens auront, de quoy rire.

The scientific works of Rabelais are forgotten; but his romance of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* ranks as one of the world's masterpieces of humor and grotesque invention. "In the form of a sportive and extravagant fiction, it is, in fact, a satirical criticism of the corrupt society of the period, the prevalent follies and vices of which are parodied with surprising effect and ingenuity."

"The work of Rabelais," says Leigh Hunt, "is a wild but profound burlesque of some of the worst abuses in government and religion; and it has had a corresponding effect on the feeling, or unconscious reasonings of the world. This must be its excuse for a coarseness which was perhaps its greatest recommendation in the 'good old times,' though at present one is astonished how people could bear it. Rabelais' combination of work and play, of merriment and study, of excessive animal spirits and prodigious learning would be a perpetual marvel, if we did not reflect that nothing is

more likely to make a man happy, particularly a Frenchman, than his being able to indulge his genius, and cultivate the task he is fit for. Native vivacity and suitable occupation conspire to make his existence perfect."

An able writer in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" speaks of Rabelais as "an author without parallel in the history of literature: an author who is the literary parent of many authors, since without him we should probably have never known a Swift, a Sterne, a Jean Paul, or, in fact, any of the irregular humorists: an author who did not appear as a steadily shining light to the human race, but as a wild, startling meteor, predicting the independence of thought, and the downfall of the authority of ages: an author who for the union of heavy learning with the most miraculous power of imagination, is perhaps without a competitor."

Obviously, from what has been said, the writings of Rabelais can never become popular. They embody so much learning, and their serious intention is so hidden from all save acute and erudite minds, that they give to the general reader an impression of riotous levity, flashing, indeed, with unmistakable wit, but soiled too often with repulsive coarseness. They have been, and still are, however, a rich mine for philosophers and wits, and thus, literature and thought have been leavened with the humorous conceits and the practical wisdom of Rabelais.

A few words of explanation concerning the characters that figure prominently in our selections may prove helpful to the reader:

PANTAGRUEL (from *panta* all, and *gruel* thirst) represents, in a general sense, the spirit of inquiry, which is all-embracing and insatiate; hence Pantagruel is represented as a giant with an astounding alimental capacity. He is said to have come into the world accompanied by eighty-one sellers of salt, each leading a mule by a halter; nine dromedaries laden with hams and smoked tongues; seven camels laden with eels; besides twenty-five wagons full of leeks, garlies, onions and shalots.

PANURGE, who is the *protégé* and beloved companion of Pantagruel, is a handsome, lively, healthy fellow, with a superabundance of animal spirits, yet exceedingly shrewd, witty and cunning, and quite learned withal, especially in respect of languages. He is given to the perpetration of practical jokes, and boasts that "never man

did me a good turn but I returned it, or at least acknowledged it; never did man do me an ill one without ruing the day that he did it, either in this world or the next." He is in some sort a type of worldly sagacity, —of that faculty which extracts all possible comfort and indulgence from the present life, with a supreme regard for self. Panurge is the real hero of the books in which he figures. He displays great pusillanimity in danger, though a great braggart at other times. He says of himself, "As for fear, I have none of it. My name is William Dreadnought. I fear nothing but danger."

FRIAR JOHN is in effective contrast with Panurge, and a kind of friendly bickering is constantly kept up between them. Lusty, roaring, bullying speeches are given to the monk and sly waggeries, odd conceits, and astute sophistries are given to Panurge. If there is a shipwreck or a skirmish, Friar John is foremost in the bustle; fear is unknown to him. He is a mass of profanity and valor; he butts his way through the world like a bull, while Panurge glides through it like a snake.

Many volumes filled with most ingenious speculations and theories have been produced in the endeavor to prove the historical identity of Rabelais' heroes, and to interpret his puzzling fancies and allusions. It is almost needless to say that the critics differ irreconcilably in their attempted solutions. It would be quite foreign to the present purpose, as well as altogether beyond the limits of our space, to enter upon such a difficult quest. In the subjoined extracts we have sought to exhibit the characteristic traits of our author, without offending the proper sensibilities of the reader. The personal anecdotes by which the selections are prefaced, will, we doubt not, be appreciated as well for their intrinsic interest as for the light they shed on the character of the man.]

PERSONAL ANECDOTES.

RABELAIS REQUESTS EXCOMMUNICATION.

Cardinal Du Bellay having on one occasion brought Rabelais and the rest of his retinue to Pope Paul III., that they might beg some favor of his Holiness, Rabelais, being bid to make his demand, only begged that his Holiness would be pleased to excommunicate him.

So strange a request having caused much surprise, he was ordered to say

why he made it. Then addressing himself to that Pope, who was doubtless a great man, and had nothing of the moroseness of many others: "May it please your Holiness," said he, "I am a Frenchman of a little town called Chinon, whose inhabitants are thought somewhat too subject to be thrown into a sort of unpleasant bonfires; and indeed, a good number of honest men, and amongst the rest, some of my relations, have been fairly burned there already: now would your Holiness but excommunicate me, I would be sure never to burn. My reason is, that passing through the Tarentese, where the cold was very great in the way to this city with my Lord Cardinal Du Bellay, having reached a little hut, where an old woman lived, we prayed her to make a fire to warm us, but she burned all the straw of her bed to kindle a faggot, yet could not make it burn; so that at last, after many imprecations, she cried, without doubt this faggot was excommunicated by the Pope's own mouth, since it will not burn: in short, we were obliged to go on without warming ourselves. Now if it pleased your Holiness, but to excommunicate me thus, I might go safely to my country." By this, he not only, in a jesting manner, exposed the Roman clergy's persecuting temper, but seemed to allude to the inefficacy of the former Pope's excommunications in England, and chiefly in Germany; where they only served to warn Henry VIII., and on the other side, the Lutherans, to secure themselves against the attempts of their enemies.

He, that would not spare the Pope to his face, was doubtless not less liberal of his biting jokes to others: insomuch, that he was obliged to leave Rome without much preparation; not thinking himself safe among the Italians, who, of all men, love and forgive railleury the least, when they are the subjects of it.

HOW HE OBTAINED FREE TRANSPORTATION.

Being come as far as Lyons in his way to Paris, very indifferently accoutred, and no money to proceed, whether he had been robbed or had spent all his stock; he, who had a peculiar love for ease, and good eating, and no less zeal for good drinking, found himself in dismal circumstances. So he had recourse to a stratagem which might have been of dangerous

consequence to one less known than Rabelais.

Being lodged at the Tower and Angel, a famous inn in that city, he took some of the ashes in the chimney, and having wrapped them up in several little papers, on one of them he writ *Poison to kill the King*, on another, *Poison to kill the Queen*, on a third, *Poison to kill the Duke of Orleans*, and having on the Change met a young merchant, told him, that being skilled in physiognomy he plainly saw that he had a great desire to get an estate easily; therefore, if he would come to his inn, he would put him in a way to gain a hundred thousand crowns. The greedy merchant was very ready, so when he had treated our doctor, he came to the main point, that is, how to get the hundred thousand crowns. Then Rabelais, after t' other bottle or two, pretending a great deal of caution, at last showed him the papers of powder, and proposed to him to make use of them according to their superscriptions, which the other promised, and they appointed to meet the next day, to take measures about it; but the too credulous, though honest trader, immediately ran to a judge, who, having heard the information, presently sent to secure Rabelais, the Dauphin having been poisoned some time before; so the doctor with his powder was seized, and being examined by the judge, gave no answer to the accusation, save that he told the young merchant, that he had never thought him fit to keep a secret, and only desired them to secure what was in the papers, and send him to the King, for he had strange things to say to him.

Accordingly, he is carefully sent to Paris, and handsomely treated by the way on free cost, as are all the King's prisoners, and being come to Paris, was immediately brought before the King, who, knowing him, asked him what he had done to be brought in that condition, and where he had left the Cardinal Du Bellay. Upon this the Judge made his report, showed the bills with the powder, and the informations which he had drawn. Rabelais on his side told his case, took some of all the powders before the King; which, being found to be only harmless wood ashes, pleaded for Rabelais so effectually, that the business ended in mirth, and the poor Judge was only laughed at for his pains.

SERVING HIS UNIVERSITY BY A JEST.

Neither were his jests sometimes less productive of good, than the deep earnest of others, of which the University of Montpellier furnishes us with an instance; none being admitted to the degree of Doctor of Physic there, who has not first put on the gown and cap of Dr. Rabelais, which are preserved in the Castle of Morac in that city. The cause of this uncommon veneration for the memory of that learned man, is said to be this:

Some scholars having occasioned an extraordinary disorder in that city, Anthony Du Prat, Cardinal Archbishop of Sens, then Lord Chancellor of France, upon complaint made of it, caused the University to be deprived of part of its privileges. Upon this, none was thought fitter to be sent to Paris to solicit their restitution than our doctor, who, by his wit, learning and eloquence, as also by the friends which they had purchased him at Court, seemed capable to obtain any thing. When he came to Paris about it, the difficulty lay in gaining audience of the Chancellor, who was so incensed, that he refused to hear anything in behalf of the University of Montpellier. So Rabelais, having vainly tried to be admitted, at last put on his red gown and doctor's cap (some say, a green gown and a long grey beard) and thus accoutred, came to the Chancellor's Palace, on St. Austin's Quay; but the porter and some other servants mistook him for a mad man: so Rabelais having, in a peremptory tone, been asked there who he was, let his impertinent querist know, that he was the gentleman who usually had the honor to flay bull-calves; and that, if he had a mind to be first flayed, he had best make haste and strip immediately. Then being asked some other questions, he answered in Latin, which the other understanding not, one of the Chancellor's officers that could speak that tongue was brought, who, addressing himself to our doctor in Latin, was answered by him in Greek, which the other understanding as little as the first did Latin, a third was fetched who could speak Greek; but he no sooner spoke in that language to Rabelais, but was answered by him in Hebrew; and one, who understood Hebrew, being with much difficulty procured Rabelais spoke to him in Syriac: thus having exhausted all the learning of the family,

the Chancellor, who was told, that there was a merry fool at his gate who had outdone every one, not only in languages, but in smartness of repartees, ordered him to be brought in. 'T was a little before dinner. Then Rabelais, shifting the farcical scene into one more serious, addressed himself to the Chancellor with much respect, and having first made his excuse for his forced buffoonery, in a most eloquent and learned speech, so effectually pleaded the cause of his university, that the Chancellor, at once ravished and persuaded, not only promised the restitution of the abolished privileges, but made the doctor sit down at table with him as a particular mark of his esteem.

PROCURING A DOCTOR'S DEGREE FOR HIS HORSE.

Much about that time, hearing with what facility, for the sake of a small sum of money, the Faculty of Orange (some say Orleans) admitted ignorant pretenders, as Doctors of Physic, not only without examining, but even without seeing them, Rabelais sent the usual fees, and had one received Doctor there unseen, by the name of Doctor Johannes Caballus, and let the wise professors and the world know afterwards, what a worthy member they had admitted into their body, since that very Doctor was his horse Jack; or, as some say, his mule: for if there are various lections, there may well be also various traditions of the same passage.

THE MULE AND THE HOLY WATER.

Rabelais being at Paris, and more careful of himself than of his mule, had trusted it to the care of the printer's men, desiring them at least not to let it want water. But he having perhaps forgot to make them drink, they also easily, though uncharitably, forgot the poor brute. At three days' end the creature having drank as little water as its master, a young unlucky boy took a fancy to get on its back, even like the Miller's Daughter, without a saddle; another truant scholar begged to get behind him, so did a third and eke a fourth. Thus these four being mounted like Aymond's four sons a horseback on a mule, without bridle or halter, the real and living emblem of Folly, the grave animal walked leisurely down St James's

street, till it came near a church, towards which it moved, drawn by the magnetic virtue of the water, which it smelt at a considerable distance, in the Holy Water-Pot, which is always near the porch. And in vain our four riders kicked and called; in spite of them the headstrong thirsty beast made up to the Holy element; and though the church was almost full of people, it being Sunday and sermon-time, notwithstanding all opposition, the bold monster dipped its saucy snout in the sanctified cistern. The people, that were near it, were not a little amazed at the impudence of that sacrilegious animal, deservedly cursed with sterility, though it were but for this one crime; many took him for a *spectrum* that bore some souls formerly heretical, but now penitent, that came to seek the sweet refrigeratory of the saints, out of the more than hellish flames of purgatory. So the unconcerned mule took a swinging draught of holy liquor, yet did not like it so well, there being always salt in it, as to take a second dose; but, having somewhat allayed its raging thirst, modestly withdrew, with her two brace of youngsters. However, the thing did not end thus; for the brute was seized, and Rabelais, being thought none of the greatest admirers of the Romish fopperies, was shrewdly suspected of having laid the design of that scandalous adventure. Nor was the rude four-legged Johannes Caballus released out of the pound, till its master had dearly paid for its drink.

ADORING THE STATUE OF CHARLES VIII.

'T is also said, that as he was kneeling once at church, before the statue of King Charles VIII., a monk came and said to him, that doubtless he mistook that King's statue for that of some saint; but Rabelais immediately replied, "I am not so much a monk (blockhead I mean) as thou thinkest me; nor yet so blind, as not to know, that I kneel before the representation of King Charles VIII. for whose soul I was praying, because he brought the syphilis out of Naples into this kingdom, by which means, I, and other physicians, have been considerable gainers.

A JOKE THAT CURED A CARDINAL.

Several physicians being once assembled to consult about an hypochondriac

humour, which confined Cardinal Du Bellay to his bed; they at last resolved, that an aperitive (opening) decoction should be prepared, to be frequently taken with some syrup, by the patient. Now Rabelais, who was his physician, perhaps not being of their opinion, while the rest of our learned doctors were still discoursing in their scientific jargon, to deserve the large fee, caused a fire to be made in the yard, and on it to be set a kettle full of water, into which he had put as many keys as he could get; and while he was very busy in stirring them about with a stick, the doctors coming down, saw him, and asked what he was doing? "Following your directions," replied he. "How, in the name of Galen?" cried one of them. "You are for something that may be very aperitive," returned Rabelais, "and by Hippocrates, I think you will own that nothing can be more aperitive than keys, unless you would have me send to the arsenal for some pieces of cannon." This odd fancy, being immediately related to the sick cardinal, set him into such a fit of laughing, that it helped more to cure him than the prescription; and what made the jest the more pertinent was, that keys are made of iron and steel, which with water are the chief ingredients in chalybeate medicines.

EXCHANGING COMPLIMENTS WITH CALVIN.

Hearing that the grave John Calvin, somewhat prejudiced against him for his biting jokes, had played on his name by the way of anagram; saying *Rabelæsius*, *Rabie læsus*, *anglice* mad man; he, with an admirable presence of mind, immediately returned the compliment in the same kind, saying: *Calvin Jan cul*, *anglice* jack arse, adding, that there was anagram for anagram, and that a studied trifle only deserved to be paid back with one worse, *extempore*.

"RABELAIS' QUARTER OF AN HOUR."

Thus, while like Democritus, he made himself merry with the impertinencies of mankind, nothing was able to allay his mirth, unless it were the thought of a reckoning, at the time that he paid it; then indeed, he was thought somewhat serious, though probably 't was partly that those who were to receive it, might not impose

on him and the company, and because he generally found his purse not over full. However, the time of paying the shot in a tavern among good fellows, or *pantagruelists*, is still called in France, *le quart d'heure de Rabelais*; that is Rabelais's quarter of an hour (when a man is uneasy or melancholy).

HIS LAST HOURS.

Yet his enemies, the monks and some others tell us, that he seemed much less concerned when he paid the grand shot of life, than when he discharged a small tavern reckoning: for they say, that he faced death with an unconcerned and careless countenance; and in short that he died just as he lived. They relate the thing thus.

Rabelais being very sick, Cardinal Du Bellay sent his page to him, to have an account of his condition; his answer was, "Tell my Lord, in what circumstances thou findest me; I am just going to leap into the dark. He is up in the cock-loft, bid him keep where he is. As for thee, thoult always be a fool: let down the curtain, the farce is done." Likewise a monk not only tells us, that he ended his life with that jest but that he left a paper sealed up, wherein were found three articles, as his last will, "*I owe much, I have nothing, I give the rest to the poor.*"

HOW PANURGE PRAISETH DEBTORS AND BORROWERS.

Quoth Pantagruel, when will you be out of debt? At the ensuing term of the Greek Calends¹, answered Panurge, when all the world shall be content, and that it be your fate to become your own heir. The Lord forbid that I should be out of debt, as if, indeed, I could not be trusted. *Who leaves not some leaven over night, will hardly have paste the next morning.*

Be still indebted to somebody or other, that there may be somebody always to pray for you, that the Giver of all good things may grant unto you a blessed, long, and prosperous life; fearing if Fortune should deal crossly with you, that it might be his chance to come short of

being paid by you; he will always speak good of you in every company, ever and anon purchase new creditors unto you; to the end that through their means you may make a shift by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, and with other folks' earth fill up his ditch. When of old in the region of the Gauls, by the institution of the druids, the servants, slaves, and bondmen were burnt quick at the funerals and obsequies of their lords and masters, had not they fear enough, think you, that their lords and masters should die? For, per force, they were to die with them for company. Did not they incessantly send up their supplications to their great god Mercury, as likewise unto Dis the father of wealth, to lengthen out their days, and preserve them long in health? Were not they very careful to entertain them well, punctually to look unto them, and to attend them faithfully and circumspectly? For by those means were they to live together at least until the hour of death. Believe me, your creditors with a more fervent devotion will beseech Almighty God to prolong your life, they being of nothing more afraid than that you should die; for that they are more concerned for the sleeve than the arm, and love the penny better than their own lives; as it evidently appeareth by the usurers of Landerousse, who not long since hanged themselves, because the price of the corn and wines was fallen, by the return of a gracious season. To this Pantagruel answering nothing, Panurge went on in his discourse, saying, Truly, and in good sooth, Sir, when I ponder my destiny aright, and think well upon it, you put me shrewdly to my plunges, and have me at a bay in twitting me with the reproach of my debts and creditors: and yet did I, in this only respect and consideration of being a debtor, esteem myself worshipful, reverend, and formidable. For, against the opinion of most philosophers, that of nothing ariseth nothing; yet without having bottomed on so much as that which is called the first matter, did I out of nothing become such a maker and creator, that I have created, what? a gay number of fair and jolly creditors. Nay, creditors (I will maintain it, even to the very fire itself exclusively) are fair and goodly creatures. Who lendeth nothing is an ugly and wicked creature, and an

¹ That is, Never: For the Greeks knew nothing of the Roman way of reckoning by Calends.

accursed imp of the infernal Old Nick. And there is made, what? Debts: a thing most precious and dainty, of great use and antiquity. Debts, I say, surmounting the number of syllables which may result from the combination of all the consonants with each of the vowels heretofore projected, reckoned and calculated by the noble Xenocrates.¹ To judge of the perfection of debtors by the numerosity of their creditors, is the readiest way for entering into the mysteries of practical arithmetic.

You can hardly imagine how glad I am, when every morning I perceive myself environed and surrounded with brigades of creditors; humble, fawning and full of their reverences: And whilst I remark, that as I look more favorably upon, and give a cheerful countenance to one than another, the fellow thereupon buildeth a conceit that he shall be the first dispatched, and the foremost in the date of payment; and he valueth my smiles at the rate of ready money. It seemeth unto me, that I then act and personate the God of the Passion of Saumure, accompanied with his angels and cherubims.

These are my flatterers, my soothers, my clawbacks, my smoothers, my parasites, my saluters, my givers of good morrows, and perpetual orators, which makes me verily think, that the supremest height of heroic virtue, described by Hesiod, consisteth in being a debtor, wherein I held the first degree in my commencement. Which dignity, though all human creatures seem to aim at, and aspire thereto, few nevertheless, because of the difficulties in the way, and incumbrances of hard passages, are able to reach it, as is easily perceivable by the ardent desire and vehement longing harbored in the breast of every one, to be still creating more debts, and new creditors.

Yet doth it not lie in the power of every one to be a debtor. To acquire creditors is not at the disposal of each man's arbitrament. You nevertheless would deprive me of this sublime felicity. You ask me when I will be out of debt.

Well, to go yet farther on, and possibly worse in your conceit, may Saint Bablin, the good saint, snatch me, if I have not

all my life-time, held debt to be as an union or conjunction of the heavens with the earth, and the whole cement whereby the race of mankind is kept together; yea, of such virtue and efficacy, that, I say, the whole progeny of Adam would very suddenly perish without it. Therefore, perhaps, I do not think amiss, when I repute it to be the great Soul of the Universe, which (according to the opinion of the Academics) vivified all manner of things. In confirmation whereof, that you may the better believe it to be so, represent unto yourself, without any prejudice of spirit, in a clear and serene fancy, the idea and form of some other world than this; take, if you please, and lay hold on the thirtieth of those which the philosopher Metrodorus did enumerate, wherein it is to be supposed there is no debtor or creditor, that is to say, a world without debts. There amongst the planets will be no regular course. All will be in disorder. Jupiter reckoning himself to be nothing indebted unto Saturn, will go near to detrude him out of his sphere, and with the Homeric chain will be like to hang up all the intelligences, gods, heavens, demons, heroes, devils, earth and sea, together with the other elements. Saturn, no doubt, combining with Mars will reduce the world into a chaos of confusion.

Mercury then would be no more subjected to the other planets; he would scorn to be any longer their Camillus¹ as he was of old termed in the Etrurian tongue; for it is to be imagined that he is no way a debtor to them. Venus will be no more venerable, because she shall have lent nothing. The moon will remain bloody and obscure: For to what end should the sun impart unto her any of his light? He owed her nothing. Nor yet will the sun shine upon the earth, nor the stars send down any good influence, because the terrestrial globe hath desisted from sending up their wonted nourishment by vapors and exhalations, wherewith Heraclitus maintained they were cherished and alimented. There would likewise be in such a world no manner of symbolization, alternation, nor transmutation amongst the elements; for the one will not esteem itself obliged to the

¹Xenocrates made them to amount to 100,200,000 syllables from the Greek alphabet.

¹That is, their servant; for the Ancients called by the name of Camilli those young boys that attended on the priests in the sacrifices.

other, as having borrowed nothing at all from it. Earth then will not become water, water will not be changed into air, of air will be made no fire, and fire will afford no heat unto the earth; the earth will produce nothing but monsters, titans, giants; no rain will descend upon it, nor light shine thereon; no wind will blow there, nor will there be in it any summer or autumn. Lucifer will break loose, and issue forth of the depth of hell, accompanied with his furies, fiends, and horned devils will go about to unnestle and drive out of heaven all the gods, as well of the greater as of the lesser nations. Such a world without lending, will be no better than a dog-kennel, a place of contention and wrangling, more unruly and irregular than that of the Rector of Paris; a devil of an hurly-burly, and more disordered confusion, than that of the plagues [plays] of Douay. Men will not then salute one another; it will be but lost labor to expect aid or succor from any, or to cry, fire, water, murder, for none will put to their helping hand. Why? He lent no money; there is nothing due to him. Nobody is concerned in his burning, in his shipwreck, in his ruin or in his death; and that because he hitherto had lent nothing, and would never thereafter have lent any thing. In short, Faith, Hope, and Charity would be quite banished from such a world; for men are born to relieve and assist one another; and in their stead would succeed and be introduced defiance, disdain and rancor, with the most execrable troop of all evils, all imprecations and all miseries. Whereupon you will think, and that not amiss, that Pandora had there split her unlucky bottle. Men unto men will be wolves, hobthrushers and goblins, (as were Lycaon, Bellerophon, Nebuchodonosor) plunderers, highway-robbers, cut-throats, raparees, murderers, poisoners, assassina-tors, lewd, wicked, malevolent, pernicious haters, set against everybody, like to Ismael, Metabus, or Timon the Athenian, who for that cause was named Misanthropos; in such sort, that it would prove much more easy in nature to have fish entertained in the air, and bullocks fed in the bottom of the ocean, than to support or tolerate a rascally rabble of people that will not lend. These fellows (I vow) do I hate with a perfect hatred; and

if conformable to the pattern of this grievous, peevish, and perverse world which lendeth nothing, you figure and liken the little world, which is man, you will find in him a terrible jostling coyle and clutter: The head will not lend the sight of his eyes to guide the feet and hands; the legs will refuse to bear up the body; the hands will leave off working any more for the rest of the members; the heart will be weary of its continual motion for the beating of the pulse, and will no longer lend his assistance; the lungs will withdraw the use of their bellows; the liver will desist from conveying any more blood through the veins for the good of the whole; the bladder will not be indebted to the kidneys, so that the urine thereby will be totally stopped. The brains, in the interim, considering this unnatural course, will fall into a raving dotage, and withhold all feeling from the sinews, and motion from the muscles: Briefly, in such a world without order and array, owing nothing, lending nothing and borrowing nothing, you would see a more dangerous conspiracy than that which Æsop exposed in his Apologue. Such a world will perish undoubtedly; and not only perish but perish very quickly. Were it Æsculapius himself, his body would immediately rot, and the chafing soul full of indignation take its flight to all the devils of hell after my money.

On the contrary, be pleased to represent unto your fancy another world, wherein every one lendeth, and every one oweth, all are debtors, and all creditors. O how great will that harmony be, which shall thereby result from the regular motions of the heavens! Methinks I hear it every whit as well as Plato did. What sympathy there will be amongst the elements! O how delectable then unto nature will be our own works and productions! Whilst Ceres appeareth laden with corn, Bacchus with wines, Flora with flowers, Pomona with fruits, and Juno fair in a clear air, wholesome and pleasant: I lose myself in this high contemplation.

Then will among the race of mankind, peace, love, benevolence, fidelity, tranquillity, rest, banquets, feastings, joy, gladness, gold, silver, single money, chains, rings, with other ware, and chaffer of that nature be found to trot

from hand to hand; no suits at law, no wars, no strife, debate, nor wrangling; none will be there an usurer, none will be there a pinchpenny, a scrape-good wretch, or churlish hard-hearted refuser. Good God! Will this not be the golden age in the reign of Saturn? The true idea of the Olympic regions wherein, all other virtues ceasing, Charity alone ruleth, governeth, domineereth, and triumpheth? All will be fair and goodly people there, all just and virtuous.

Happy world! O people of that world most happy! Yea, thrice and four times blessed is that people! I think in very deed that I am amongst them, and swear to you, by my good forsooth, that if this glorious aforesaid world had a pope, abounding with cardinals, that so he might have the association of a sacred college, in the space of a very few years you should be sure to see the saints much thicker in the roll, more numerous wonder-working and mirifick, more services, more vows, more staff-bearers, more wax candles than are all those in the nine bishoprics of Brittany, St. Yves only excepted. Consider, Sir, I pray you, how the noble Patelin, having a mind to deify, and extol even to the third heavens, the father of William Josseume, said no more but this, And he did lend his goods to those who were desirous of them.¹

O the fine saying! Now let our microcosm be fancied conformable to this model in all its members; lending, borrowing and owing, (that is to say) according to its own nature: For nature hath not to any other end created man, but to borrow and lend; no greater the harmony amongst the heavenly spheres, than that which shall be found in its well ordered policy. The intention of the founder of this microcosm is, to have a soul therein to be entertained, which is lodged there, as a guest with its host, it may live there for a while. Life consisteth in blood, blood is the seat of the soul; therefore the chiefest work of the microcosm, is, to be making blood continually.

At this Forge are exercised all the members of the body; none is exempted from labor, each operates a part, and doth its

proper office. And such is their hierarchy, that perpetually the one borrows from the other, the one lends the other, and the one is the other's debtor. The stuff and matter convenient which nature giveth to be turned into blood is bread and wine. All kind of nourishing victuals is understood to be comprehended in these two, and from hence in the Gothic tongue is called Campanage. To find out this meat and drink, to prepare and boil it, the hands are put to work, the feet do walk and bear up the whole bulk of the corporal mass; the eyes guide and conduct all; the appetite in the orifice of the stomach, by means of little sourish black humor (called melancholy) which is transmitted thereto from the milk, giveth warning to shut in the food. The tongue doth make the first essay, and tastes it; the teeth do chaw it, and the stomach doth receive, digest and chilyf it, the mesaraick veins suck out of it what is good and fit, leaving behind the excrements, which are, through special conduits for that purpose, voided by an expulsive faculty; thereafter it is carried to the liver; where it being changed again, it, by the virtue of that new transmutation, becomes blood. What joy, conjecture you, will then be founded amongst those officers, when they see this rivulet of gold, which is their sole restorative? No greater is the joy of alchemists, when after long travel, toil and expense, they see in their furnaces the transmutation. Then is it that every member doth prepare itself, and strive anew to purify and to refine this treasure: The kidneys, through the emulgent veins draw that aquosity from thence which you call urine: and there send it away through the ureters to be slipt downwards; where, in a lower receptacle, and proper for it, (to wit the bladder) it is kept, and stayeth there until an opportunity to void it out in his due time. The spleen draweth from the blood its terrestrial part, viz., the grounds, lees, or thick substance settled in the bottom thereof, which you term melancholy: The bottle of the gall subtracts from thence all the superfluous choler; whence it is brought to another shop or work-house to be yet better purified and fined, that is, the heart, which by its agitation of diastolick and systolick motions so neatly subtilizeth

¹ This is in the Farce of Patelin, where that arch cheat, in order to engage Mr. William Josseume to give him credit for his cloth, artfully falls to praising William's father, and so gained his point.

and inflames it, that in the right side ventricle it is brought to perfection, and through the veins is sent to all the members; each parcel of the body draws it then unto itself, and after its own fashion is cherished and alimentated by it: Feet, hands, thighs, arms, eyes, ears, back, breast, yea, all; and then it is that who before were lenders, now become debtors. The heart doth in its left-side ventricle so thinnify the blood that it thereby obtains the name of spiritual; which being sent through the arteries to all the members of the body, serveth to warm and winnow or fan the other blood which runneth through the veins: The lights never cease with its lappets and bellows to cool and refresh it; in acknowledgment of which good the heart through the arterial vein imparts unto it the choicest of its blood. At last it is made so fine and subtle within the rete mirabile, that thereafter those animal spirits are framed and composed of it; by means whereof the imagination, discourse, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, and memory, have their rise, actings, and operations.

Cops body, I sink, I drown, I perish, I wander astray, and quite fly out of myself, when I enter into the consideration of the profound abyss of this world, thus lending, thus owing. Believe me, it is a divine thing to lend, to owe an heroic virtue. Yet is not this all; this little world thus lending, owing, and borrowing, is so good and charitable, that no sooner is the above-specified alimentation finished, but that it forthwith projecteth, and hath already forecast, how it shall lend to those who are not as yet born, and by that loan endeavor what it may, to eternize itself, and multiply in images like the pattern, that is, children. To this end every member doth of the choicest and most precious of its nourishment, pare and cut off a portion, then instantly dispatcheth it downwards to that place, where nature hath prepared for it very fit vessels and receptacles through which descending to the genitories by long ambages, circuits and flexuosities, it receiveth a competent form, and rooms apt enough both in the man and woman for the future conservation and perpetuating of human kind. All this is done by loans and debts of the one unto the other; and hence have we this word, the

debt of marriage. Nature doth reckon pain to the refuser, with a most grievous vexation to his members, and an outrageous fury amidst his senses. But on the other part to the lender a set reward, accompanied with pleasure, joy, solace, mirth and merry glee.

WHY MONKS LOVE TO BE IN KITCHENS.

What is the reason, asked friar John, that monks are always to be found in kitchens; and kings, emperors and popes are never there? Is there not, said Rhizotomus, some latent virtue and specific propriety hid in the kettles, and pans, which as the load-stone attracts iron, draws the monks there, and cannot attract emperors, popes, or kings? Or is it a natural induction and inclination, fixed in the frocks and cowls, which of itself leads and forceth those good religious men into kitchens, whether they will or no? He means forms following matter, as Averroës calls them, answered Epistemon. Right, said friar John.

I'll not offer to solve this problem, said Pantagruel; for it is somewhat ticklish, and you can hardly handle it without coming off scurvily, but I'll tell you what I have heard.

Antigonus, King of Macedon, one day coming into one of the tents, where his cooks use to dress his meat, and finding there poet Antagoras frying a conger, and holding the pan himself, merrily asked him, pray, Mr. Poet, was Homer frying congors when he writ the deeds of Agamemnon? Antagoras readily answered: but do you think, sir, that when Agamemnon did them, he made it his business to know if any in his camp were frying congors? The king thought it an indecency that a poet should be thus a frying in a kitchen, and the poet let the king know that it was a more indecent thing for a king to be found in such a place. I'll clap another story upon the neck of this, quoth Panurge, and will tell you what Breton Villandry answered one day to the Duke of Guise.

They were saying that at a certain battle of King Francis against the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Breton armed cap-a-pie to the teeth, and mounted like St. George,

yet sneaked off, and played least in sight during the engagement. Blood and oons, answered Breton, I was there and can prove it easily; nay, even where you, my Lord dared not have been. The Duke began to resent this as too rash and saucy, but Breton easily appeased him, and set them all a laughing. I gad, my Lord, quoth he, I kept out of harm's way, I was all the while with your page Jack sulking in a privy where you had not dared hide your head as I did.

THE FOOL'S JUDGMENT.

At Paris, in the roast-meat cookery of the *petit chastelet*, before the cook-shop of one of the roast-meat sellers of that lane, a certain hungry porter was eating his bread, after he had by parcels kept it a while above the reek and steam of a fat goose on the spit, turning at a great fire, and found it so besmoked with the vapor, to be savory; which the cook observing, took no notice, till after having ravined his penny loaf whereof no morsel had been unsmokified, he was about dis-camping and going away; but by your leave, as the fellow thought to have departed thence shot-free, the master-cook laid hold upon him by the gorget, and demanded payment for the smoke of his roast-meat.

The porter answered, that he had sustained no loss at all; that by what he had done there was no diminution of the flesh; that he had taken nothing of his, and that therefore he was not indebted to him in any thing: as for the smoke in question, that, although he had not been there, it would howsoever have been evaporated: besides that, before that time it had never been seen nor heard, that roast-meat smoke was sold upon the streets of Paris.

The cook hereto replied, that he was not obliged nor any way bound to feed and nourish for nought a porter whom he had never seen before, with the smoke of his roast-meat; and thereupon swore, that if he would not forthwith content and satisfy him with present payment for the repast which he had thereby got, that he would take his crooked staves from off his back; which instead of having loads thereafter laid upon them, should serve

for fuel to his kitchen fires. Whilst he was going about so to do, and to have pulled them to him by one of the bottom rings, which he had caught in his hand, the sturdy porter got out of his gripes, drew forth the knotty cudgel, and stood to his own defence.

The altercation waxed hot in words, which moved the gaping hoydens of the sottish Parisians to run from all parts thereabouts, to see what the issue would be of that babbling strife and contention. In the interim of this dispute, to very good purpose Seyny John, the fool and citizen of Paris, happened to be there, whom the cook perceiving, said to the porter, wilt thou refer and submit unto the noble Seyny John, the decision of the difference and controversy which is betwixt us? Yes, by the blood of a goose, answered the porter, I am content.

Seyny John the fool, finding that the cook and porter had compromised the determination of their variance and debate to the discretion of his award and arbitrament, after that the reasons on either side, whereupon was grounded the mutual fierceness of their brawling jar, had been to the full displayed and laid open before him, commanded the porter to draw out of the fob of his belt, a piece of money, if he had it. Whereupon the porter immediately without delay, in reverence to the authority of such a judicious umpire, put the tenth part of a silver Phillip into his hand. This little Phillip, Seyny John took, then set it on his left shoulder, to try by feeling if it was of a sufficient weight; after that, laying it on the palm of his hand, he made it ring and tingle, to understand by the ear if it was of a good alloy in the metal whereof it was composed: thereafter he put it to the ball or apple of his left eye, to explore by the sight if it was well stamped and marked; all which being done, in a profound silence of the whole doltish people, who were there spectators of this pageantry, to the great hope of the cook's, and despair of the porter's prevalency in the suit that was in agitation, he finally caused the porter to make it sound several times upon the stall of the cook's shop.

Then with a presidential majesty holding his bawble (sceptre-like) in his hand, muffling his head with a hood of marten skins, each side whereof had the resem-

blance of an Ape's face, sprucified up with ears of pasted paper, and having about his neck a bucked ruff, raised, furrowed, and ridged, with pouting sticks, of the shape and fashion of small organ pipes; he first with all the force of his lungs, coughed two or three times, and then pronounced the following sentence:

The court declared, that the porter, who ate his bread at the smoke of the roast, hath civilly paid the cook with the sound of his money: and the said court ordaineth, that every one return to his own home, and attend his proper business, without cost and charges, and for a cause. This verdict, award and arbitrament of the Parisian fool, did appear so equitable, yea, so admirable to the doctors of the law, that they very much doubted, if the matter had been brought before the Sessions for Justice of the said place, or that the Judges of the Rota at Rome had been umpires therein; or yet that the Areopagites themselves had been the deciders thereof, if by any one part, or all of them together, it had been so judicially sententiated and awarded.

THE SECRET-TELLING BOX.

POPE JOHN XXII. passing on a day through the Abbey of Toucherome, was in all humility required and besought by the Abbess, and other discreet mothers of the said Convent, to grant them an indulgence, by means whereof they might confess themselves to one another, alleging, that religious women were subject to some petty secret slips and imperfections, which would be a foul and burning shame for them to discover and to reveal to men, how sacerdotal soever their function were: but that they would freelier, more familiarly, and with greater cheerfulness, open to each other their offences, faults, and escapes, under the seal of confession. There is not any thing, answered the Pope, fitting for you to impetrate of me, which I would not most willingly condescend unto: but I find one inconvenience; you know, confession should be kept secret: and you women are not able to do so. Exceeding well, quoth they, most Holy Father, and much more closely than the best of men. The Holy Father on the very same day, gave them in keep-

ing a pretty box, wherein he purposely caused a little linnet to be put, willing them very gently and cautiously to lock it up in some sure and hidden place; and promising them, by the "*Faith of a Pope*," that he should yield to their request, if they would keep secret what was inclosed within that deposited box: enjoining them withal, not to presume one way nor other, directly or indirectly, to go about the opening thereof, under pain of the highest ecclesiastical censure, eternal excommunication. The prohibition was no sooner made, but that they did all of them boil with a most ardent desire to know, and see what kind of thing it was that was within it: they thought long already, that the Pope was not gone, to the end they might jointly, with the more leisure and ease apply themselves to the box-opening curiosity. The Holy Father, after he had given them his benediction, retired and withdrew himself to the Pontifical lodgings of his own palace; but he was hardly gone three steps from without the gates of their cloister, when the good ladies throngingly, and as in a huddled crowd, pressing hard on the backs of one another, ran thrusting and shoving who should be first at the setting open of the forbidden box, and desecring of the *quod latitat* within. On the very next day thereafter, the Pope made them another visit, of a full design, purpose, and intention (as they imagined) to dispatch the grant of their sought and wished-for indulgence: but before he would enter into a chat or communing with them, he commanded the casket to be brought unto him: it was done so accordingly; but by your leave the bird was no more there. Then was it, that the Pope did represent to their maternities, how hard a matter and difficult it was for them to keep secrets revealed to them in confession, unmanifested to the ears of others; seeing for the space of four-and-twenty hours they were not able to lay up in secret a box, which he had highly recommended to their discretion, charge, and custody.

THE LOST HATCHET.

THERE once lived a poor honest country fellow of Gravot, Tom Wellhung by name, a wood-cleaver by trade, who in

that low drudgery made shift so to pick up a sorry livelihood. It happened that he lost his hatchet. Now tell me who ever had more cause to be vexed than poor Tom? Alas, his whole estate and life depended on his hatchet; by his hatchet he earned many a fair penny of the best wood-mongers' or log-merchants, among whom he went a jobbing; for want of his hatchet he was like to starve; and had Death but met him six days after without a hatchet, the grim fiend would have mowed him down in the twinkling of a bed-staff. In this sad case he began to be in a heavy taking, and called upon Jupiter with most eloquent prayers (for you know, Necessity was the mother of Eloquence), with the whites of his eyes turned up towards heaven, down on his marrow-bones, his arms reared high, his fingers stretched wide, and his head bare, the poor wretch without ceasing was roaring out by way of Litany at every repetition of his supplications, my hatchet, Lord Jupiter, my hatchet, my hatchet, only my hatchet, O Jupiter, or money to buy another, and nothing else; alas, my poor hatchet!

Jupiter happened then to be holding a grand council about certain urgent affairs, and old Gammer Cybele was just giving her opinion, or if you had rather have it so, it was young Phœbus the Beau: but in short, Tom's outcry and lamentations were so loud that they were heard with no small amazement at the council-board by the whole consistory of the gods. What a devil have we below, quoth Jupiter, that howls so horribly? By the mud of Styx, have n't we had all along, and have n't we here still, enough to do to set to rights a world of puzzling businesses of consequence? . . . Let us, however, dispatch this howling fellow below; you, Mercury, go see who it is, and know what he wants. Mercury looked out at Heaven's trap-door, through which, as I am told, they hear what's said here below; by the way, one might well enough mistake it for the scuttle of a ship; tho' Icaromenippus said it was like the mouth of a well: the light-heeled deity saw that it was honest Tom, who asked for his lost hatchet; and accordingly he made his report to the Synod. Marry, said Jupiter, we are finely helped up, as if we had now nothing else to do here but to restore lost hatchets. Well, he must then have it for

all this, for so 't is written in the Book of Fate (Do you hear?), as well as if it was worth the whole Duchy of Milan. The truth is, the fellow's hatchet is as much to him as a kingdom to a king. Come, come, let no more words be scattered about it, let him have his hatchet again. Run down immediately, and cast at the poor fellow's feet three hatchets; his own, another of gold, and a third of massy silver, all of one size: then, having left it to his will to take his choice; if he take his own, and be satisfied with it, give him t' other two. If he take another, chop his head off with his own; and henceforth serve me all those losers of hatchets after that manner. Having said this, Jupiter, with an awkward turn of his head, like a jackanapes swallowing of pills, made so dreadful a phiz that all the vast Olympus quaked again. Heaven's foot-messenger, thanks to his low-crowned, narrow-brimmed hat, and plume of feathers, heel-pieces, and running-stick with pigeon wings, flings himself out at heaven's wicket, thro' the empty deserts of the air, and in a trice nimbly alights on the earth, and throws at friend Tom's feet the three hatchets; saying to him, thou hast bawled long enough to be a dry; thy prayers and requests are granted by Jupiter; see which of these three is thy hatchet, and take it away with thee.

Wellhung lifts up the golden hatchet, peeps upon it, and finds it very heavy; then staring on Mercury cries, cods-zouks this is none of mine; I won't ha' t. The same he did with the silver one, and said, 't is not this either, you may e'en take them again. At last, he takes up his own hatchet, examines the end of the helve, and finds his mark there; then, ravished with joy, like a fox that meets some straggling poultry, and sneering from the tip of the nose, he cried, by the mass this is my hatchet; Master God, if you will leave it me, I will sacrifice to you a very good and huge pot of milk, brim full, covered with fine strawberries, next Ides, *i. e.*, the 15th of May.

Honest fellow, said Mercury, I leave it thee, take it; and because thou hast wished and chosen moderately, in point of hatchet, by Jupiter's command I give thee these two others; thou hast now wherewith to make thyself rich: be honest. Honest Tom gave Mercury a

whole cartload of thanks, and revered the most great Jupiter. His old hatchet he fastened close to his leathern girdle, and girds it about his breech like Martin of Cambray; the two others, being more heavy, he lays on his shoulder. Thus he plods on, trudging over the fields, keeping a good countenance amongst his neighbors and fellow parishioners, with one merry saying or other after Patelin's way. The next day, having put on a clean white jacket, he takes on his back the two precious hatchets, and comes to Chinon, the famous city, noble city, ancient city, yea, the first city in the world, according to the judgment and assertion of the most learned Massoreths. In Chinon he turned his silver hatchet into fine testons, crown-pieces, and other white cash; his golden hatchet into fine angels, curious ducats, substantial ridders, spankers, and rose nobles. Then with them purchases a good number of farms, barns, houses, out-houses, thatch-houses, stables, meadows, orchards, fields, vineyards, woods, arable lands, pastures, ponds, mills, gardens, nurseries, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, swine, hogs, asses, horses, hens, cocks, capons, chickens, geese, ganders, ducks, drakes, and a world of all other necessities, and in a short time became the richest man in all the country. His brother bumpkins, and the yeomen and other country-puts thereabouts, perceiving his good fortune were not a little amazed, insomuch that their former pity of poor Tom was soon changed into an envy of his so great and unexpected rise; and, as they could not for their souls devise how this came about, they made it their business to pry up and down, and lay their heads together, to inquire, seek, and inform themselves by what means, in what place, on what day, what hour, how, why, and wherefore, he had come by this great treasure.

At last, hearing it was by losing his hatchet, ha, ha! said they, was there no more to do, but to lose a hatchet, to make us rich? With this they all fairly lost their hatchets out of hand. The devil a one that had a hatchet left; he was not his mother's son, that did not lose his hatchet. No more was wood felled or cleared in that country thro' want of hatchets. Nay, the Æsopian apologue even saith, that certain petty country gents, of the lower class, who had sold Wellhung, their

little mill and little field, to have wherewithal to make a figure at the next muster, having been told that this treasure was come to him by that means only, sold the only badge of their gentility, their swords, to purchase hatchets to go to lose them, as the silly clodpates did, in hopes to gain store of chink by that loss.

You would have truly sworn they had been a parcel of your petty spiritual usurers, Rome-bound, selling their all, and borrowing of others to buy store of Mandates, a penny-worth of a new-made pope.

Now they cried out and brayed, and prayed and bawled, and lamented and invoked Jupiter; my hatchet! my hatchet! Jupiter, my hatchet; on this side, my hatchet; on that side, my hatchet, ho, ho, ho, ho, Jupiter, my hatchet. The air round about rung again with the cries and howlings of these rascally losers of hatchets.

Mercury was nimble in bringing them hatchets; to each offering that which he had lost, as also another of gold, and a third of silver.

Everywhere he still was for that of gold, giving thanks in abundance to the great giver Jupiter; but in the very nick of time, that they bowed and stooped to take it from the ground, whip in a trice, Mercury lopped off their heads, as Jupiter had commanded; and of heads thus cut off, the number was just equal to that of the lost hatchets.

You see how it is now, you see how it goes with those who in the simplicity of their hearts wish and desire with moderation. Take warning by this, all you greedy, fresh-water shirks, who scorn to wish for anything under ten thousand pounds: And do not for the future run on impudently, as I have sometimes heard you wishing, would to God, I had now one hundred and seventy-eight millions of gold; Oh! how I should tickle it off? The deuce on you, what more might a king, an emperor, or a pope wish for? For that reason, indeed, you see that after you have made such hopeful wishes, all the good that comes to you of it is the itch or scab, and not a cross in your breeches to scare the devil that tempts you to make these wishes; no more than those two mumpers, one of whom only wished to have in good old gold as much as hath been spent, bought and sold in

Paris, since its first foundations were laid, to this hour; all of it valued at the price, sale, and rate of the dearest year in all that space of time. Do you think the fellow was bashful; had he eaten sour plums unpeeled? Were his teeth on edge, I pray you? The other wished our lady's church brimful of steel needles, from the floor to the top of the roof, and to have as many ducats as might be crammed into as many bags as might be sewed with each and every one of these needles, till they were all either broke at the point or eye. This is to wish with a vengeance! What think you of it? What did they get by 't, in your opinion? Why, at night both my gentlemen had kybed-heels, a tetter in the chin, a church-yard cough in the lungs, a catarrh in the throat, a swinging boil at the rump, and the devil of one musty crust of a brown George the poor dogs had to scour their grinders with. Wish therefore for mediocrity, and it shall be given unto you, and over and above yet; that is to say, provided you bestir yourselves manfully, and do your best in the mean time.

HOW PANTAGRUEL MET WITH A GREAT STORM AT SEA.

[The storm here described, was encountered by Pantagruel and his friends while on the way to Lantern-land to consult the oracle of the Holy Bottle, which bottle is supposed to represent Truth, the figure being derived, probably, from the fact that under the influence of wine men forget their craft and disguises and speak without guile or insincerity.]

THE next day we espied nine sail that came spooning before the wind; they were full of Dominicans, Jesuits, Capuchins, Hermits, Austins, Bernardins, Celestins, Theatins, Egnatins, Amadeans, Cordeliers, Carmelites, Minims, and the devil and all of other holy monks and friars, who were going to the Council of Chesil, to sift and garble some Articles of Faith against the new heretics; Panurge was overjoyed to see them, being most certain of good luck for that day, and a long train of others. So having courteously saluted the goodly (blessed) Fathers, and recommended the salvation of his precious soul to their devout prayers and private ejaculations, he caused seventy-eight dozen of Westphalia hams, units of pots of caviar, tens of Bologna sausages, hun-

dreds of botargoos, and thousands of fine angels, for the souls of the dead, to be thrown on board their ships. Pantagruel seemed metagrabolized, dozing, out of sorts, and as melancholic as a cat: Friar John, who soon perceived it, was inquiring of him whence should come this unusual sadness? When the master, whose watch it was, observing the fluttering of the ancient above the poop, and seeing that it began to overcast, judged that we should have wind; therefore he bid the boatswain call hands upon deck, officers, sailors, fore-mast men, swabbers, and cabin boys, and even the passengers; made them first settle their topsails, take in their spreet-sail, then he cried, In with your topsails, lower the foresail, tallow under the parrels, brade up close all them sails, strike your top-masts to the cap, make all sure with your sheeps-feet, lash your guns fast. All this was nimbly done. Immediately it blowed a storm, the sea began to roar, and swell mountain-high: the rut of the sea was great, the waves breaking upon our ship's quarter; the north-west wind blustered and overblowed; boisterous gusts, dreadful clashings and deadly scuds of wind whistled through our yards, and made our shrouds rattle again. The thunder grumbled so horribly, that you would have thought heaven had been tumbling about our ears; at the same time it lightened, rained, hailed; the sky lost its transparent hue, grew dusky, thick and gloomy, so that we had no other light than that of the flashes of lightning and rending of the clouds: the hurricanes, flaws and sudden whirlwinds began to make a flame about us by the lightnings, fiery vapors, and other aerial ejaculations. Oh! how our looks were full of amazement and trouble, while the saucy winds did rudely lift up above us the mountainous waves of the main. Believe me, it seemed to us a lively image of the chaos, where fire, air, sea, land, and all the elements were in a refractory confusion.

Poor Panurge, having, with the full contents of the inside of his doublet, plentifully fed the fish, greedy enough of such odious fare, sat on the deck all in a heap, most sadly cast down, moping and half dead; invoked and called to his assistance all the blessed he and she saints he could muster up, swore and vowed to confess in time and place con-

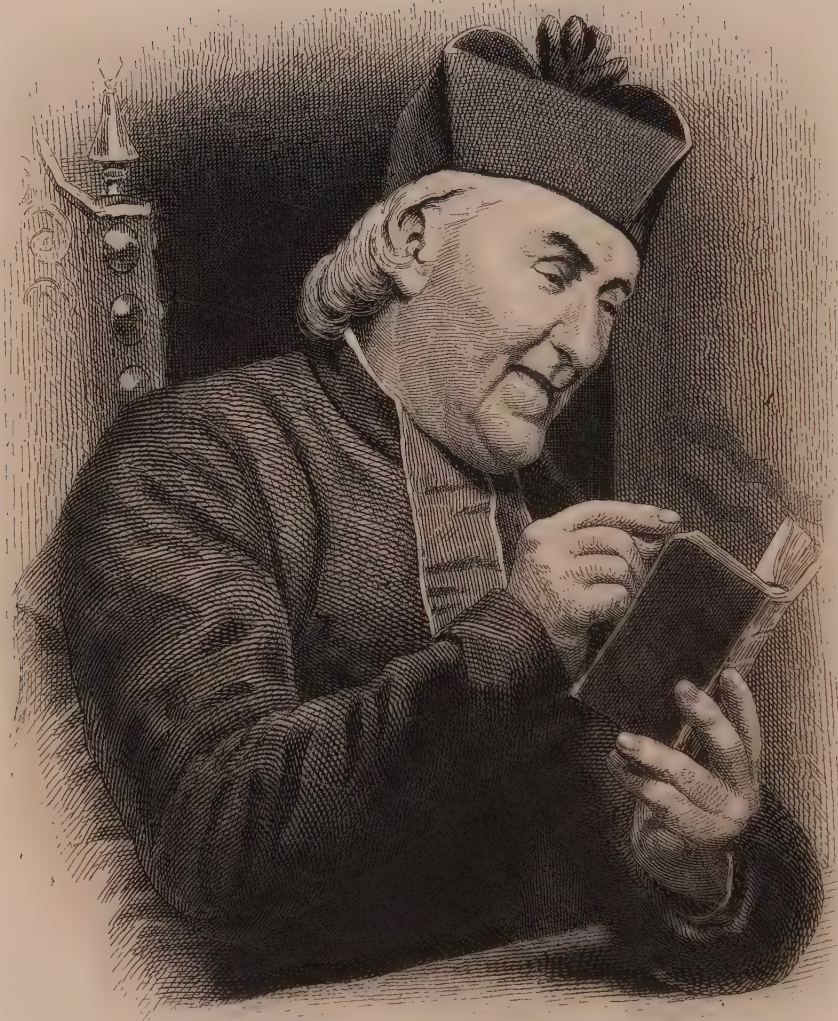
venient, and then bawled out frightfully, "Steward, *Maistre d' hostel*, see hoe! my friend, my father, my uncle, prythee let's have a piece of powdered beef or pork, we shall drink but too much anon, for ought I see. Eat little and drink the more will hereafter be my motto, I fear. Would to our dear Lord and to our blessed, worthy, and sacred Lady, I were now, I say, this very minute of an hour, well on shore, on *terra firma*, hale and easy. O twice and thrice happy those that plant cabbages! O destinies, why did you not spin me for a cabbage-planter? O how few are they to whom Jupiter hath been so favorable as to predestinate them to plant cabbage! They have always one foot on the ground, and the other not far from it. Dispute who will of felicity, and *summum bonum*, for my part, whosoever plants cabbage, is now by my decree proclaimed most happy; for as good a reason as the philosopher Pyrrho being in the same danger, and seeing a hog near the shore eating some scattered oats, declared it happy in two respects, first, because it had plenty of oats, and besides that, was on shore. Hah, for a divine and princely habitation, commend me to the cows' floor.

"Murther! This wave will sweep us away, blessed Saviour! O my friends! A little vinegar. I sweat again with mere agony. Alas, the mizzen sail's split, the gallery's washed away, the masts are sprung, the main-top-mast-head dives into the sea; the keel is up to the sun; our shrouds are almost all broke, and blown away. Alas! Alas! Where is our main course? *All ist verloren bei Gott*, our top-mast is run adrift. Alas! Who shall have this wreck? Friend, lend me here behind you one of these whales. Your lanthorn is fallen, my lads. Alas! Don't let go the main tack nor the bowlin. I hear the block crack, is it broke? For the Lord's sake, let us save the hull, and let all the rigging be damned. Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous. Look to the needle of your compass, I beseech you, good Sir Astrophil, and tell us, if you can, whence comes this storm. My heart's sunk down below my midriff. By my troth I am in a sad fright; bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, I am lost forever. I conskite myself for mere madness and fear. Bou, bou, bou, bou, otto, to, to, to, to, ti. Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou, bou, bous. I sink, I'm

drowned, I'm gone, good people, I'm drowned."

Pantagruel, having first implored the help of the great and almighty Deliverer, and prayed publicly with fervent devotion, by the pilot's advice held tightly the mast of the ship. Friar John had stripped himself to his waistcoat to help the seamen. Epistemon, Ponocrates, and the rest did as much. Panurge alone, on the deck, weeping and howling. "Odzooks!" cried Friar John: "What! Panurge playing the calf! Panurge whining! Panurge braying! Would it not become thee much better to lend us a helping hand, than to keep sitting there like a baboon and lowing like a cow?" "Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous," returned Panurge; (he was blubbering, and swallowing the water that broke over them)—"Friar John, my friend, my good father, I'm drowning; I drown; I'm a dead man, my dear father in God; I'm a dead man, my friend; your cutting hanger cannot save me from this: Alas! alas! we're above *E la* (a term in music), above the pitch, out of tune, and off the hinges. Be, be, be, bou, bous. Alas! we're now above *G Sol Re Ut*. I sink, I sink, ha, my father, my uncle, my all. The water's got into my shoes by the collar. Bous, bous, bous, pash, hu, hu, he, he, ha, ha, I drown. Alas! alas! hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, hu, be, be, bous, bous, bobous, bobous, ho, ho, ho, ho, ho, alas! alas! Now am I like your tumbler, my feet stand higher than my head. Would to Heaven I were now with those good holy fathers we met this morning going to council,—so godly, so fat, so merry, so plump and comely. Holos, holos, holas, holas, alas! ah, see there! This devilish wave (God forgive me) I mean this wave of Providence, will sink our vessel. Alas, Friar John, my father, my friend,—confess me. Here I am down on my knees. I confess my sins—your holy blessing."

"Come hither and be damned, thou pitiful devil and help us," said Friar John, who fell a swearing and cursing like a tinker; "in the name of thirty legions of black devils, come, will you come?" "Don't let us swear at this time," said Panurge, "Holy Father, my friend, don't swear I beseech you; to-morrow as much as you please. Holos, holos, alas! our ship leaks. I drown, alas! alas! I will give eighteen hundred thousand crowns



GAZENOVA PINA

1850. 1. 1. 1.

Reading Rabelais.

to any one that will set me on shore all berayed and bedawbed as I am now, if ever there was a man in my country in the like pickle. Confiteor, alas! a word or two of testament or codicil at least."

"A thousand devils seize the cuckoldy cow-hearted mungril," cried Friar John; "Ods belly, art thou talking here of making thy will, now we are in danger, and it behoveth us to bestir our stumps lustily, or never. Wilt thou come, ho devil? Midshipman, my friend, O the rare lieutenant, here gymnast, here on the poop. We are by the mass, all up now, our light is out. This is hastening to the devil as fast as it can." "Alas! bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, alas! alas! alas! alas!" said Panurge, "was it here we were born to perish? Oh! hoh! good people, I drown, I die. *Consummatus est*. I am sped." "Magna, gna, gna," said Friar John. "Eye upon him, how ugly the driveling howler looks. Boy, younker, see hoyh! Mind the pumps, or the devil choke thee. Hast thou hurt thyself? Zoons, here, fasten it to one of these blocks. On this side, in the devil's name, hay—so, my boy."

"Ah Friar John," said Panurge, "good ghostly father, dear friend, don't let us swear, you sin. Oh ho, oh ho, be, be, bous, bous, bhous, I sink, I die, my friends. I die in charity with all the world. Farewell, *in manus*. Bohous, bhous, bhous, fowwauwaus. St. Michael of Aure! St. Nicholas! now, now or never. I here make you a solemn vow and to our Saviour, that if you stand by me but this time, I mean if you set me ashore out of this danger, I will build you a fine large, little chapel or two between Cande and Monsoreau, where neither cow nor calf shall feed. Oh ho, oh ho. Above eighteen pailfuls or two of it, are got down my gullet: bous, bhous, bhous, bhous, how damned bitter and salt it is."

"By the virtue," said Friar John, "of the blood, the flesh, the belly, the head, if I hear thee again howling, thou cuckoldy cur, I'll maul thee worse than any seawolf. Ods fish, why don't we take him up by the lugs, and throw him overboard to the bottom of the sea? Here, sailor, ho honest fellow. Thus, thus, my friend, hold fast above.—In truth here is a sad lightening and thundering; I think that all the devils are got loose, 't is holiday with 'em, or else Madame Proserpine

is in child's labor, all the devils dance a morice."

"Oh," said Panurge, "you sin, Friar John, my former crony, former, I say, for at this time I am no more, you are no more. It goes against my heart to tell it you; for I believe this swearing doth your spleen a great deal of good; as it is a great ease to a wood-cleaver to cry hem, at every blow; and as one who plays at nine pins, is wonderfully helped, if, when he hath not thrown his bowl right, and is like to make a bad cast, some ingenious stander-by leans and screws his body half way about, on that side which the bowl should have took to hit the pins. Nevertheless you offend, my sweet friend. But what do you think of eating some kind of cabirotadoes? Would n't this secure us from this storm? I have read that in a storm at sea no harm ever befel the ministers of the gods Cabiri so much celebrated by Orpheus, Apollonius, Pherecides, Strabo, Pausanias, and Herodotus." "He doats, he raves, the poor devil," said Friar John. "A thousand, a million, nay, a hundred millions of devils seize the hornified doddipole. Lend's a hand here, hoh, tiger, wouldst thou? Here on the starboard side; ods me, thou buffalo's head stuffed with relics, what ape's Pater-Noster art thou muttering and chattering here between thy teeth? That devil of a sea-calf is the cause of all this storm, and is the only man who doth not lend a helping hand. By G——, if I come near thee, I'll fetch thee out by the head and ears with a vengeance, and chastise thee like any tempestative devil. Here, mate, my lad, hold fast till I have made a double knot. O brave boy! Would to heaven thou wert Abbot of Talemouze, and that he that is, were guardian of Croullay. Hold, brother Ponocrates, you will hurt yourself, man. Epistemon, pray thee stand off out of the hatchway. Methinks I saw the thunder fall there just now. Con the ship, so ho—mind your steerage. Well said, thus, thus, steady, keep her thus, get the long boat clear—steady. Ods fish, the beakhead is staved to pieces. If this be weather, the devil's a ram. Nay, by G——, a little more would have washed me clear away into the current. I think all the legions of devils hold here their provincial chapter, or are polling, canvassing, and wrangling for the election of a new rector—starboard; well said. Take

need; have a care of your noodle, lad, in the devil's name. So ho, starboard, starboard."

"Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous," cried Panurge. "bous, bous, be, be, be, bous, bous, I am lost. I see neither heaven nor earth; of the four elements we have here only fire and water left, bou, bou, bou, bous, bous, bous. Would it were the pleasure of the worthy Divine Bounty, that I were at this present hour in the close at Seville, or at Innocent's the pastry-cook, over against the painted wine vault at Chinon, though I were to strip to my doublet, and bake the *petti pasties* myself."

"Honest man, could not you throw me ashore, you can do a world of good things, they say. I give you all Salmigondinois, and my large shore full of whelks, cockles, and periwinkles, if by your industry I ever set foot on firm ground. Alas, alas, I drown. Hark 'ee, my friends, since we cannot get safe into port, let us come to an anchor into some road, no matter whither. Drop all your anchors; let us be out of danger I beseech you. Here, honest tar, get you into the chains and heave the lead, an't please you. Let us know how many fathom water we are in. Sound, friend, in the Lord Harry's name. Let us know whether a man might here drink easily without stooping. I am apt to believe one might."

"Helm a lee, hoh," cried the pilot. "Helm a lee, a hand or two at the helm, about ships with her, helm a lee, helm a lee,—stand off from the leech of the sail,—Hoh, belay, here make fast below, hoh, helm a lee, lash ure the helm a lee, and let her drive." "Is it come to that," said Pantagruel, "our good Saviour then help us." "Let her lie under the sea," cried James Brahier, our chief mate, "let her drive. To prayers, to prayers, let all think on their souls, and fall to prayers; nor hope to 'scape but by a miracle." "Let us," said Panurge, "make some good pious kind of vow; alas, alas, alas, bou, bou, be be be bous, bous, bous, oho, oho, oho, let us make a pilgrim; come, come, let every man club his penny towards it, come on." "Here, here, on this side," said Friar John, "in the devil's name. Let her drive, for the Lord's sake unhang the rudder, hoh, let her drive, let her drive, and let us drink I say of the best and most cheering, d'ye hear,

steward, produce, exhibit, for d'ye see this, and all the rest will as well go to the devil out of hand. A pox on that wind-broker Æolus, with his flusterblusters; sirrah, page, bring me here my drawer (for so he called his breviary), stay a little here, hawl friend, thus—Odzoons, here's a deal of hail and thunder to no purpose. Hold fast above, I pray you. When have we All-Saints Day? I believe 't is the unholy holy day of all the devil's crew."

"Alas," said Panurge, "Friar John damns himself here as black as butter-milk for the nonce. Oh what a good friend I lose in him. Alas, alas, this is another gats bout than last year's. We are falling out of Scylla into Charybdis. Oho! I drown, confiteor, one poor word or two by way of testament. Friar John, my ghostly father, good Mr. Abstractor, my crony, my Achates, Xenomanes, my all. Alas, I drown; two words of testament here upon this ladder. Oh, if I was but on firm land, with somebody kicking me! Good Heaven, send me some dolphin to carry me safe on shore, like a pretty little Arion. I shall make shift to sound the harp if it be not unstrung."

"Come hither and help us, thou great weeping calf," said Friar John, "or may thirty millions of devils leap on thee;—wilt thou come, sea calf? Fie, how ugly the howling whelp looks. What, always the same ditty?"

"Shore! shore!" cried Pantagruel. "Land to, my friends, I see land; pluck up a good spirit, boys, 't is within a kenning; so, we are not far from a port. I see the sky clearing up to the northwards. Look to the southeast!" "Courage, my hearts," said the pilot; "now she'll bear the hullock of a sail; the sea is much smoother, some hands aloft, to the main-top,—put the helm a-weather,—steady, steady!"

"That's well said," said Friar John, "now this is something like a tanzey. Methinks the storm is almost over. It was high time, faith; however, the Lord be thanked—our devils begin to scamper."

"Shorten your sails," said the pilot; "fetch the sounding line, we must double that point of land, and mind the sands." We are clear off them, said the sailors. "Away she goes," quoth the pilot, "and so doth the rest of our fleet: help came in good season."

"By St. John," said Panurge, "this is spoke somewhat like: O the sweet word! There's the soul of music in it."

"Cheer up," cried out Pantagruel; "cheer up, my boys: let's be ourselves again: do you see yonder, close by our ship, two barks, three sloops, five ships, eight pinks, four yawls, and six frigates making towards us, sent by the good people of the neighboring island to our relief. But who is this Ucalegon below, that cries and makes such a sad moan? Were it not that I hold the mast firmly with both my hands, and keep it straighter than two hundred tacklings—I'd—" "It is," said Friar John, "that poor devil Panurge, who is troubled with a calf's ague; he quakes for fear when his belly's full."

"What cheer ho, fore and aft?" quoth Panurge. "Oh ho! All is well, the storm is over. I beseech ye, be so kind as to let me be the first that is set on shore, for I would by all means a little untruss a point. Shall I help you still? Here, let me see, I'll coil this rope; I have plenty of courage, and of fear as little as may be. Give it me yonder, honest tar. No, no, I have not a bit of fear. Indeed, that same decumane wave, that took us fore and aft, somewhat altered my pulse. Down with your sails, well said; how now, Friar John, you do nothing? Is it time for us to drink now? Who can tell but St. Martin's running footman may still be hatching us some further mischief? Shall I come and help you again? Pork and peas choke me, if I do not heartily repent, though too late, not having followed the doctrine of the good philosopher, who tells us, that to walk by the sea, and to navigate by the shore, are very safe and pleasant things; just as it is to go on foot when we hold our horse by the bridle—ha! ha! ha! by G—all goes well. Shall I help you here too? Let me see, I'll do this as it should be, or the devil's in 't."

"Let her sink or swim a God's name, all's one to Friar John, he doth nothing; his name is Friar John Do-little; for all he sees me here a sweating and puffing to help, with all my might, this honest tar, first of the name. Hark you, my dear soul, a word with you—but, pray, be not angry; how thick do you judge the planks of our ship to be?" "Some two good inches and upwards," returned the pilot.

"Don't fear Odschilderkins," said Panurge, "it seems then we are within two fingers breadth of damnation. Is this one of the nine comforts of matrimony? Ah! dear soul, you do well to measure the danger by the yard of fear. For my part, I have none on 't; my name is William Dread-nought. As for heart, I have more than enough on 't; I mean none of your sheep's heart; but of wolf's heart, the courage of a bravo, by the pavilion of Mars. I fear nothing but danger."

"Good morrow, gentlemen," said Panurge, "good morrow to you all: you are in very good health, thanks to Heaven, and yourselves? You are all heartily welcome, and in good time. Let us go on shore.—Here, Coxen, get the ladder over the gunnel, man the sides, man the pinnace, and get her by the ship's side.—Shall I yet lend you a hand here? I am stark mad for want of business, and would work like any two yokes of oxen.—Truly this is a fine place, and these look like a very good people—Children, do you want me still in any thing? Do not spare the sweat of my body, for God-sake. Adam (that is man) was made to labor and work, as the birds were made to fly. Our Lord's will is that we get our bread with the sweat of our brows, not idling and doing nothing like this tatterdemalion of a monk here, this Friar Jack, who is fain to drink to hearten himself up, and dies for fear.—Rare weather.—I now find the answer of Anacharsis, the noble philosopher, very proper; being asked what ship he reckoned the safest, he replied, that which is in the harbor."

"He made yet a better repartee," said Pantagruel, "when somebody inquiring which is greater, the number of the living, or that of the dead? He asked them, amongst which of the two they reckoned those that are at sea? Ingeniously implying, that they are continually in danger of death, dying live, and living die. Porcius Cato also said, that there were but three things of which he would repent; that is, if ever he had trusted his wife with his secrets, if he had idled away a day, and if he had ever gone by sea, to a place which he could visit by land."

"Friend Panurge," said Friar John, "I pray thee never be afraid of water; thy life for mine, thou art threatened with a contrary element." "Ay, ay, replied Panurge, but the devil's cooks doat some-

times, and are apt to make horrid blunders as well as others, often putting to boil in water, what was designed to be roasted on the fire; like the head cooks of our kitchen, who often lard partridges, queests, and stockdoves, with intent to roast them, one would think, but it happens sometimes, that they e'en turn the partridges into the pot to be boiled with cabbages, the queests with leek pottage, and the stock-doves with turnips. But hark you me, good friends, I protest before this noble company, that as for the chapel which I vowed to Monsieur St. Nicholas, between Conde and Monsoreau, I honestly mean that it shall be a chapel of rose-water, which shall be where neither cow nor calf shall be fed; but between you and I, I intend to throw it to the bottom of the water." "Here is a rare rogue for ye," said Eusthenes; "here's a pure rogue, a rogue in grain, a rogue enough, a rogue and a half. He is resolved to make good the Italian proverb, *Passato il pericolo, è gabato il Santo* :

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

RABELAIS IMITATES DIOGENES.

[From the Author's Prologue to Book III.]

WHEN Philip, King of Macedon, entered the siege and ruin of Corinth, the Corinthians having received certain intelligence by their spies, that he with a numerous army in battle array was coming against them, were all of them, not without cause, most terribly afraid; and, therefore, were not neglective of their duty, in doing their best endeavors to put themselves in a fit posture to resist his hostile approach, and defend their own city. Some from the fields brought into the fortified places their movables, cattle, corn, wine, fruit, victuals and other necessary provisions. Others did fortify and rampire their walls, set up little fortresses, bastions, squared ravelins, digged trenches, cleansed countermines, fenced themselves with gabions, contrived platforms, emptied casemates, barricaded the false brayes, erected the cavalliers, repaired the contrescarpes, plaistered the courtines, lengthened ravelins, stopped parapets,

mortised barbicans, new pointed the porteullises with fine steel or good iron, fastened the herse and cataracts, placed their sentries and doubled their patrol.

Every one did watch and ward, and not one was exempted from carrying the basket. Some polished corselets, varnished backs and breasts, cleaned the head-pieces, mailcoats, brigandins, salads, helmets, murrions, jacks, gushets, gorgets, hoguines, brassars and cuissars, corselets, haubergeons, shields, bucklers, targets, greves, gauntlets and spurs.

Others made ready bows, slings, cross-bows, pellets, catapults, migraines or fire-balls, firebrands, balists, scorpions, and other such warlike engines, repugnatory, and destructive to the Helepolides.

They sharpened and prepared spears, staves, pikes, brown bills, halberts, long hooks, lances, zagages, quarterstaves, eel-spears, partisans, troutstaves, clubs, battle-axes, maces, darts, dartlets, glaves, javelins, javelots, and truncheons.

They set edges upon scimetars, cutlasses, badelairs, back-swords, tucks, rapiers, bayonets, arrow-heads, dags, daggers, mandousians, poniards, whinyards, knives, skenes, chipping knives, and rail-lons.

Diogenes seeing them all so warm at work, and himself not employed by the magistrates in any business whatsoever, he did very seriously (for many days together, without speaking one word) consider, and contemplate the countenance of his fellow-citizens.

Then on a sudden, as if he had been roused up and inspired by a martial spirit, he girded his cloak, scarf-ways, about his left arm, tucked up his sleeves to the elbow, trussed himself like a clown gathering apples, and giving to one of his old acquaintance his wallet, books, and opistographs,¹ away went he out of town towards a little hill or promontory of Corinth called Craneum; and there on the strand, a pretty level place, did he roll his jolly tub, which served him for an house to shelter him from the injuries of the weather: there, I say, in a great vehemency of spirit, did he turn it, veer it, wheel it, whirl it, frisk it, jumble it, shuffle it, hurdle it, tumble it, hurry it, jolt it, jostle it, overthrow it, evert it, invert it,

¹ Papers wrote on the back, as well as foreshide, and foul, for present use, to be afterwards blotted out.

subvert it, overturn it, beat it, thwack it, bump it, batter it, knock it, thrust it, push it, jerk it, shock it, shake it, toss it, throw it, overthrow it up-side down, topsyturvy, tread it, trample it, stamp it, tap it, ting it, ring it, tingle it, towl it, sound it, resound it, stop it, shut it, unbung it, close it, unstopple it. And then again in a mighty bustle he bandied it, slubbered it, hacked it, whittled it, wayed it, darted it, hurled it, staggered it, reeled it, swunged it, brangled it, tottered it, lifted it, heaved it, transformed it, transfigured it, transposed it, transplac'd it, reared it, raised it, hoisted it, washed it, dighted it, cleansed it, rinsed it, nailed it, settled it, fastened it, shackled it, fettered it, levelled it, blocked it, tugged it, tewed it, carried it, bedashed it, bewrayed it, parched it, mounted it, broached it, nicked it, notched it, bespattered it, decked it, adorned it, trimmed it, garnished it, gaged it, furnished it, bored it, pierced it, tapped it, rumbled it, slid it down the hill, and precipitated it from the very height of the Craneum; then from the foot to the top (like another Sisyphus with his stone) bore it up again, and every way so banged it and belabored it, that it was ten thousand to one he had not struck the bottom of it out.

Which when one of his friends had seen, and asked him why he did so toil his body, perplex his spirit, and torment his tub? the philosopher's answer was, that not being employed in any other office by the Republic, he thought it expedient to thunder and storm it so tempestuously upon his tub, that amongst a people so fervently busy and earnest at work, he alone might not seem a loitering slug and lazy fellow. To the same purpose may I say to myself,—

Tho' I be rid from fear,
I am not void of care.

For perceiving no account to be made of me towards the discharge of a trust of any great concernment, and considering that through all the parts of this most noble kingdom of France, both on this and on the other side of the mountains, every one is most diligently exercised and busied; some in the fortifying of their own native country, for its defence; others, in the repulsing of their enemies by an offensive war; and all this with a policy so excellent, and such admirable order, so manifestly profitable for the

future, whereby France shall have its frontiers most magnifically enlarged, and the French assured of a long and well-grounded peace, that very little withholds me from the opinion of good Heraclitus, which affirmeth war to be the parent of all good things; and therefore do I believe that war is in Latin called *bellum*, not by antiphrasis, as some patchers of old rusty Latin would have us to think, because in war there is little beauty to be seen; but absolutely and simply; for that in war (*bellum* in *Latin*) appears all that is good and graceful, *bon* and *bel* in French, and that by the wars is purged out all manner of wickedness and deformity. For proof whereof the wise and pacific Solomon could no better represent the unspeakable perfection of the divine wisdom, than by comparing it to the due disposure and ranking of an army in battle array, well provided and ordered.

Therefore by reason of my weakness and inability, being reputed by my compatriots unfit for the offensive part of warfare; and on the other side, being no way employed in matter of the defensive, although it had been but to carry burdens, fill ditches, or break clods, each whereof had been to me indifferent, I held it not a little disgraceful to be only an idle spectator of so many valorous, eloquent, and warlike persons, who in the view and sight of all Europe act this notable interlude or tragicomedy, and not exert myself, and contribute thereto this nothing, my all; which remained for me to do. For, in my opinion, little honor is due to such as are mere lookers on, liberal of their eyes, and of their strength parsimonious; who conceal their crowns and hide their silver; scratching their head with one finger like grumbling puppies, gaping at the flies like tithe calves; clapping down their ears like Arcadian asses at the melody of musicians, who with their very countenances in the depth of silence express their consent to the prosopopeia.

Having made this choice and election, it seemed to me that my exercise therein would be neither unprofitable nor troublesome to any, whilst I should thus set agoing my Diogenical Tub.

EPISTEMON'S DESCENT INTO HELL.

[After Pantagruel discomfited the three hundred Giants and Loup Garou their Captain, he fails to find his favourite follower Epistemon, but after searching for him among the slain and wounded he is discovered with his head cut off as hereafter described.

THIS gigantic victory being ended, *Pantagruel* withdrew himself to the place of the Flaggons, and called for *Panurge* and the rest, who came unto him safe and sound, except *Eusthenes* (whom one of the Giants had scratched a little in the face, whilst he was about the cutting of his throat) and *Epistemon*, who appeared not at all. Whereat *Pantagruel* was so agrieved, that he would have killed himself. But *Panurge* said unto him, Nay, Sir, stay a while, and we will search for him among the dead, and find out the truth of all. Thus as they went seeking after him, they found him stark dead, with his head between his arms all bloody. Then *Eusthenes* cried out, Ah, cruel Death! hast thou taken from me the perfectest amongst men? At which words *Pantagruel* rose up with the greatest griet that ever any man did see, said to *Panurge*, Ha, my friend, the *Prophecy of your two Glasses*, and the *Javelin Staff*, was a great deal too deceitful. But *Panurge* answered, My dear Bullies all, weep not one drop more; for, he being yet all hot, I will make him as sound as ever he was. In saying this, he took the head, and held it warm that the wind might not enter into it. *Eusthenes* and *Carpalim* carried the body to the place where they had banqueted, not out of any hope that ever he would recover, but that *Pantagruel* might see it.

Nevertheless, *Panurge* gave him very good comfort, saying, If I do not heal him, I will be content to lose my Head (which is a Fool's Wager) leave off therefore crying, and help me. Then cleansed he his neck very well with pure White-wine, and, after that, took his head, and into it *synapised* some powder which he always carried about him in one of his Bags. Afterwards he anointed it with I know not what ointment, and set it on very just. Vein against vein, sinew against sinew, and spondyle against spondyle, that he might

not be wry-necked, for such people he mortally hated; this done, he gave it round about some fifteen or sixteen stitches with a needle, that it might not fall off again; then, on all sides, and every where, he put a little ointment on it, which he called *Resuscitative*.

Suddenly *Epistemon* began to breathe, then open'd his eyes, yawn'd, and sneez'd. Whereupon *Panurge* said, Now certainly he is healed, and therefore gave him to drink a large full glass of strong White-wine, with a sugar'd toast. In this fashion was *Epistemon* finely healed, only that he was somewhat hoarse for above three weeks together, and had a dry cough, of which he not could be rid, but by the force of continual drinking. And now he began to speak, and said that he had seen the Devil, had spoken with *Lucifer* familiarly, and had been very merry in hell, and in the *Elysian Fields*, affirming very seriously before them all, that the Devils were boon companions, and merry fellows: but, in respect of the damned, he said he was very sorry that *Panurge* had so soon called him back into this world again; for, said he, I took wonderful delight to see them. How so, said *Pantagruel*? Because they do not use them there, said *Epistemon*, so badly as you think they do. Their estate and condition of living is but only changed after a very strange manner. For I saw *Alexander the Great* there mending old stockings, whereby he got but a very poor living.

Xerxes was a Crier of Mustard.

Romulus, a Salter and Patcher of Pattins.

Numa, a Nail-smith.

Tarquin, a Porter.

Piso, a clownish Swain.

Sylla, a Ferry-man.

Cyrus, a Cowherd.

Themistocles, a Glass-maker.

Epaminondas, a Maker of Looking-glasses.

Brutus and *Cassius*, Surveyors of Land.

Demosthenes, a Vine-dresser.

Cicero, a Fire-kindler.

Fabius, a Threader of *Patenotres*.

Artaxerxes, a Robe-maker.

Eneas, a Miller.

Achilles, a scald-pated Maker of Hay-bundles.

Agamemnon, a Lick-box.

Ulysses, a Hay-mower.

Nestor, a Forester.

Darius, a Gold-finder.

Ancus Martins, a Ship-trimmer.

Camillus, a Foot-post.

Marcellus, a Sheller of Beans.

Drusus, a Taker of Money at the Doors of Play-houses.

Scipio Africanus, a Crier of Lee in a wooden Slipper.

Asdrubal, a Lanthorn-maker.

Hannibal, a Kettle-maker, and Seller of Egg-shells.

Priamus, a Seller of old Clouts.

Lancelot of the Lake, a Flayer of dead Horses.

All the *Knights of the Round-Table* were poor labouring slaves, employ'd to row over the rivers of *Cocytus*, *Phlegeton*, *Styx*, *Acheron*, and *Lethe*, when *Messieurs* the Devils had a mind to recreate themselves upon the water; as on the like occasion are hired the boatmen at *Lyons* the *Gondoliers of Venice*, [and the *Oars at London*] but with this difference, that these poor *Knights* have only for their fare a *Bob* or *Flirt* on the *Nose*, and in the evening a morsel of *coarse mouldy Bread*.

Trajan was a Fisher of Frogs.

Antoninus, a Lacquey.

Commodus, a Jet-maker.

Pertinax, a Peeler of Walnuts.

Lucullus, a Maker of Rattles and Hawks Bells.

Justinian, a Pedlar.

Hector, a snap-sauce Scullion.

Paris, a poor Beggar.

Cambyeses, a Mule-driver.

Nero, a base blind Fiddler.

Fierabras was his Serving-man, who did him a thousand mischievous tricks, and would make him eat of the brown bread and drink of the turned wine, when himself did both eat and drink of the best.

Julius Cæsar and *Pompey* were Boatwrights and Tighters of Ships.

Valentine and *Orson* did serve in the Stoves of Hell, and were Sweat-rubbers in Hot-houses.

Giglan and *Govian* were poor Swineherds.

Jaffrey with the great Tooth was a Tinder-maker, and Seller of Matches.

Godfrey de Bullion, a Hood maker.

Jason was a Bracelet-maker.

Don Pietro de Castille, a Carrier of Indulgences.

Morgan, a Beer-brewer.

Huon of Bourdeaux, a Hooper of Barrels.

Pyrrius, a Kitchen Scullion.

Antiochus, a Chimney-sweeper.

Octavian, a Scraper of Parchment.

Nerva, a Mariner.

Pope *Julius* was a Crier of Pudding Pies; but he left off wearing there his great buggerly Beard.

John of Paris was a Greaser of Boots.

Arthur of Britain, an Ungreaser of Caps.

Pierce-Forest, a Carrier of Faggots.

Pope *Boniface VIII.* a Scummer of Pots.

Pope *Nicholas III.* a Maker of Paper.

Pope *Alexander*, a Rat-catcher.

* * * * *

Ogier the Dane was a Furbisher of Armour.

The King *Tigranes*, a Mender of thatch'd Houses.

Galien Restored, a Taker of Mold-warps.

The four Sons of *Aymon* were all Tooth-drawers.

Pope *Calixtus* was the Barber of Women.

Pope *Urban*, a Bacon-picker.

Melusina was a Kitchen-drudge Wench.

Mettabrune, a Laundress.

Cleopatra, a Crier of Onions.

Helen, a Broker for Chamber-maids.

Semiramis, the Beggars washer.

Dido sold Mushrooms.

Panthesilea sold Cresses.

Lucretia was an Ale-house keeper.

Hortensia, a Spinstress.

Livia, a Grater of Verdigreece.

After this manner those that had been great Lords and Ladies here, got but a poor scurvy wretched livelihood below. And, on the contrary, philosophers and others, who in this world had been altogether indigent and wanting, were great Lords there in their Turn. I saw *Dio-genes* there strut it out most pompously, and in great magnificence, with a rich purple gown on him, and a golden scepter in his Right-hand. And which is more, he would now and then make *Alexander* the Great mad, so enormously would he abuse him, when he had not well patched his breeches [stockings] for he used to pay his skin with sound Bastinados. I saw *Epictetus* there most gallantly apparell'd after the *French*

fashion, sitting under a pleasant arbour, with store of handsome gentlewomen, frolicking, drinking, dancing, and making good chear, with abundance of *Crowns* of the Sun. Above the Lattice were written these verses for his device:

*To dance, to skip, and to play,
The best White and Claret to swill,
And nothing to do all the Day,
But rolling in Money at Will.*

When he saw me, he invited me to drink with him very courteously, and I being willing to be intreated, we tipped and chopined together most *Theologically*. In the mean time came *Cyrus* to beg one farthing of him for the honour of *Mercury*, therewith to buy a few onions for his supper. No, no, said *Epictetus*, I do not use in my alms-giving to bestow farthings; hold, thou *Varlet*, here's a crown for thee, be an honest man. *Cyrus* was exceeding glad to have met with such a booty. But the other poor rogues, the kings that are there below, as *Alexander*, *Darius*, and others, stole it away from him by night. I saw *Patelin* the treasurer of *Rhadamanthus*, who in cheapening the pudding-pyes that *Pope Julius* cried, asked him, How much a Dozen? Three Blanks, said the *Pope*: Nay, said *Patelin*, three blows with a cudgel; lay them down here, you rascal, and go fetch more. The poor *Pope* went away weeping; who, when he came to his master the pye-maker, told him that they had taken away his Pudding-pyes. Whereupon, his Master gave him such a sound lash with an eel-skin, that his own skin would have been worth nothing to make Bag-pipe-bags of. I saw Master *John le Maire* there, personate the *Pope* in such fashion, that he made all the poor *Kings* and *Popes* of this world kiss his feet; and, taking great state upon him, gave them his benediction, saying, Get the pardons, rogues, get the pardons, they are good cheap: I absolve you of bread and pottage, and dispense with you to be never good for any thing. Then, calling *Caillet* and *Triboulet*, to them he spoke these words, My Lords the Cardinals, dispatch their bulls, to wit, to each of them a blow with a cudgel upon the reins. Which accordingly was forthwith performed.

I heard Master *Francis Villon* ask

Xerxes, How much the mess of *Mustard*? A farthing, said *Xerxes*. To which the said *Villon* answered, The Deuce take thee for a villain; as much of square-ear'd wheat is not worth half that price of victuals; I saw the *Francarcher de Baignolet*, who was one of the *Inquisition* against hereticks. When he saw *Pierce-Forest* making water against a wall, on which was painted the fire of *St. Anthony*, he declared him a heretick, and would have caused him to be burnt alive, had it not been for *Morgant*, who, for his *Proficiat* and other small fees, gave him nine tuns of beer.

Well, said *Pantagruel*, reserve all these stories for another time, only tell us how the usurers are there handled. I saw them, said *Epistemon*, all very busily employ'd in seeking of rusty pins and old nails in the kennels of the streets, as you see poor wretched rogues do in this world; but the *Quintal*, or hundred-weight of this old iron-ware, is there valued but at the price of a cantle of bread; and yet they have but a very bad dispatch and riddance in the sale of it: Thus the poor misers are sometimes three whole weeks without eating one morsel or crumb of bread, and yet work both day and night looking for the *Fair to come*: Nevertheless, of all this labour, toil, and misery, they reckon nothing; so cursedly active they are in the prosecution of that their base calling, in hopes at the end of the year, to earn some scurvy penny by it.

Come, said *Pantagruel*, let us now make ourselves merry one bout, and drink (my lads) I beseech you, for it is very good drinking all this month. Then did they uncasse their flaggons by heaps and dozens, and with their Leaguer-provision made excellent good chear. But the poor King *Anarchus* could not all this while settle himself towards any fit of mirth; whereupon *Panurge* said, Of what trade shall we make my Lord the King here, that he may be skilful in the art, when he goes thither to sojourn amongst all the Devils of Hell? Indeed, said *Pantagruel*, that was well advised of thee, do with him what thou wilt: I give him to thee. Grammercy, said *Panurge*, the present is not to be refused, and I love it from you.

RABELAIS TO THE READER.

"Rabelais has studied much and looked
about
And found the world not worth one serious
thought.

* * * * *

He saw what beastly farce this world was
grown,

That sense and all humanity were gone.
Reason from thee; that never was his care;
He would as soon Chop Logic with a Bear,
But for the laughing part, he bids thee strain
Laugh only so to show thyself a Man.

And pray thee now, vouchsafe to cast an eye
On what ensues, lay all conclusions by.
Let not his book your indignation raise
It means no harm, no poison it conveys,
Except on point of laughter, it is true
'T won't teach you much: It being all his
view

To inspire with mirth the hearts of those
that moan,

And change to laughter the effective groan;
For LAUGHTER is man's property alone.

THE WONDERFUL PHYSICIANS AT
THE COURT OF QUEEN WHIM.

FROM BOOK V. CHAPTER XXI.

* * * * *

Another remov'd the tooth-ach only
with washing the root of the aching tooth
with elder-vinegar, and letting it dry half
an hour in the sun.

Another, the gout, barely making the
gouty person shut his mouth, and open
his eyes.

I saw another surrounded with a crowd
of two sorts of women; some were young,
quaint, clever, neat, pretty, juicy, tight,
brisk, buxom, kind-hearted, and as right
as my leg, to any man's thinking. The
rest were old, weather-beaten, toothless,
blear-ey'd, tough, decrepit hags. We
were told that his office was to cast anew
those sho-pieces of antiquity, and make
them such as the pretty creatures whom
we saw, who had been made young again
that day, recovering at once the beauty,
shape, size, and disposition, which they
enjoy'd at sixteen, except their heels, that
were shorter than in their former youth.

As for their counterparts, the old mother
scratch-tobies, they most devoutly waited

for the blessed hour, when the batch that
was in the oven was to be drawn, that
they might have their turns, and in a
mighty haste they were pulling and hawl-
ing the man like mad.

The officer had his hands full, never
wanting *patients*. *Pantagruel* ask'd him
whether he could also make old men young
again? He said, he could not. But the
way to make them new men, was to get
'em to marry with a new-cast female; for
thus they caught that fifth kind of Crinc-
kams, which some call *Pellade*; in *Greek*
ὀφίασις, that makes them cast off their
old hair and skin, just as the serpents do;
and thus their youth is renew'd like the
Arabian Phoenix's. This is the true
Fountain of Youth, for there the old and
decrepid became young, active, and lusty.

Just so, as *Euripides* tells us, *Iolaus* was
transmogrified; and thus *Phaon*, for
whom kind-hearted *Sappho* run wild,
grew young again for *Venus's* use.

PANTAGRUELIAN PROGNOSTICA-
TIONS.

THE MOST CERTAIN, TRUE, AND INFALLIBLE
PANTAGRUELIAN PROGNOSTICATION, FOR
THE YEAR THAT'S TO COME, AND EVER
AND AYE. CALCULATED FOR THE BENE-
FIT AND NODIFICATION OF THE GIDDY-
BRAINED AND WEATHER-WISE WOULD BE'S.

OF THE GOVERNOR AND LORD ASCEND-
ANT THIS YEAR.

WHATSOEVER these blindfolded block-
headly fools, the astrologers, of Lovain,
Norimberg, Tubing, and Lyons, may tell
ye, don't you feed yourselves up with
whims and fancies, nor believe there is
any governor of the whole universe this
year but God, the Creator, who by his
divine word rules and governs all; by
whom all things are in their nature, pro-
priety and conditions, and without whose
preservation and governance all things in
a moment would be reduced to nothing,
as out of nothing they were by him creat-
ed. For of him comes, in him is, and
by him is made perfect every being, and
all life and motion, as says the evangelical
trumpet, my lord St. Paul, Rom. the 11th.

Therefore the ruler of this year, and of
all others, according to our authentic
solution, will be God Almighty. And
neither Saturn, nor Mars, nor Jupiter, nor

any other planet, nor the very angels, nor saints, nor men, nor devils, shall have any virtue, efficacy, or influence whatsoever, unless God of his good pleasure gives it them. As Avicen says, second causes have not any influence or action whatsoever, if the first cause did not influence them. Does not the good little mannikin speak truth, think ye?

OF THE ECLIPSES THIS YEAR.

This year there will be so many eclipses of the sun and moon, that I fear (not unjustly) our pockets will suffer inanition, be full empty, and our feeling at a loss. Saturn will be retrograde, Venus direct, Mercury as unfixed as quicksilver. And a pack of planets won't go as you would have them.

For this reason the crabs will go side-long, and the rope-makers backward; the little stools will get upon the benches, and the spits on the racks, and the bands on the hats; fleas will be generally black; bacon will run away from peas in lent; there won't be a bean left in a twelfth cake, nor an ace in a flush; the dice won't run as you wish, tho' you cog them, and the chance that you desire will seldom come; brutes shall speak in several places; Shrovetide will have its day; one part of the world shall disguise itself to gull and chouse the other, and run about the streets like a parcel of addle-pated animals and mad devils; such a hurly-burly was never seen since the devil was a little boy; and there will be above seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year, if Priscian¹ don't hold them in. If God don't help us, we shall have our hands and hearts full.

OF THE DISEASES THIS YEAR.

This year the stone-blind shall see but very little; the deaf shall hear but scurvily; the dumb shan't speak very plain; the rich shall be somewhat in a better case than the poor, and the healthy than the sick. Whole flocks, herds, and droves of sheep, swine and oxen; cocks and hens, ducks and drakes, geese and ganders, shall go to pot; but the mortality

will not be altogether so great among apes, monkeys, baboons and dromedaries. As for old age, 't will be incurable this year, because of the years past. Those who are sick of the pleurisy will feel a plaguy stitch in their sides; catarrhs this year shall distill from the brain on the lower parts; sore eyes will by no means help the sight; ears shall be at least as scarce and short in Gascony, and among knights of the post, as ever; and a most horrid and dreadful, virulent, malignant, catching, perverse and odious malady, shall be almost epidemical, inasmuch that many shall run mad upon it, not knowing what nails to drive to keep the wolf from the door, very often plotting, contriving, cudgeling and puzzling their weak shallow brains, and syllogizing and prying up and down for the philosopher's stone, tho' they only get Midas's lugs by the bargain. I quake for very fear when I think on 't; for I assure you, few will escape this disease, which Averroes calls lack of money, and by consequence of the last year's comet, and Saturn's retrogradation, there will be a horrid clutter between the cats and the rats, hounds and hares, hawks and ducks, and eke between the monks and eggs.

OF THE FRUITS OF THE EARTH THIS YEAR.

I find by the calculations of Albumazar¹ in his book of the great conjunction, and elsewhere, that this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those who have enough; but your hops of Picardy will go near to fare the worse for the cold. As for oats they 'll be a great help to horses. I dare say, there won't be much more bacon than swine. Pisces having the ascendant, 't will be a mighty year for muscles, cockles, and periwinkles. Mercury somewhat threatens our parsly-beds, yet parsly will be to be had for money. Hemp will grow faster than the children of this age, and some will find there's but too much on't. There will be a very few *bon-chretiens*, but choak-pears in abundance. As for corn, wine, fruit and herbs, there never was such plenty as will be now, if poor folks may have their wish.

¹ Priscian is here put for grammar in general, and in particular for the French grammar, so subject to changes especially in the verbs, at that time.

¹ An Arabian philosopher and astrologer, who lived about the year 910 of the Christian era.

OF THE DISPOSITION OF THE PEOPLE
THIS YEAR.

'T is the oddest whimsy in the world, to fancy there are stars for kings, popes, and great dons, any more than for the poor and needy. As if, forsooth, some new stars were made since the flood, or since Romulus or Pharamond, at the making somebody king; a thing that Triboulet or Caillette¹ would have been ashamed to have said, and yet they were men of no common learning or fame; and for ought you or I know, this same Triboulet may have been of the kings of Castille's blood in Noah's ark, and Caillette of that of King Priam.² Now, mark ye me, those odd notions come from nothing in the world, but want of faith: I say, the true Catholic faith. Therefore resting fully satisfied that the stars care not a fig more for kings than for beggars, nor a jot more for your rich topping fellows, than for the most sorry, mangy, lousy rascal; I'll e'en leave other addle-pated fortune-tellers to speak of the great folks, and I will only talk of the little ones.

And in the first place, of those who are subject to Saturn; as for example, such as lack the ready, jealous or horn-mad self-tormenting prigs, dreaming fops, crabbed eaves-droppers, raving doting churls, hatchers and brooders of mischief, suspicious distrustful slouches, mole-catchers,³ close-fisted griping misers, usurers and pawnbrokers, Christian-jews, pinch-crusts, hold-fasts, michers and penny-fathers; redeemers of dipt, mortgaged, and bleeding copy-holds and messuages, fleecers of sheared asses, shoe-makers and translators, tanners, bricklayers, bell-founders, compounders of loans, patchers, clowters, and botchers of old trumpery stuff, and all moping melancholic folks, shall not have this year whatever they'd have; and will think more than once how

they may get good store of the king's pictures¹ into their clutches; in the meantime they'll hardly throw shoulders of mutton out at the windows, and will often scratch their working noddles where they do not itch.

As for those who are under Jupiter, as canting-vermin, bigots, pardon-peddlers, voluminous abbreviators, scribblers of breves, copists,² pope's bull-makers, dataries, pettifoggers, capuchins, monks, hermits, hypocrites, cushion thumping mountebanks, spiritual comedians, forms of holiness, pater-noster-faces, wheedling gablers, wry-necked-scoundrels, spoilers of paper, stately gulls,³ notched cropt-eared meacocks,⁴ public register's clerks, wafer-makers, rosary-makers, engrossers of deeds, notaries, grave-bubbles, protecoles, and prompters to speakers, deceitful makers of promises, shall fare according as they have money. So many clergymen will die, that there will not be enough found on whom their benefices may be conferred, so that many will hold two, three, four, or more. The tribe of hypocrites shall lose a good deal of its ancient fame, since the world is grown a rake, and will not be fooled much longer, as Avenzagel saith.

Those who are under Mars, as hangmen, cut-throats, dead-doing fellows, freebooters, hedge-birds, footpads, and highwaymen, catch-poles, bum-bailiffs, beades and watchmen, reformadoes, tooth-drawers and corn-cutters, pintle-smiths, shavers and frig-beards, butchers, coiners, paltry-quacks and mountebanks, renegadoes, apostates and marranzized miscreants, incendiaries or boutefeus, chimney-sweepers, boorish cluster-fists, charcoal-men, alchemists, merchants of eel-skins and egg-shells, gridiron and rattle-makers, cooks, paltry peddlers, trash-mongers and spangle-makers, bracelet-makers, lantern-makers and tinkers, this year will do fine things; but some of

¹ Triboulet or Caillette, two court-fools.

² He jokes upon those writers who very orderly trace the genealogy of the kings of Spain up to Adam, and deduce the descent of the kings of France from King Priam.

³ Mole-catchers, avaricious money-hunters, who, in order to come at riches, which the earth contains in its bowels, never cease digging and delving, as it were, like the ancient French miners, called *Franc-taupin* (from *Talpa*, a mole).

¹ Coins or money.

² Copyists, petty scribes in the Court of Rome, who copy the bulls in order for engrossing.

³ According to M. de Chat, a *stately gull* is a chief in a court of judicature, who in like manner as a taster (*un preguato*) takes the essay of meats with his tongue, sums up and presents the opinion of the other judges before he declares his own.

⁴ Crop-haired, without a periwig

them will be somewhat subject to be rib-roasted, and have a St. Andrew's cross scored over their jobbernoles at unawares. This year one of those worthy persons will go nigh to be made a field-bishop, and, mounted on a horse that was foaled of an acorn, give the passengers a blessing with his legs.

Those who belong to Sol, as toppers, quaffers, whipcans, tosspots, whittled, mellow, cup-shotten swillers, merry-Greeks with crimson snouts of their own dyeing; fat, pury gorbellies, brewers of wine and of beer, bottlers of hay, porters, mowers, menders of tiled, slated, and thatched houses, burthen-bearers, patchers, shepherds, ox-keepers, and cow-herds, swine-herds, and hog-drivers, fowlers and bird-catchers, gardeners, barn-keepers, hedgers, common mumpers and vagabonds, day-laborers, scourers of greasy thrum-caps, stuffers and bum-basters of pack-saddles, rag-merchants, idle luskus, slothful idlebies, and drowsy loiterers, smell-feasts, and snap-gobbets, gentlemen generally wearing shirts with neck-bands, or heartily desiring to wear such; all these will be hale and sharp set, and not troubled with the gout at the grinders, or a stoppage at the gullet, when at a feast on free-cost.

Those whom Venus is said to rule, will be famous this year. But when the sun enters Cancer, and other signs, let them beware.

As for those who come under Mercury, as sharpeners, rooks, cozeners, setters, as sherks, cheats, pickpockets, divers, buttocking-foils, thieves, millers, night-walkers, masters of arts, decretists, pick-locks, deer-stealers, hedge rhymers, composers of serious doggerel metre, merry-andrews, jack-puddings, tumblers, masters in the art of hocus-pocus, legerdemain, and powder of prelinpinpin; such as break Priscian's head, quibblers and punsters, stationers, paper-makers, card-makers and pirates, will strive to appear more merry than they'll often be; sometimes they'll laugh without any cause, and will be pretty apt to be blown up and march off, if they find themselves better stored with chink than they should be.

Those who belong to Madam Luna, as hawkers of almanacs and pamphlets, huntsmen, ostrich-catchers, falconers, couriers, salt carriers, lunatics, maggotty

fools, crack-brained coxcombs, addle-pated frantic wights, giddy, whimsical foplings, exchange-brokers, post-boys, foot-boys, tennis-court-keepers' boys, glass-mongers, light-horse, watermen, mariners, messengers, rakers and gleaners, will not long stay in a place this year. However, so many swag-bellies and puff-bags will hardly go to St. Hiacco,¹ as there did in the year 524.² Great numbers of pilgrims³ will come down from the mountains of Savoy and Auvergne, but Sagittarius sorely threatens them with kibed heels.

THE FOUR SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

OF THE SPRING.

IN all this year's revolution there will be but one moon, neither will it be new. I dare warrant, you are damnably down o' the mouth about it; you who don't believe in God, and persecute his holy and divine word, as also those that stand up for it. But you may e'en hang yourselves out of the way; I tell you there will never be any other moon than that which God created in the beginning of the world, and which was placed in the sky to light and guide mankind by night. But, in good sooth, I'll not infer thence that it never shows to the earth and earthly people a decrease or increase of its light, according as it is nearer the sun or further from it. No, no; why should I say this? For, wherefore, because, however, notwithstanding, that, &c., and let none of you hereafter pray that heaven may keep her from the wolves; for they'll not meddle with her this twelve months, I'll warrant you. *A propos*, now I think on't, you'll see as many flowers again this season as in all the other three; neither shall that man be thought a fool, who'll have wit

¹ St. James in Galicia.

² There had been published many predictions, which, on account of the grand conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter and Mars, in the sign of pisces in 1524, did declare there would be in February that year a second universal deluge: there needed no more to send the Germans, at that time very much addicted to pilgrimaging, in shoals to St. James in Galicia.

³ Pilgrims. *Miquelots* in the original. Young people who were wont to go in pilgrimage to St. Michael (thence their name *Miquelots*, I suppose). These occasioned the proverb, little beggars go to St. Michael, great ones to St. James.

enough to lay by money, and get together more of it this quarter than he will do of cobwebs¹ in the whole year.

The Griffons,² and Marrons (men who make their ways passable in great snows, and dwell on the mountains of Savoy, and Dauphiné), and the Hyperboreans, that are perpetually furred with snow, are to miss this season, and have none on 't; for Avicenna tells us, 't is not spring till the snow does melt away on the mountains. Believe the liar. I have known the time when men reckoned *ver*, or the spring, to begin when the sun entered into the first degree of *Aries*. If they reckon it otherwise now, I knock under, and mum 's the word.

OF SUMMER.

IN the summer I can't justly tell you what kind of wind will blow; but this I know, that it ought to be warm weather then, and now and then a sea breeze. However, if things should fall out otherwise, you must be sure not to curse God; for he is wiser than we, and knows what 's fit for us far better than we ourselves, you may take my word for it, whatever Haly³ and his gang may have said. It will be a delicious thing to be merry, and drink cool wine, though some have said there is nothing more contrary to thirst. I believe it; and, indeed, *contraria contrariis curantur*.

OF AUTUMN.

IN autumn men will make wine, or before or after it; 't is all one to me, so we have but good bub and *Nippitati* enough. As for those men and women who have vowed to fast till the stars be in the heavens, they may e'en from this present hour begin to feed like farmers by my particular grant and dispensation. Neither do they begin of the soonest; for those pretty twinkling things have been fixed there above sixteen thousand and I can't tell how many days, and stuck into

¹ Cobwebs. It should be herrings, *Aranes*: though some editions have it *Araignes*. M. D. C. says, Rabelais here means, that in the spring people had better keep their money, than lay it out in herrings, which are good for nothing in that season of the year.

² Griffons. Gryphons: Men, who, like true griffins, climb up the sharpest and steepest rocks.

* An Arabian philosopher and mathematician.

the purpose too, let me tell you. Nor would I have you for the future hope to catch larks when the sky falls: for on my honor that will not happen in your time. Legions of hypocritical church-vermin, cucullated sham saints, peddlers and hawkers of pardons, perpetual mumpers and mumblers of orisons, and other such gangs of rascally scoundrels, will come out of their dens. Scape that scape can, say I. Harkee me, take heed also of the bones whenever you eat fish, and God preserve you from a dose of ratsbane, too.

OF WINTER.

IN winter, in my silly opinion, those men will not be over wise, who 'll sell their furred gowns, swans-skins, and other warm clothes, to buy fuel; neither did the ancients use to do so, says Aven-zouart. If it chance to rain, don't fret yourselves, so much the less dust you 'll have when you go abroad. Keep yourselves as hot as toasts, d'ye hear: beware of catarrhs: drink of the best till the other sort mend. Oh ho! poultry, do you build your nests so high?

END OF RABELAIS.

A SHARP STUDENT.

THE Rev. Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, when examining a student on one occasion, said: "And you attended the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"What are they?"

What a laugh in the class the student's answer produced when he said, "An inside and an outside!"

But this was nothing compared with what followed. The doctor having said to this student, "And you attended the moral philosophy class also?"

"Well, you would hear lectures, on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A man wheeling a barrow."

The doctor proposed no more questions.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

THREE wags (whom some fastidious carpers
Might rather designate three sharpers)

Entered, at York, the Cat and Fiddle;
And finding that the host was out
On business for two hours or more,
While Sam, the rustic waiter, wore
The visage of a simple lout,

Whom they might safely try to diddle,
They ordered dinner in a canter,
Cold or hot, it mattered not,
Provided it was served instanter;

And as the heat had made them very
Dry and dusty in their throattles,
They bade the waiter bring three bottles

Of prime old port, and one of sherry.
Sam ran with ardor to the larder,
Then to the kitchen;

And, as he briskly went to work, he
Drew from the spit a roasted turkey,
With sausages embellished, which in

A trice upon the board was spread,
Together with a nice cold brisket;
Nor did he even obliviscate

Half a pig's head.
To these succeeded puddings, pies,
Custards, and jellies,

All doomed to fall a sacrifice

To their insatiable bellies;
As if, like camels, they intended

To stuff into their monstrous craws

Enough to satisfy their maws,
Until their pilgrimage was ended.

Talking, laughing, eating and quaffing,
The bottles stood no moment still.

They rallied Sam with joke and banter,
And, as they drained the last decanter,
Called for the bill.

'T was brought, when one of them, who eyed
And added up the items, cried,—

"Extremely moderate, indeed!

I'll make a point to recommend

This inn to every travelling friend;

And you, Sam, shall be doubly fee'd!

This said, a weighty purse he drew,

When his companion interposed:

"Nay, Harry, that will never do;

Pray let your purse again be closed;

You paid all charges yesterday,

'T is clearly now my turn to pay."

Harry, however, would n't listen

To any such insulting offer;

His generous eyes appeared to glisten,
Indignant at the very proffer;

And, though his friend talked loud, his
clangor

Seemed but to aggravate Hal's anger."

"My worthy fellow," cried the third,

"Now really this is too absurd,

What! do both of you forget,

I have n't paid a farthing, yet?

Am I eternally to cram

At your expense? 'Tis childish, quite,

I claim the payment as my right.

Here, how much is the money, Sam?"

To this most rational proposal,

The others gave such fierce negation,

One might have fancied they were foes, all;

So hot became the altercation,

Each in his purse his money rattling,

Insisting, arguing, and battling.

One of them cried, at last,—*"A truce!*

This point we will no longer moot,

Wrangling for trifles is no use;

And thus we'll finish the dispute:—

That we may settle what we three owe,

We'll blindfold Sam, and whichso'er

He catches of us first, shall bear

The expenses of the other two,

With half a crown (if that's enough)

To Sam for playing blindman's buff."

Sam liked it hugely,—thought the ransom

For a good game of fun, was handsome;

Gave his own handkerchief beside,

To have his eyes securely tied,

And soon began to grope and search;

When the three knaves, I need n't say,

Adroitly left him in the lurch,

Stepped down the stairs and stole away.

Poor Sam continues hard at work.

Now o'er a chair he gets a fall;

Now floundering forward with a jerk,

He bobs his nose against the wall;

And now, encouraged by a subtle

Fancy that they're near the door,

He jumps behind it to explore,

And breaks his shins against the scuttle;

Crying at each disaster—"Drat it!

Hang it! 'od rabbit it!" and "Rat it!"

Just in the crisis of his doom,

The host, returning, sought the room;

And Sam no sooner heard his tread,

Than, pouncing on him like a bruin,

He almost shook him into ruin,

And, with a shout of laughter, said:—

Huzza! I've caught you now, so down

With cash for all, and my half-crown."

Off went the bandage, and his eyes

Seemed to be goggling o'er his forehead,

While his mouth widened with a horrid

Look of agonized surprise.
 "Gull!" roared his master; "gudgeon!
 Dunce!
 Fool as you are, you're right for once;
 'Tis clear that I must pay the sum;
 But this one thought my wrath assuages—
 That every half-penny shall come
 Out of your wages!"

HORACE SMITH, 1779-1849.

THE CHAMELEON.

[JAMES MERRICK, poet and divine, was born at Reading, Berkshire, in 1720. Lowth said of him that he was 'one of the best of men and most eminent of scholars.' Died, 1769.]

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly served at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen.
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times prier than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
 'Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know.'—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that;
 Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
 'A stranger animal,' cries one,
 'Sure never lived beneath the sun:
 A lizard's body lean and long,
 A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 Its foot with triple claw disjoint'd;
 And what a length of tail behind!
 How slow its pace! and then its hue—
 Who ever saw so fine a blue!"

'Hold there,' the other quick replies,
 "'Tis green, I saw it with these eyes,
 As late with open mouth it lay,
 And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
 Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
 And saw it eat the air for food.'

'I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
 And must again affirm it blue;
 At leisure I the beast survey'd
 Extended in the cooling shade.'

'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye.'
 'Green!' cries the other in a fury:
 'Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?'
 'Twere no great loss,' the friend replies;
 'For if they always serve you thus,
 You'll find them but of little use.'

So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows
 When luckily came by a third;
 To him the question they referr'd:
 And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.

'Sirs,' cries the umpire, 'cease your pother;
 The creature's neither one nor t'other.
 I caught the animal last night,
 And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
 I mark'd it well, 'twas black as jet—
 You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it.'—'Pray, sir, do;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue.'
 'And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green.'

'Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,'
 Replies the man, 'I'll turn him out:
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him.'

He said; and full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.
 Both stared, the man look'd wondrous wise—
 'My children,' the Chameleon cries
 (Then first the creature found a tongue),
 'You all are right, and all are wrong:
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you:
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own.'

It was a colored preacher who said to
 his flock: "We has a collection to make
 dis mo'ning, and fo' de sake of yo' reputa-
 tion, whichever of you stole Mr. Jones'
 turkeys, don't put anyfing on de plate."
 One who was there says, "Every blessed
 niggah in de church came down wid de
 rocks."

THE LAST OF THE IRISH SERPENTS.

SURE everybody has heard tell of the blessed St. Patrick, and how he druve the sarpints and all manner of venomous things out of Ireland; how he "bothered all the varmint" entirely. But for all that, there was one ould sarpint left who was too cunning to be talked out of the country, or made to drown himself. St. Patrick did n't well know how to manage this fellow, who was doing great havoc; till at long last he bethought himself, and got a strong iron chest made with nine boults upon it. So one fine morning he takes a walk to where the sarpint used to keep; and the sarpint, who didn't like the saint in the least, and small blame to him for that, began to hiss and show his teeth at him like anything. "Oh," says St. Patrick, says he, "where's the use of making such a piece of work about a gentleman like myself coming to see you? 'Tis a nice house I have got made for you agin the winter; for I'm going to civilize the whole country, man and beast," says he, "and you can come and look at it whenever you please, and 'tis myself will be glad to see you." The sarpint, hearing such smooth words, thought that though St. Patrick had druve all the rest of the sarpints into the sea, he meant no harm to himself; so the sarpint walks fair and easy up to see him and the house he was speaking about. But when the sarpint saw the nine boults upon the chest, he thought he was sould (betrayed), and was for making off with himself as fast as ever he could. "'Tis a nice warm house, you see," says St. Patrick, "and 'tis a good friend I am to you." "I thank you kindly, St. Patrick, for your civility," says the sarpint; "but I think it's too small it is for me"—meaning it for an excuse, and away he was going. "Too small!" says St. Patrick; "stop, if you please," says he; "you're out in that, my boy, anyhow—I am sure 't will fit you completely; and I'll tell you what," says he, "I'll bet you a gallon of porter," says he, "that if you'll only try and get in, there'll be plenty of room for you." The sarpint was as thirsty as could be with his walk; and 'twas great joy to him the thoughts of doing St. Patrick out of the gallon of

porter; so, swelling himself up as big as he could, in he got to the chest, all but a little bit of his tail. "There, now," says he; "I've won the gallon, for you see the house is too small for me, for I can 't get in my tail." When what does St. Patrick do, but he comes behind the great heavy lid of the chest, and, putting his two hands to it, down he slaps it with a bang like thunder. When the rogue of a sarpint saw the lid coming down, in went his tail like a shot, for fear of being whipped off him, and St. Patrick began at once to boults the nine iron boults. "Oh, murder! won't you let me out, St. Patrick?" says the sarpint; "I've lost the bet fairly, and I'll pay you the gallon like a man." "Let you out, my darling?" says St. Patrick; "to be sure I will, by all manner of means; but you see I haven't time just now, so you must wait till to-morrow." And so he took the iron chest, with the sarpint in it, and pitches it into the lake here, where it is to this hour for certain; and 'tis the sarpint struggling down at the bottom that makes the waves upon it. Many is the living man has heard the sarpint crying out from within the chest under the water: "Is it to-morrow yet?" which, to be sure, it never can be.—And that's the way St. Patrick settled the last of the sarpints, sir.

THOMAS CROFTON CROKER, 1798—1854.

A CONDENSED NOVEL.

VOL. I.

A winning wile,
A sunny smile,
A feather:
A tiny talk,
A pleasant walk
Together!

VOL. II.

A little doubt,
A playful pout,
Capricious:
A merry miss,
A stolen kiss,
Delicious!

VOL. III.

You ask mamma,
Consult papa,
With pleasure;
And both repent,
This rash event,
At leisure.

THE COURTSHIP OF UNCLE TOBY
AND THE WIDOW WADMAN.

[LAURENCE STERNE, the son of Roger Sterne, a lieutenant in the British Army, was born in Clonmel, Ireland, Nov. 24, 1713. He was a grandson of Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, and a nephew of Archdeacon Jacques Sterne, LL.D. After going to school at Halifax, England, he was sent to Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1733, where he took the degree of A.B. in 1736. On leaving the University, he took church orders, and by the interest of his uncle obtained the living of Sutton, Yorkshire, and in 1740-41 was a prebend in York Cathedral. He married in 1741 and received from a friend of his wife the living of Stillington, near Sutton. He retained his connection with these two places for nearly twenty years, preaching on Sundays, and amusing himself during the week by reading, "painting, fiddling, and shooting." Immediately after the publication of *Tristram Shandy* (in 1759) he became famous, and afterwards he paid still less attention to clerical duties, his time being mostly spent in London or on the continent. His earliest publications were several sermons, which at the time attracted little attention; but his sermons have since had admirers. The poet Gray says of them: "They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience." A *Sentimental Journey* was published in the year of the author's death, 1768. Sterne led an unworthy, inconsistent, and indiscreet if not immoral life, and died unlamented and well nigh neglected. While a few prefer his *Sentimental Journey*, his fame beyond question rests chiefly upon *Tristram Shandy*. Speaking of the latter work Hazlitt says: "The story of Le Fevre is perhaps the finest in the English language." The same writer says: "My Uncle Toby is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature. He is the most unoffending of God's creatures." Leigh Hunt thus apostrophizes this genial creation of Sterne's: "But what shall I say to thee, thou quintessence of the milk of human kindness, thou reconciler of war (as far as it was necessary to reconcile it), thou returner to childhood during peace, thou lover of widows, thou master of the best of corporals, thou whistler at excommunications, thou high and only final Christian gentleman, thou pitier of the devil himself, divine Uncle Toby! Why, this I will say, made bold by thy example, and caring nothing for what anybody may think of it who does not in some measure partake of thy nature, that he who created thee was the wisest man since the days of Shakspeare; and that Shakspeare himself, mighty reflector of things as they were, but no anticipator, never arrived at a character like thine." To this extreme eulogy Mr. Hunt adds: "If I were requested to name the book of all others, which combined wit and hu-

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mor under their highest appearance of levity with the profoundest wisdom, it would be *Tristram Shandy*."

Our selection is a portion of "*Tristram Shandy*" complete in itself, comprising the last two books, viz., the Eighth and the Ninth.]

CHAPTER I.

BUT softly, for in these sportive plains and under this genial sun, where at this instant all flesh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every step that's taken, the judgment is surprised by the imagination, I defy, notwithstanding all that has been said upon *straight lines*, in sundry pages of my book, I defy the best cabbage planter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account (except that he will have more to answer for in the one case than in the other), I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in straight lines, and stoical distances, without ever and anon straddling out, or sliding into some bastardly digression. In Freezeland, Fog-land, and some other lands I wot of, it may be done!

But in this clear climate of fantasy and perspiration, where every idea, sensible and insensible, gets vent, in this land, my dear Eugenius, in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now sit, unscrewing my inkhorn to write my uncle Toby's amours, and with all the meanders of Julia's track in quest of her Diego, in full view of my study-window, if thou comest not and takest me by the hand,

What a work it is likely to turn out!
Let us begin it.

CHAPTER II.

It is with Love as with Cuckoldom: but now I am talking of beginning a book, and having long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which, if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live (whereas the *comparison* may be imparted to him any hour in the day), I'll just mention it, and begin in good earnest.

The thing is this:

That of all the several ways of beginning a book which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best.

I'm sure it is the most religious, for I begin with writing the first sentence, and trusting to Almighty God for the second.

'T would cure an author forever of the fuss and folly of opening the street door, and calling in his neighbors, and friends, and kinsfolk, with the Devil and all his imps, with their hammers, and engines, &c., only to observe how one sentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up, catching the idea even sometimes before it half-way reaches me!

I believe, in my conscience, I intercept many a thought which Heaven intended for another man.

Pope and his portrait are fools to me; no martyr is ever so full of faith or fire. I wish I could say of good works too; but I have no

Zeal or Anger—or

Anger or Zeal;—

and, till gods and men agree together to call it by the same name, the arrantest *Tartufe* in science, in politics, or in religion, shall never kindle a spark within me, or have a worse word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Bon jour! good morrow! so you have got your cloak on betimes, but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly; 'tis better to be well mounted than go o'foot; and obstructions in the glands are dangerous. And how goes it with thy wife and little ones? and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady, your sister, aunt, uncle and cousins? I hope they have got the better of their colds, coughs, tooth-aches, fevers, stranguries, sciaticas, swellings, and sore eyes.

What a devil of an apothecary! to take so much blood, give such a vile purge, puke, poultice, plaster, night draught, clyster, blister! And why so many grains of calomel? *Santa Maria!* and such a dose of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail! By my great-aunt Dinah's old black velvet mask! I think there was no occasion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the *mask* afresh, was more than the mask was worth; and to wear a mask which was bald, or which could be half seen through, was as bad as having no mask at all.

This is the reason, may it please your Reverences, that in all our numerous family, for these four generations, we count no more than one Archbishop, a Welsh Judge, some three or four Aldermen, and a single Mountebank.

In the sixteenth century, we boast of no less than a dozen alchemists.

CHAPTER IV.

"It is with Love as with Cuckoldom;" the suffering party is at least the *third*, but, generally, the last in the house who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and so long as what in this vessel of the human frame is *Love*, may be *Hatred* in that, *Sentiment* half a yard higher, and *Nonsense*—No, Madam, not there; I mean at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger—how can we help ourselves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you please, who ever soliloquized upon this mystic subject, my uncle Toby was the worst fitted to have pushed his researches through such a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worse matters, to see what they would turn out, had not Bridget's prenotification of them to Susannah, and Susannah's repeated manifestoes thereupon to all the world, made it necessary for my uncle Toby to look into the affair.

CHAPTER V.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators, or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from some ailment in the *foot*) should ever have had some tender nymph breaking her heart in secret for them, are points well and duly settled and accounted for, by ancient and modern physiologists.

A water-drinker, provided he is a pro-

fessed one, and does it without fraud or covin, is precisely in the same predicament: not that, at first sight, there is any consequence, or show of logic in it, "That a rill of cold water dribbling through my inward parts, should light up a torch in my Jenny's heart—"

The proposition does not strike one; on the contrary, it seems to run opposite to the natural workings of causes and effects.

But it shows the weakness and imbecility of human reason.

"And in perfect good health with it!"

The most perfect, Madam, that Friendship herself could wish me.

"And drink nothing! nothing but water?"

Impetuous fluid! the moment thou prepress against the flood-gates of the brain, see how they give way!

In swims *Curiosity*, beckoning to her damsels to follow; they dive into the centre of the current.

Fancy sits musing upon the bank, and, with her eyes following the stream, turns straw and bulrushes into masts and bowsprits. And *Desire*, with vest held up to the knee in one hand, snatches at them, as they swim by her, with the other.

O ye water-drinkers! is it then by this delusive fountain, that ye have so often governed and turn'd this world about like a mill-wheel, grinding the faces of the impotent, bewondering their ribs, bepeppering their noses, and changing sometimes even the very frame and face of nature!

If I was you, quoth Yorick, I would drink more water, Eugenius. And, if I was you, Yorick, replied Eugenius, so would I.

Which shows they had both read Longinus.

For my own part, I am resolved never to read any book but my own as long as I live.

CHAPTER VI.

I WISH my uncle Toby had been a water-drinker, for then the thing had been accounted for, That the first moment Widow Wadman saw him, she felt something stirring within her in his favor; something! something.

Something, perhaps, more than friend-

ship, less than love: something, no matter what, no matter where; I would not give a single hair of my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myself (indeed, the villain has not many to spare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your Worships into the secret.

But the truth is, my uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mixed, nor anyhow, nor anywhere, except fortuitously upon some advanced posts, where better liquor was not to be had, or during the time he was under cure; when, the surgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them sooner into contact, my uncle Toby drank it for quietness' sake.

Now, as all the world knows that no effect in nature can be produced without a cause, and as it is as well known that my uncle Toby was neither a weaver, a gardener, nor a gladiator, unless as a captain, you will needs have him one, but then he was only a captain of foot, and, besides, the whole is an equivocation. There is nothing left for us to suppose, but that my uncle Toby's leg—but that will avail us little in the present hypothesis, unless it had proceeded from some ailment *in the foot*, whereas his leg was not emaciated from any disorder in his foot, for my uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little stiff and awkward, from a total disuse of it for the three years he lay confined at my father's house in town; but it was plump and muscular, and, in all other respects, as good and promising a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one opinion or passage of my life, where my understanding was more at a loss to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the service of the chapter following it, than in the present case: one would think I took a pleasure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make fresh experiments of getting out of 'em. Inconsiderate soul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable distresses with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemmed in on every side of thee; are they, Tristram, not sufficient, but thou must entangle thyself still more?

CHAPTER VII.

BUT, for Heaven's sake, let us take the

story straight before us; it is so nice and intricate a one, it will scarce bear the transposition of a single tittle; and somehow or other, you have got me thrust almost into the middle of it.

I beg we may take more care.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY uncle Toby and the corporal had posted down with so much heat and precipitation, to take possession of the spot of ground we have so often spoken of, in order to open their campaign as early as the rest of the allies; that they had forgot one of the most necessary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's spade, a pick-axe, or a shovel.

It was a bed to lie on: so that as Shandy-hall was at that time unfurnished, and the little inn where poor Le Fevre died, not yet built, my uncle Toby was constrained to accept of a bed of Mrs. Wadman's, for a night or two, till corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, sempster, surgeon, and engineer, superadded that of an excellent upholsterer too), with the help of a carpenter and a couple of tailors, constructed one in my uncle Toby's house.

A daughter of Eve, for such was Widow Wadman, and it's all the character I intended to give her,

"That she was a perfect woman," had better be fifty leagues off, or in her warm bed, or playing with a case-knife, or anything you please, than make a man the object of her attention, when the house and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad daylight, where a woman has a power, physically speaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one; but here, for her soul, she can see him in no light without mixing something of her own goods and chattels along with him, till, by reiterated acts of such combinations, he gets foisted into her inventory,

And then, good night.

But this is not matter of *System*; for I have delivered that above; nor is it a matter of *Breviary*; for I make no man's creed but my own: nor matter of *Fact*, at least that I know of: but 'tis matter introductory to what follows.

CHAPTER IX.

I DO not speak it with regard to the coarseness or cleanness of them, or the strength of their gussets; but pray, Do not night-shifts differ from day-shifts as much in this particular, as in anything else in the world, That they so far exceed the others in length, that, when you are laid down in them, they fall almost as much below the feet as the day-shifts fall short of them?

Widow Wadman's night-shifts (as was the mode, I suppose, in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut, however, after this fashion; and, if the fashion is changed (for in Italy they are come to nothing) so much the worse for the public; they were two Flemish ells and a half in length: so that, allowing a moderate woman two ells, she had half an ell to spare.

Now, from one little indulgence gained after another, in the many bleak and Decemberly nights of a seven years' widowhood, things had insensibly come to this pass, and, for the two last years, had got established into one of the ordinances of the bedchamber, That as soon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs stretched down to the bottom of it, of which she always gave Bridget notice, Bridget, with all suitable decorum, having first opened the bed-clothes at the feet, took hold of the half-ell of cloth we were speaking of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to its furthest extension, and then contracted it again sidelong by four or five even plaits, she took a large corking-pin out of her sleeve, and, with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all fast together, a little above the hem; which done, she tuck'd all in tight at the feet, and wished her mistress good-night.

This was constant, and without any other variation than this: that on shivering and tempestuous nights, when Bridget untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c., to do this, she consulted no thermometer but that of her own passions: and so performed it standing, kneeling, or squatting, according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, she was in, and bore towards her mistress that night. In every other respect, the etiquette was sacred, and might have vied with the most mechanical one of the most inflexible bed-chamber in Christendom.

The first night, as soon as the corporal nad conducted my uncle Toby up stairs, which was about ten, Mrs. Wadman threw herself into her arm-chair, and crossing her left knee with her right, which formed a resting-place for her elbow, she reclin'd her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and, leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both sides of the question.

The second night she went to her bureau, and, having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of fresh candles and leave them upon the table, she took out her marriage-settlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the last of my uncle Toby's stay) when Bridget had pulled down the night-shift, and was essaying to stick in the corking-pin,

With a kick of both heels at once, but at the same time the most natural kick that could be kick'd in her situation * * * * she kick'd the pin out of her fingers, the etiquette which hung upon it, down, down it fell to the ground, and was shivered into a thousand atoms.

From all which, it was plain that Widow Wadman was in love with my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER X.

MY uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matters, so that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were settled, that he found leisure to return this.

This made an armistice (that is, speaking with regard to my uncle Toby; but, with respect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy) of almost eleven years. But in all cases of this nature, as it is the second blow, happen at what distance of time it will, which makes the fray, I choose, for that reason, to call these the amours of my uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my uncle Toby.

This is not a distinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of an *old hat cock'd*, and a *cock'd old hat*, about which your Reverences have so often been at odds with one another; but there is a difference here in the nature of things:

And, let me tell you gentry, a wide one too.

CHAPTER XI.

Now, as Widow Wadman did love my uncle Toby, and my uncle Toby did not love Widow Wadman, there was nothing for Widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my uncle Toby, or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one nor the other.

Gracious Heaven! but I forget I am a little of her temper myself: for whenever it so falls out, which it sometimes does, about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddess is so much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfast for her, and that she careth not three half-pence whether I eat my breakfast or not,—

Curse on her! and so I send her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and so on to the Devil. In short, there is not an infernal niche where I do not take her divinityship and stick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the passions in these tides ebb and flow ten times in a minute, I instantly bring her back again; and, as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky way, Brightest of Stars! thou wilt shed thy influence upon some one.

The deuce take her and her influence too: for at that word, I lose all patience; much good may it do him! By all that is hirsute! I cry, taking my furred cap, and twisting it round my finger, I would not give sixpence for a dozen such!

* * * * *

CHAPTER XII.

"Not touch it for the world," did I say? Lord, how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHICH shows, let your Reverences and Worships say what you will of it (for, as for *thinking*, all who do think, think pretty much alike both upon it and other matters), Love is certainly, at least alphabetically speaking, one of the most

A gitating,
 B ewitching,
 C onfounded,
 D evilish affairs of life ; the most
 E xtravagant,
 F utilitous,
 G aligaskinish,
 H andy-dandyish,
 I racundulous (there is no K to it) and
 L yrical of all human passions : at the
 same time, the most

M isgiving,
 N innyhammering,
 O bstipating,
 P ragmatical,
 S tridulous,

R idiculous, though, by the by, the
 R should have gone first: but, in short,
 'tis of such a nature, as my father once
 told my uncle Toby, upon the close of a
 long dissertation upon the subject, " You
 can scarce," said he, " combine two ideas
 together upon it, brother Toby, without
 an hypallage." What's that? cried my
 uncle Toby.

The cart before the horse, replied my
 father.

And what is he to do there? cried my
 uncle Toby.

Nothing, quoth my father, but to get
 in, or let it alone.

Now Widow Wadman, as I told you be-
 fore, would do neither the one nor the
 other.

She stood, however, ready harnessed
 and caparisoned at all points, to watch
 accidents.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Fates, who certainly all foreknew
 of these amours of Widow Wadman and
 my uncle Toby, had, from the first creation
 of matter and motion (and with more
 courtesy than they usually do things, of
 this kind), established such a chain of
 causes and effects hanging so fast to one
 another, that it was scarce possible for my
 uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other
 house in the world, or to have occupied
 any other garden in Christendom but the
 very house and garden which join'd and
 lay parallel to Mrs. Wadman's: this, with
 the advantage of a thicket arbor in Mrs.
 Wadman's garden, but planted in the
 hedge-row of my uncle Toby's, put all the
 occasions into her hands which love-mili-

tancy wanted: she could observe my uncle
 Toby's motions, and was mistress likewise
 of his councils of war; and as his unsus-
 pecting heart had given leave to the cor-
 poral, through the mediation of Bridget,
 to make her a wicker-gate of communica-
 tion to enlarge her walks, it enabled her
 to carry on her approaches to the very
 door of the sentry-box; and sometimes,
 out of gratitude, to make an attack, and
 endeavor to blow my uncle Toby up in
 the very sentry-box itself.

CHAPTER XV.

It is a great pity; but 'tis certain, from
 every day's observation of man, that he
 may be set on fire, like a candle, at either
 end, provided there is a sufficient wick; if
 there is not, there's an end of the affair;
 and if there is, by lighting it at the bot-
 tom, as the flame in that case has the mis-
 fortune generally to put out itself, there's
 an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the
 ordering of it which way I would be burnt
 myself, for I cannot bear the thoughts of
 being burnt like a beast, I would oblige a
 housewife constantly to light me at the
 top; for then I should burn down decently
 to the socket; that is from my head to my
 heart, from my heart to my liver, from my
 liver to my bowels, and so on by the
 mesenteric veins and arteries, through all
 the turns and lateral insertions of the in-
 testines and their tunicles.

CHAPTER XVI.

AND so, to make sure of both systems,
 Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my
 uncle Toby neither at this end nor that;
 but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him,
 if possible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber-rooms of
 military furniture, including both of horse
 and foot, from the great arsenal of Venice
 to the Tower of London (exclusive) if
 Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for
 seven years together, and with Bridget to
 help her, she could not have found any
 one *blind* or *mantelet* so fit for her purpose
 as that which the expediency of my uncle
 Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her
 hands.

I believe I have told you—but I don't know, possibly I have; be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things which a man had better do over again than dispute about it—That whatever town or fortress the corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaign, my uncle Toby always took care, on the inside of his sentry-box, which was towards his left hand, to have a plan of the place, fastened up with two or three pins at the top, but loose at the bottom, for the convenience of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occasions required; so that when an attack was resolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when she had got advanced to the door of the sentry-box, but to extend her right hand; and edging in her left foot at the same movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and with out-stretched neck meeting it half-way, to advance it towards her; on which my uncle Toby's passions were sure to catch fire, for he would instantly take hold of the map in his left hand, and with the end of his pipe in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point, the world will naturally enter into the reasons of Mrs. Wadman's next stroke of generalship; which was, to take my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as soon as she possibly could: which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more distinctly at some redoubt or breastwork in the map, she would effect before my uncle Toby (poor soul!) had well march'd above half a dozen toises with it.

It obliged my uncle Toby to make use of his fore-finger.

The difference it made in the attack was this: That in going upon it, as in the first case, with the end of her fore-finger against the end of my uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, she might have traveled with it along the line, from Dan to Beersheba, had my uncle Toby's lines reached so far, without any effect: for as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no sentiment; it could neither give fire by pulsation, nor receive it by sympathy; 'twas nothing but smoke.

Whereas, in following my uncle Toby's fore-finger with hers, close through all the little turns and indentings of his works, pressing sometimes against the side of it,

then treading upon its nail, then tripping it up, then touching it here, then there, and so on, it set something at least in motion.

This, though slight skirmishing, and at a distance from the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map usually falling with the back of it close to the side of the sentry-box, my uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place hers close beside it. This at once opened a communication, large enough for any sentiment, to pass or re-pass, which a person skilled in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occasion for.

By bringing up her fore-finger parallel (as before) to my uncle Toby's, it unavoidably brought the thumb into action; and the fore-finger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear uncle Toby! was never now in its right place—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up, or, with the gentlest pushings, protrusions, and equivocal compressions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving, to get it pressed a hairbreadth of one side out of her way.

Whilst this was doing, how could she forget to make him sensible that it was her leg (and no one's else) at the bottom of the sentry-box, which slightly press'd against the calf of his! So that my uncle Toby being thus attacked, and sore pushed on both his wings, was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre in disorder?

The deuce take it! said my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER XVII.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other like the attacks which history is full of, and from the same reasons. A general looker-on would scarce allow them to be attacks at all; or if he did, would confound them all together; but I write not to them. It will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more to

add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings, which my father took care to roll up by themselves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preservation (and shall be kept so, whilst I have power to preserve anything); upon the lower corner of which, on the right hand side, there are still remaining the marks of a snuffy finger and thumb; which, there is all the reason in the world to imagine, were Mrs. Wadman's; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my uncle Toby's, is absolutely clean. This seems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are *vestigia* of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are unquestionably the very holes through which it has been pricked up in the sentry-box.

By all that is priestly! I value this precious relic, with its *stigmata*, more than all the relics of the Romish church.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I THINK, an' please your Honor, quoth Trim, the fortifications are quite destroyed; and the basin is upon a level with the mole. I think so too, replied my uncle Toby, with a sigh half suppressed; but step into the parlor, Trim, for the stipulation; it lies upon the table.

It has lain there these six weeks, replied the corporal; till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it.

Then, said my uncle Toby, there is no further occasion for our services. The more, an' please your Honor, the pity, said the corporal; in uttering which, he cast his spade into the wheel-barrow, which was beside him, with an air the most expressive of disconsolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-axe, his pioneer's shovel, his piquets, and other little military stores, in order to carry them off the field, when a heigh-ho! from the sentry-box, which being made of thin slit deal, reverberated the sound more sorrowful to his ear, forbade him.

No, said the corporal to himself, I'll do it before his Honor rises to-morrow morning; so taking his spade out of the wheel-barrow

again, with a little earth in it, as if to level something at the foot of the glacis, but with a real intent to approach nearer to his master, in order to divert him, he loosen'd a sod or two, pared their edges with his spade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he sat himself down close by my uncle Toby's feet, and began as follows:

CHAPTER XIX.

It was a thousand pities; though I believe, an' please your Honor, I am going to say but a foolish kind of a thing for a soldier—

A soldier, cried my uncle Toby, interrupting the corporal, is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters, But not so often, an' please your Honor, replied the corporal. My uncle Toby gave a nod.

It was a thousand pities, then, said the corporal, casting his eye upon Dunkirk and the Mole, as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Asia (when he sailed from Ægina towards Megara) did upon Corinth and Pyraeus,

"It was a thousand pities, an' please your Honor, to destroy these works, and a thousand pities to have let them stand."

Thou art right, Trim, in both cases said my uncle Toby. This, continued the corporal, is the reason, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end, I have never once whistled, or sung, or laughed, or cried, or talked of past-done deeds, or told your Honor one story, good or bad.

Thou hast many excellencies, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and I hold it not the least of them, as thou happenest to be a story-teller, that of the number thou hast told me, either to amuse me in my painful hours, or divert me in my grave ones, thou hast seldom told me a bad one.

Because, an' please your Honor, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his seven castles*, they are all true; for they are about myself.

I do not like the subject the worse, Trim, said my uncle Toby, on that score. But, prithee, what is this story? Thou hast excited my curiosity.

I'll tell it your Honor, quoth the corporal, directly. Provided, said my uncle

Toby, looking earnestly towards Dunkirk and the Mole again, provided it is not a merry one : to such, Trim, a man should ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him ; and the disposition I am in at present, would wrong both thee, Trim, and thy story. It is not a merry one, by any means, replied the corporal. Nor would I have it altogether a grave one, added my uncle Toby. It is neither the one nor the other, replied the corporal ; but will suit your honor exactly. Then I'll thank thee for it with all my heart, cried my uncle Toby ; so prithee begin it, Trim.

The corporal made his reverence ; and though it is not so easy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank Montero-cap with grace, or a whit less difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is sitting square upon the ground, to make a bow so teeming with respect as the corporal was wont, yet, by suffering the palm of his right hand, which was towards his master, to slip backwards upon the grass, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater sweep, and by an unforced compression, at the same time, of his cap with the thumb and the two fore-fingers of his left, by which the diameter of the cap became reduced ; so that it might be said rather to be insensibly squeezed, than pulled off with a flatus, the corporal acquitted himself of both in a better manner than the posture of his affairs promised ; and having *hemmed* twice, to find in what key his story would best go, and best suit his master's humor, he exchanged a single look of kindness with him, and set off thus :

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

There was a certain King of Bo—he—

As the corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a single moment. He had set out bareheaded ; having, since he pulled off his Montero-cap in the latter end of the last chapter, left it lying beside him on the ground.

The eye of Goodness espieth all things ; so that before the corporal had well got through the first five words of his story, had my uncle Toby twice touched his Montero-cap with the end of his cane, interrogatively : as much as to say, Why don't you put it on, Trim ? Trim took it

up with the most respectful slowness, and casting a glance of humiliation, as he did it, upon the embroidery of the forepart, which being dismally tarnished and frayed, moreover, in some of the principal leaves and boldest parts of the pattern, he laid it down again between his two feet, in order to moralize upon the subject.

'Tis every word of it but too true, cried my uncle Toby, that thou art about to observe :

"Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to last for ever."

But when tokens, dear Tom, of thy love and remembrance wear out, said Trim, what shall we say ?

There is no occasion, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, to say any thing else ; and was a man to puzzle his brains till Doomsday, I believe, Trim, it would be impossible.

The corporal perceiving my uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without further attempting it, he put it on ; and passing his hand across his forehead to rub out a pensive wrinkle, which the text and doctrine between them had engendered, he returned, with the same look and tone of voice, to his story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

There was a certain King of Bohemia ; but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your Honor.

I do not desire it of thee, Trim, by any means, cried my uncle Toby.

It was a little before the time, an' please your Honor, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding : but in what year of our Lord that was—

I would not give a halfpenny to know, said my uncle Toby.

Only, an' please your Honor, it makes a story look the better in the face.

'Tis thy own, Trim, so ornament it after thy own fashion ; and take any date, continued my uncle Toby, looking pleasantly upon him ; take any date in the whole world thou choosiest, and put it to ; thou art heartily welcome.

The corporal bowed ; for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the first creation of the world down to Noah's flood ; and from Noah's flood

to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt; and throughout all the Dynasties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochs of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Christ, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his story, had my uncle Toby subjected this vast empire of time, and all its abysses, at his feet; but as *Modesty* scarce touches with a finger what *Liberality* offers her with both hands open, the corporal contented himself with the very *worst year* of the whole bunch; which, to prevent your Honors of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very flesh off your bones in contestation, "Whether that year is not always the last-cast year of the last-cast almanac?" I tell you plainly, it was; but from a different reason than you wot of.

It was the year next him, which, being the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of Ormond was playing the Devil in Flanders, the corporal took it, and set out with it afresh on his expedition to Bohemia.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

In the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and twelve, there was, an' please your Honor—

To tell thee truly, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, any other date would have pleased me much better, not only on account of the sad stain upon our history that year, in marching off our troops, and refusing to cover the siege of Quesnoi, though Fagel was carrying on the works with such incredible vigor, but likewise on the score, Trim, of thy own story; because if there are—and which, from what thou hast dropt, I partly suspect to be the fact—if there are giants in it—

There is but one, an' please your Honor.

'Tis as bad as twenty, replied my uncle Toby; thou should'st have carried him back some seven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of critics and other people; and therefore I advise thee, if ever thou tellest it again—

If I live, an' please your Honor, but once to get through it, I will never tell it again, quoth Trim, either to man, woman, or child.

Poo, poo! said my uncle Toby; but

with accents of such sweet encouragement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his story with more alacrity than ever.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

There was, 'an please your Honor, said the corporal, raising his voice and rubbing the palms of his two hands cheerily together as he began, a certain King of Bohemia—

Leave out the date entirely, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, leaning forwards, and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's shoulder to temper the interruption, leave it out entirely, Trim; a story passes very well without these niceties, unless one is pretty sure of 'em.

Sure of 'em! said the corporal, shaking his head.

Right, answered my uncle Toby: it is not easy, Trim, for one, bred up as thou and I have been to arms, who seldom looks further forward than to the end of his musket, or backwards beyond his knapsack, to know much about this matter. God bless your Honor! said the corporal, won by the *manner* of my uncle Toby's reasoning, as much as by the reasoning itself, he has something else to do; if not in action, or on a march, or upon duty in his garrison, he has his firelock, an' please your Honor, to furbish, his accoutrements to take care of, his regimentals to mend, himself to shave and keep clean, so as to appear always like what he is upon the parade; what business, added the corporal triumphantly, has a soldier, an' please your Honor, to know anything at all of *geography*?

Thou would'st have said *chronology*, Trim, said my uncle Toby; for as for geography, 'tis of absolute use to him; he must be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profession carries him; he should know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow-ways, which lead up to them. There is not a river or a rivulet he passes, Trim, but he should be able, at first sight, to tell thee what is its name, in what mountains it takes its rise, what is its course, how far it is navigable, where fordable, where not; he should know the fertility of every valley, as well as the hind who ploughs it; and be able to describe, or, if it is re-

quired, to give thee an exact map of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and morasses, through and by which his army is to march; he should know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their animals, their seasons, their climates, their heats and colds, their inhabitants, their customs, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

Is it else to be conceived, corporal, continued my uncle Toby, rising up in his sentry-box as he began to warm in this part of his discourse, how Marlborough could have marched his army from the banks of the Maes to Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpenord (here the corporal could sit no longer); from Kerpenord, Trim, to Kalsaken; from Kalsaken to Newdorf; from Newdorf to Landenbourg; from Landenbourg to Mildenheim; from Mildenheim to Elchingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; from Gingen to Balmerchoffen; from Balmerchoffen to Skellenburg, where he broke in upon the enemy's works, forced his passage over the Danube, crossed the Lech, pushed on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching at the head of them through Fribourg, Hokenwert and Schonevelt, to the plains of Blenheim and Hochstet? Great as he was, corporal, he could not have advanced a step, or made one single day's march, without the aids of geography. As for chronology, I own, Trim, continued my uncle Toby, sitting down again coolly in his sentry-box, that, of all others, it seems a science which the soldier might best spare, was it not for the lights which that science must one day give him, in determining the invention of powder; the furious execution of which, reversing everything, like thunder, before it has become a new era to us of military improvements, changing so totally the nature of attacks and defences, both by sea and land, and awakening so much art and skill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in ascertaining the precise time of its discovery, or too inquisitive in knowing what great man was the discoverer, and what occasions gave birth to it.

I am far from controverting, continued my uncle Toby, what historians agree in, that in the year of our Lord 1380, under the reign of Wenclaus, son of Charles the Fourth, a certain priest, whose name

was Schwartz, showed the use of powder to the Venetians, in their wars against the Genoese; but 'tis certain he was not the first; because, if we are to believe Don Pedro, the Bishop of Leon—

How came priests and bishops, an' please your Honor, to trouble their heads so much about gunpowder?

God knows, said my uncle Toby; his providence brings good out of every thing, and he avers, in his chronicle of King Alphonsus, who reduced Toledo, that in the year 1343, which was full thirty-seven years before that time, the secret of powder was well known, and employed with success, both by Moors and Christians, not only in their sea-combats, at that period, but in many of their most memorable sieges in Spain and Barbary; and all the world knows, that Friar Bacon had wrote expressly about it, and had generously given the world a receipt to make it by, above a hundred and fifty years before even Schwartz was born; and that the Chinese, added my uncle Toby, embarrass us, and all accounts of it, still more, by boasting of the invention some hundreds of years even before him.

They are a pack of liars, I believe, cried Trim.

They are somehow or other deceived, said my uncle Toby, in this matter, as is plain to me from the present miserable state of military architecture amongst them; which consists of nothing more than a *fossé* with a brick wall without flanks; and for what they give us as a bastion at each angle of it, 'tis so barbarously constructed, that it looks for all the world—like one of my seven castles, an' please your Honor, quoth Trim.

My uncle Toby, though in the utmost distress for a comparison, most courteously refused Trim's offer, till Trim, telling him he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands, my uncle Toby was so touched with the pleasantry of heart of the corporal, that he discontinued his dissertation upon gunpowder, and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

This *unfortunate* King of Bohemia, said Trim—

Was he *unfortunate* then? cried my

uncle Toby, for he had been so wrapt up in his dissertation upon gunpowder, and other military affairs, that though he had desired the corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt not so strong on his fancy as to account for the epithet. Was he *unfortunate* then, Trim, said my uncle Toby, pathetically.

The corporal, wishing first the *word* and all its synonymas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal events in the King of Bohemia's story; from every one of which, it appearing that he was the most fortunate man that ever existed in the world, it put the corporal to a stand; for not caring to retract his epithet, and less to explain it, and least of all to twist his tale (like men of lore) to serve a system, he looked up in my uncle Toby's face for assistance; but seeing it was the very thing my uncle Toby sat in expectation of himself, after a *hum* and a *haw*, he went on—

The King of Bohemia, an' please your Honor, replied the corporal, was *unfortunate*, as thus: That taking great pleasure and delight in navigation and all sorts of sea affairs, and there *happening* throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia to be no sea-port town whatever—

How the deuce should there, Trim? cried my uncle Toby; for Bohemia being totally inland, it could have happen'd no otherwise.

It might, said Trim, if it had pleased God. My uncle Toby never spoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and hesitation.

I believe not, replied my uncle Toby, after some pause; for being inland, as I said, and having Silesia and Moravia to the east; Lusatia and Upper Saxony to the north; Franconia to the west, and Bavaria to the south, Bohemia could not have been propelled to the sea without ceasing to be Bohemia; nor could the sea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia, without overflowing a great part of Germany, and destroying millions of unfortunate inhabitants who could make no defence against it. Scandalous, cried Trim. Which would bespeak, added my uncle Toby, mildly, such a want of compassion in him who is the father of it, that I think, Trim, the thing could have happened no way.

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction, and went on:

Now the King of Bohemia, with his Queen and courtiers, *happening* one fine summer's evening to walk out Ay, there the word *happening* is right, Trim, cried my uncle Toby; for the King of Bohemia and his Queen might have walked out or let it alone—'twas a matter of contingency which might happen or not, just as chance ordered it.

King William was of an opinion, an' please your Honor, quoth Trim, that every thing was predestined for us in this world; insomuch, that he would often say to his soldiers, that "every ball had its billet." He was a great man, said my uncle Toby. And I believe, continued Trim, to this day, that the shot which disabled me at the battle of Landen, was pointed at my knee for no other purpose but to take me out of his service, and place me in your Honor's, where I should be taken so much better care of in my old age. It shall never, Trim, be construed otherwise, said my uncle Toby.

The heart, both of the master and the man, were alike subject to sudden overflowings—a short silence ensued.

Besides, said the corporal, resuming the discourse, but in a gayer accent, if it had not been for that single shot, I had never, an' please your Honor, been in love.

So thou wast once in love, Trim? said my uncle Toby, smiling.

Souse! replied the corporal—over head and ears! an' please your Honor. Pri-thee, when? where? and how came it to pass? I never heard one word of it before, quoth my uncle Toby. I dare say, answered Trim, that every drummer and sergeant's son in the regiment knew of it. 'Tis high time I should, said my uncle Toby.

Your Honor remembers with concern, said the corporal, the total rout and confusion of our camp and army at the affair of Landen: every one was left to shift for himself; and if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerspeken, the king himself could scarce have gained it; he was pressed hard, as your Honor knows, on every side of him.

Gallant mortal! cried my uncle Toby, caught with enthusiasm, this moment; now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along

with him, to support the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg's brows, if yet 'tis possible; I see him with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor Galway's regiment, riding along the line—then wheeling about, and charging Conti at the head of it. Brave! brave, by heaven! cried my uncle Toby; he deserves a crown. As richly, as a thief a halter, shouted Trim.

My uncle Toby knew the corporal's loyalty—otherwise the comparison was not at all to his mind: it did not altogether strike the corporal's fancy when he had made it; but it could not be recalled; so he had nothing to do, but proceed.

As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing but his own safety; though Talmash, said my uncle Toby, brought off the foot with great prudence. But I was left upon the field, said the corporal. Thou wast so, poor fellow! replied my uncle Toby. So that it was noon the next day, continued the corporal, before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.

There is no part of the body, an' please your Honor, where a wound occasions more intolerable anguish than upon the knee.

Except the groin, said my uncle Toby. An' please your Honor, replied the corporal, the knee, in my opinion, must certainly be the most acute, there being so many tendons and what-d'-ye-call'-ems all about it (for I know their names as little as thou dost); but moreover, * * *

It is for that reason, quoth my uncle Toby, that the groin is infinitely more sensible; there being not only as many tendons and what-d'-ye-call'-ems.

Mrs. Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbor, instantly stopped her breath, unpinned her mob at the chin, and stood upon one leg.

The dispute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my uncle Toby and Trim, for some time, till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his master's sufferings, but never shed a tear at his own, was for giving up the point which my uncle Toby would not allow. 'Tis a proof of nothing, Trim, said he, but the generosity of thy temper.

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (*ceteris paribus*) is greater

than the pain of a wound in the knee—or

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin, are points which to this day remain unsettled.

CHAPTER XX.

THE anguish of my knee, continued the corporal, was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up, making bad still worse, every step was death to me; so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care-taking of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides—(Poor soul! said my uncle Toby.) All together, an' please your Honor, was more than I could sustain.

I was telling my suffering to a young woman, at a peasant's house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had helped me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropped it upon some sugar; and seeing it had cheered me, she had given it me a second and a third time. So I was telling her, an' please your Honor, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room, and die, than go on—when, upon the attempting to lead me to it, I fainted in her arms. She was a good soul! as your Honor, said the corporal, wiping his eyes, will hear.

I thought *love* had been a joyous thing, quoth my uncle Toby.

'Tis the most serious thing, an' please your Honor (sometimes), that is in the world.

By the persuasion of the young woman, continued the corporal, the cart with the wounded men set off without me; she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself, I found myself in a still, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed, in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief

dipped in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.

I took her at first for the daughter of the peasant (for it was no inn), so had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins in, which my poor brother Tom (here Trim wiped his eyes) had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for Lisbon.

I never told your Honor that piteous story yet—(Here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.)

The young woman called the old man and his wife into the room to show them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed and what little necessities I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital. Come then, said she, tying up the purse, I'll be your banker; but as that office alone will not keep me employed, I'll be your nurse too.

I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively, that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant.

She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambric border, laid close to her forehead: she was one of those kind of nuns, an' please your Honor, of which your Honor knows there are a good many in Flanders, which they let go loose. By thy description, Trim, said my uncle Toby, I dare say she was a young Beguine, of which there was none to be found anywhere but in Spanish Netherlands, except at Amsterdam: they differ from nuns, in this, that they can quit their cloister if they choose to marry; they visit and take care of the sick by profession. I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature.

She often told me, quoth Trim, she did it for the love of Christ. I did not like it. I believe, Trim, we are both wrong, said my uncle Toby: we'll ask Mr. Yorick about it to-night at my brother Shandy's; so put me in mind, added my uncle Toby.

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, had scarcely given herself time to tell me, "she would be my nurse," when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me; and in a short time, though I thought it a long one, she came back with flannels, &c. &c., and having fomented my

knee soundly for a couple of hours, &c., and made me a basin of thin gruel for my supper, she wished me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning. She wished me, an' please your Honor, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that very night; her figure made sad disturbance within me; I was every moment cutting the world in two, to give her half of it; and every moment was I crying, That I had nothing but a knapsack and eighteen florins to share with her. The whole night long was the fair Beguine, like an angel, close by my bedside, holding back my curtain, and offering me cordials; and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality. In truth, she was scarce ever from me; and so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened and I lost my color, when she left the room; and yet, continued the corporal, (making one of the strangest reflections upon it, in the world)—

"It was not love;" for during the three weeks she was almost constantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand night and day, I can honestly say, an' please your Honor, that * * * * *

* * * once.—

That was very odd, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.

I think so too, said Mrs. Wadman.

It never did, said the corporal.

CHAPTER XXI.

BUT 't is no marvel, continued the corporal, seeing my uncle Toby musing upon it, for love, an' please your Honor, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night, may, nevertheless, be shot through his heart on Sunday morning. *It happened so here*, an' please your Honor, with this difference only, that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with *sisserara*. It burst upon me, an' please your Honor, like a bomb, scarce giving me time to say "God bless me."

I thought, Trim, said my uncle Toby, a man never fell in love so very sudden.

Yes, an' please your Honor, if he is in the way of it, replied Trim.

I prithee, quoth my uncle Toby, inform me how this matter happened.

With all pleasure said the corporal, making a bow.

CHAPTER XXII.

I HAD escaped, continued the corporal, all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise. There is no resisting our fate. It was on Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your Honor.

The old man and his wife had walked out.

Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house.

There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard,

When the fair Beguine came in to see me.

My wound was then in a fair way of doing well, the inflammation had been gone off for some time; but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee, so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it.

Let me see it, said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it. It only wants rubbing a little, said the Beguine; so covering it with the bed-clothes, she began with the fore-finger of her right hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dressing.

In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger, and presently it was laid flat with the other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while: it then came into my head, that I should fall in love: I blushed when I saw how white a hand she had. I shall never, an please your Honor behold another hand so white whilst I live.

Not in that place, said my uncle Toby.

Though it was the most serious despair in nature to the corporal, he could not forbear smiling.

The young Beguine, continued the corporal, perceiving it was of great service to me, from rubbing for some time, with two fingers, proceeded to rub at length with three, till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubbed with her whole hand. I will never say another

word, an' please your Honor, upon hands again; but it was softer than satin.

Prithee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt, said my uncle Toby; I shall hear thy story with the more delight. The corporal thanked his master most unfeignedly; but having nothing to say upon the Beguine's hand but the same over again, he proceeded to the effects of it.

The fair Beguine, said the corporal, continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee, till I fear'd her zeal would weary her. "I would do a thousand times more," said she, "for the love of Christ." In saying which, she pass'd her hand across the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubb'd it also.

I perceived then, I was beginning to be in love.

As she continued rub-rub-rubbing, I felt it spread from under her hand, an' please your Honor, to every part of my frame.

The more she rubbed and the longer strokes she took, the more the fire kindled in my veins, till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest, my passion rose to the highest pitch. I seized her hand.

And then thou clapp'd'st it to thy lips, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and madest a speech.

Whether the corporal's amour terminated precisely in the way my uncle Toby described it, is not material; it is enough that it contained in it the essence of all the love-romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

CHAPTER XXIII.

As soon as the corporal had finished the story of his amour, or rather my uncle Toby for him, Mrs. Wadman silently sallied forth from her arbor, replaced the pin in her mob, pass'd the wicker-gate, and advanced slowly towards my uncle Toby's sentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind, was too favorable a crisis to be let slip.

The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated still more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-axe, the piquets, and other military stores

which lay scattered upon the ground where Dunkirk stood. The corporal had marched; the field was clear.

Now, consider, Sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting, or writing, or any thing else (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occasion to do, to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of Gotham) it was certainly the plan of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his sentry-box, *by plan*. Now, the plan hanging up in it at this juncture, being the plan of Dunkirk, and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make: and, besides, could she have gone upon it, the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's story, that just then, that particular attack, however successful before, became the most heartless attack that could be made.

O! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had scarce open'd the wicker-gate, when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

She formed a new attack in a moment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

I AM half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approach'd the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box; a mote, or sand, or something, I know not what, has got into this eye of mine; do look into it: it is not in the white.

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up, Do look into it, said she,

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree show-box; and 't were as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I've nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did; and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January

(which you know takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian* Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all.

'Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes, and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right; there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor particle of opaque matter floating in it. There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions into thine.

If thou lookest, my uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer, thou art undone.

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CHAPTER XXV.

AN eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon, in this respect, That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye, and the carriage of the cannon; by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: however, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return, is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes, (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

I protest, Madam, said my uncle Toby, I can see nothing whatever in your eye.

It is not in the white, said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created; from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly

* Rhodope Thracia tam inevitabili fascino instructo tam exacte oculis intuens attraxit, ut si in illam quis incidisset, fieri non posset, quin caperetur.—I KNOW NOT WHO.

were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head, there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking; it was not, Madam, a rolling eye, a romping, or a wanton one; nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant, or imperious, of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my uncle Toby was made up: but 't was an eye full of gentle salutations, and soft responses, speaking, not like the trumpet stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft, like the last low accents of an expiring saint, "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on, or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE is nothing shows the characters of my father and my uncle Toby in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment under the same accident; for I call not love a misfortune; from a persuasion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it. Great God! what must my uncle Toby's have been, when 't was all benignity without it!

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very subject to this passion before he married; but, from a little subacid kind of drollish impatience in his nature, whenever it befell him, he would never submit to it like a Christian; but would huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bitterest Philippics against the eye that ever man wrote; there is one in verse upon somebody's eye or other, that, for two or three nights together, had put him by his rest; which, in his first transport of resentment against it, he begins thus:—

"A devil 'tis, and mischief such doth work
As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk."*

In short, during the whole paroxysm,

* This will be printed with my father's *Life of Socrates*, &c.

my father was all abuse and foul language approaching rather towards malediction; only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus; he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy; for though my father, with the most intolerant spirit, would curse both this and that, and every thing under Heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love, yet he never concluded his chapter of curses upon it, without cursing himself in at the bargain, as one of the most egregious fools and coxcombs, he would say, that ever was let loose in the world.

My uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb, sat still, and let the poison work in his veins without resistance; in the sharpest exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or discontented word, he blamed neither heaven nor earth, nor thought, nor spoke an injurious thing of any body, or any part of it; he sat solitary and pensive with his pipe, looking at his lame leg, then whiffing out a sentimental heigh-ho! which, mixing with the smoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb, I say.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE world is ashamed of being virtuous. My uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of, than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gaped knife across his finger. Had it been otherwise—yet, as he looked upon Trim as an humble friend, and saw fresh reasons every day of his life to treat him as such—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN love! said the corporal, your Honor was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your Honor the story of the King of Bohemia. Bohemia! said my uncle Toby . . . musing a long time . . . What became of that story, Trim?

We lost it, an' please your Honor, somehow betwixt us; but your Honor was as free from love then, as I am. 'T was just whilst thou went'st off with the wheelbarrow, with Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby. She has left a ball here, added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.

She can no more, an' please your Honor, stand a siege, than she can fly, cried the corporal.

But as we are neighbors, Trim, the best way, I think, is to let her know it civilly first, quoth my uncle Toby.

Now, if I might presume, said the corporal, to differ from your Honor.

Why else do I talk to thee, Trim? said my uncle Toby, mildly.

Then I would begin, an' please your Honor, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return, and telling her civilly afterwards; for if she knows anything of your Honor's being in love, beforehand, L—d help her! She knows no more at present of it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, than the child unborn.

Precious souls!

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before; and was, at that very moment, sitting in council with her, touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affair, which the Devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head, before he would allow her half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.

We'll know the long and broad of it in ten days, answered Mrs. Bridget; for whilst the captain is paying his addresses to you, I'm confident Mr. Trim will be for making love to me; and I'll let him, as much as he will, added Bridget, to get it all out of him.

The measures were taken at once; and my uncle Toby and the corporal went on with theirs.

Now, quoth the corporal, setting his left hand a kimbo, and giving such a flourish with his right, as just promised success, and no more, if your Honor will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack.

Thou wilt please me by it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, exceedingly, and as I foresee thou must act in it as my *aid-de-camp*, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to steep thy commission.

Then, an' please your Honor, said the corporal (making a bow first for his commission), we will begin by getting your Honor's laced clothes out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well aired, and have the blue and gold taken up at the sleeves; and I'll put your white ramillie-wig fresh into pipes; and send for a tailor to have your Honor's thin scarlet breeches turned.

I had better take the red plush ones, quoth my uncle Toby. They will be too clumsy, said the corporal.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THOU wilt get a brush and a little chalk to my sword. 'T will be only in your Honor's way, replied Trim.

CHAPTER XXX.

BUT your Honor's two razors shall be new set, and I will get my Montero-cap furbished up, and put on poor Lieutenant Le Fevre's regimental coat, which your Honor gave me to wear for his sake; and as soon as your Honor is clean shaved, and has got your clean shirt on, with your blue and gold or your fine scarlet, sometimes one and sometimes t'other, and everything is ready for the attack, we'll march up boldly, as if 't was to the face of a bastion; and whilst your Honor engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlor to the right, I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen to the left; and having seized that pass, I'll answer for it, said the corporal, snapping his fingers over his head, that the day is your own.

I wish I may but manage it right, said my uncle Toby; but I declare, corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench.

A woman is quite a different thing, said the corporal.

I suppose so, quoth my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER XXXI.

If anything in this world, which my father said, could have provoked my uncle Toby during the time he was in love, it

was the perverse use my father was always making of an exprossion of Hilarion the hermit; who, in speaking of his abstinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other instrumental parts of his religion, would say, though with more facetiousness than became a hermit, "That they were the means he used to make his *ass* (meaning his body) leave off kicking."

It pleased my father well; it was not only a laconic way of expressing, but of libelling, at the same time, the desires and appetites of part of us; so that for many years of my father's life, 't was his constant mode of expression; he never used the word *passions* once, but *ass* always, instead of them; so that he might be said truly to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own ass, or else of some other man's, during all that time.

I must here observe to you the difference betwixt

My father's Ass and

My HOBBY-HORSE, in order to keep characters as separate as may be, in our fancies as we go along.

For my Hobby-Horse, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lineament of the ass about him. 'T is the sporting little filly-foolly which carries you out for the present hour—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddle-stick, an uncle Toby's siege, or an *anything* which a man makes a shift to get astride on, to canter it away from the cares and solitudes of life. 'T is as useful a beast as is in the whole creation; nor do I really see how the world could do without it.

But for my father's ass. Oh! mount him—mount him—mount him (that's three times, is it not?)—mount him not: 'tis a beast concupiscent; and foul befall the man who does not hinder him from kicking.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EVERY body, said my mother, says you are in love, brother Toby; and we hope it is true.

I am as much in love, sister, I believe, replied my uncle Toby, as any man usually is. Humph! said my father. And when did you know it? quoth my mother.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

As the ancients agree, brother Toby, said my father, that there are two different and distinct kinds of *love*, according to the different parts which are affected by it, the brain or liver, I think when a man is in love, it behooves him a little to consider which of the two he has fallen into.

What signifies it, brother Shandy, replied my uncle Toby, which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife and children?

Children! cried my father, rising out of his chair, and looking full in my mother's face, as he forced his way betwixt hers and Doctor Slop's. Children! cried my father, repeating my uncle Toby's words as he walked to and fro.

Not, my dear brother Toby, cried my father, recovering himself all at once, and coming close up to the back of my uncle Toby's chair, not that I should be sorry hadst thou a score: on the contrary, I should rejoice, and be as kind, Toby, to every one of them as a father.

My uncle Toby stole his hand, unperceived, behind his chair, to give my father's a squeeze.

Nay, moreover, continued he, keeping hold of my uncle Toby's hand, so much dost thou possess, my dear Toby, of the milk of human nature, and so little of its asperities, 't is piteous the world is not peopled by creatures which resemble thee!

There is, at least, said Yorick, a great deal of reason and plain sense in Captain Shandy's opinion of love; and 'tis amongst the ill-spent hours of my life, which I have to answer for, that I have read so many flourishing poets and rhetoricians in my time from whom I never could extract so much.

I wish, Yorick, said my father, you had read Plato: for there you would have learnt that there are two *loves*. I know there are two *religions*, replied Yorick, amongst the ancients; one for the vulgar, and another for the learned: but I think *one love* might have served both of them very well.

It could not, replied my father, and for the same reasons; for, of these loves, according to Ficinus's comment upon Velasius, the one is rational,

The other is *natural*; the first ancient, without mother, where Venus had nothing to do; the second begotten of Jupiter and Dione.

Pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, what has a man who believes in God to do with this? My father could not stop to answer, for fear of breaking the thread of his discourse.

This latter, continued he, partakes wholly of the nature of Venus.

The first, which is the golden chain let down from heaven, excites to love heroic, which comprehends in it, and excites to, the desire of philosophy and truth; the second excites to *desire* simply.

I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world, said Yorick, as the finding out the longitude.

To be sure, said my mother, *love* keeps peace in the world.

In the *house*, my dear, I own.

It replenishes the earth, said my mother.

But it keeps heaven empty, my dear, replied my father.

'Tis Virginity, cried Slop, triumphant-ly, which fills Paradise.

Well pushed, nun! quoth my father.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY father had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a slashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one a stroke to remember him by, in his turn, that if there were twenty people in company, in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of them against him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one post more untenable than the rest, he would be sure to throw himself into it; and to do him justice, when he was once there, he would defend it so gallantly, that 't would have been a concern, either to a brave man, or a good-natured one, to have seen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reason, though he would often attack, yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop's *Virginity*, in the close of the last chapter, had got him for once on the right side of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Christendom about Slop's ears, when Corporal Trim came into the parlor to inform my uncle Toby, that his thin

scarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. Wadman, would not do; for that the tailor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found that they had been turned before. Then turn them again, brother, said my father, rapidly, for there will be many a turning of them yet before all's done in the affair. They are as rotten as dirt, said the corporal. Then by all means, said my father, bespeak a new pair, brother; for though I know, continued my father, turning himself to the company, that Widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has used every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the same passion, yet now that she has caught him, her fever will be past its height.

She has gained her point.

In this case, continued my father, which Plato, I am persuaded, never thought of, Love, you see, is not so much a *sentiment* as a *situation*, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do into a *corps*, no matter whether he loves the service or no; being once in it, he acts as if he did, and takes every step to show himself a man of prowess.

The hypothesis, like the rest of my father's, was plausible enough, and my uncle Toby had but a single word to object to it, in which Trim stood ready to second him; but my father had not drawn his conclusion.

For this reason, continued my father (stating the case over again), notwithstanding all the world knows that Mrs. Wadman *affects* my brother Toby; and my brother Toby contrariwise *affects* Mrs. Wadman, and no obstacle in nature to forbid the music striking up this very night, yet will I answer for it, that this self-same tune will not be played this twelvemonth.

We have taken our measures badly, quoth my uncle Toby, looking up interrogatively in Trim's face.

I would lay my Montero-cap, said Trim.

Now Trim's Montero-cap, as I once told you, was his constant wager; and having furbished it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack, it made the odds look more considerable. I would lay, an' please your Honor, my Montero cap to a shilling, was it proper, continued Trim (making a bow), to offer a wager before your Honors.

There is nothing improper in it, said my father, 't is a mode of expression: for in saying thou would'st lay thy Montero-cap to a shilling, all thou meanest is this, that thou believest.

Now, what dost thou believe?

That Widow Wadman, an' please your Worship, cannot hold it out ten days.

And whence, cried Slop, jeeringly, hast thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?

By falling in love with a popish clergywoman, said Trim.

'T was a Beguine, said my uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop was too much in wrath to listen to the distinction; and my father taking that very crisis to fall in helter-skelter upon the whole order of nuns and Beguines, Slop could not stand it: and my uncle Toby having some measures to take about his breeches, and Yorick about his fourth general division, in order for their several attacks next day, the company broke up; and my father being left alone, and having half an hour upon his hands betwixt that and bed-time, he called for pen, ink and paper, and wrote my uncle Toby the following letter of instructions:

MY DEAR BROTHER TOBY:

What I am going to say to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee, though not so well for me, that thou hast occasion for a letter of instructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

Had it been the good pleasure of Him who disposes of our lots, and thou no sufferer by the knowledge, I had been well content that thou should'st have dipped the pen this moment into the ink, instead of myself; but that not being the case, Mrs. Shandy being now close beside me, preparing for bed, I have thrown together, without order, and just as they have come into my mind, such hints and documents as I deem may be of use to thee, intending, in this, to give thee a token of my love; not doubting, my dear Toby, of the manner it will be accepted.

In the first place, with regard to all which concerns religion in the affair, though I perceive, from a glow in my cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak to thee upon the subject, as well knowing, notwithstanding thy unaffected secrecy, how few of its offices thou neglectest, yet

I would remind thee of one (during the continuance of thy courtship) in a particular manner, which I would not have omitted; and that is, never to go forth upon the enterprise, whether it be in the morning or the afternoon, without first recommending thyself to the protection of Almighty God, that he may defend thee from the evil one.

Shave the whole top of thy crown clean once, at least, every four or five days, but oftener if convenient; lest, in taking off thy wig before her, through absence of mind, she should be able to discover how much has been cut away by Time: how much by Trim.

'T were better to keep ideas of baldness out of her fancy.

Always carry it in thy mind, and act upon it as a sure maxim, Toby,

"That women are timid;" and 't is well they are, else there would be no dealing with them.

Let not thy breeches be too tight, or hang too loose about thy thighs, like the trunk-hose of our ancestors:

A just medium prevents all conclusions.

Whatever thou hast to say, be it more or less, forget not to utter it in a low soft tone of voice; silence, and whatever approaches it, weaves dreams of midnight secrecy into the brain: for this cause if thou canst help it, never throw down the tongs and poker.

Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and facetiousness in thy discourse with her, and do whatever lies in thy power, at the same time, to keep from her all books and writings which tend thereto: there are some devotional tracts, which if thou canst entice her to read over, it will be well; but suffer her not to look into Rabelais, or Scarron, or Don Quixote:

They are all books which excite laughter; and thou knowest, dear Toby, that there is no passion so serious as love.

Stick a pin in the bosom of thy shirt, before thou enterest the parlor.

And if thou art permitted to sit upon the same sofa with her, and she gives thee occasion to lay thy hand upon hers, beware of taking it: thou canst not lay thy hand on hers, but she will feel the temper of thine. Leave that and as many other things as thou canst, quite undetermined; by so doing, thou wilt have her curiosity on thy side; and if she is not conquered by that, and thy *ass* continues still kick-

ing, which there is great reason to suppose, thou must begin with first losing a few ounces of blood below the ears, according to the practice of the ancient Scythians, who cured the most intemperate fits of the appetite by that means.

Avicenna, after this, is for having the neck anointed with the syrup of hellebore, using proper evacuations and purges; and I believe rightly. But thou must eat little or no goat's flesh, nor red deer; nor even foal's flesh by any means; and carefully abstain, that is, as much as thou canst, from peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers, and water-hens.

As for thy drink, I need not tell thee, it must be the infusion of *Verbain* and the herb *Hanea*, of which *Ælian* relates such effects; but if thy stomach palls with it, discontinue it from time to time, taking cucumbers, melons, purslain, water-lilies, woodbine, and lettuce in the stead of them.

There is nothing further for thee which occurs to me at present.

Unless the breaking out of a fresh war. So wishing everything, dear Toby, for the best,

I rest thy affectionate brother,
WALTER SHANDY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing this letter of instructions, my Uncle Toby and the corporal were busy in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin scarlet breeches was laid aside (at least for the present) there is nothing which should put it off beyond the next morning; so, accordingly it was resolved upon for eleven o'clock.

Come, my dear, said my father to my mother, 't will be but like a brother and sister, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's to countenance him in this attack of his.

My uncle Toby and the corporal had both been accounted some time, when my father and mother entered and, the clock striking eleven, were that moment in motion to sally forth; but the account of this is worth more than to be wove into the fag end of a chapter. My father had no time but to put the letter of instructions into my uncle Toby's coat

pocket, and join with my mother in wishing his attack prosperous.

I could like, said my mother, to look through the key-hole, out of *curiosity*. Call it by its right name, my dear, quoth my father,

And look through the key-hole as long as you will.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I CALL all the powers of time and chance, which severally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witness, that I could never yet get fairly to my uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curiosity*, as she stated the affair, or a different impulse in her, as my father would have it, wished her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

"Call it, my dear, by its right name," quoth my father, "and look through the key-hole as long as you will."

Nothing but the fermentation of that little subacid humor, which I have often spoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented such an insinuation; he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; so that he had scarce got to the last word of this ungracious retort, when his conscience smote him.

My mother was then conjugally swinging with her left arm twisted under his right, in such wise, that the inside of her hand rested on the back of his; she raised her fingers, and let them fall, it could scarce be called a tap; or, if it was a tap, 't would have puzzled a casuist to say, whether 't was a tap of remonstrance or a tap of confession; my father, who was all sensibilities from head to foot, classed it right; Conscience redoubled her blow, he turned his face suddenly the other way, and my mother, supposing his body was about to turn with it, in order to move homewards, by a cross movement of her right leg, keeping her left as its centre, brought herself so far in front, that, as he turned his head, he met her eye: Confusion again! he saw a thousand reasons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himself: a thin, blue, chill, pellucid crystal, with all its humors so at rest, the least mote or speck of desire might have been seen at the bottom of it,

had it existed ; it did not ; and how I happened to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, Heaven above knows ; my mother, Madam, was so at no time, either by nature, by institution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike ; nor did she superinduce the least heat into her humors from the manual effervescences of devotional tracts, which, having little or no meaning in them, nature is oftentimes obliged to find one ; and, as for my father's example ! 'twas so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole business of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head ; Nature had done her part to have spared him this trouble ; and, what was not a little inconsistent, my father knew it. And here am I sitting, this 12th day of August, 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of slippers, without wig or cap on, a most tragi-comical completion of his prediction "That I should neither think nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account."

The mistake of my father was, in attacking my mother's motive instead of the act itself ; for, certainly, key-holes were made for other purposes ; and, considering the act as an act which interfered with a true proposition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was, it became a violation of nature ; and was, so far, you see, criminal.

It is for this reason, an' please your Reverences, that key-holes are the occasion of more sin and wickedness than all the other holes in this world put together :

Which leads me to my uncle Toby's amours.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my uncle Toby's great ramillie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it : it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign-trunk ; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a business, as one would

have wished. The corporal, with cheery eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score of times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air : had *Spleen* given a look at it, 't would have cost her ladyship a smile ; it curled everywhere but where the corporal would have it ; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honor, he could as soon have raised the dead.

Such it was, or rather, such would it have seemed upon any other brow ; but the sweet look of goodness which sat upon my uncle Toby's assimilated every thing around it so sovereignly to itself, and Nature had, moreover, wrote *Gentleman* with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarnished gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimsy taffety became him ; and, though not worth a button in themselves, yet the moment my uncle Toby put them on, they became serious objects, and, altogether, seemed to have been picked up by the hand of Science to set him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have co-operated more powerfully towards this, than my uncle Toby's blue and gold, *had not quantity, in some measure, been necessary to grace*. In a period of fifteen or sixteen years since they had been made, by a total inactivity in my uncle Toby's life (for he seldom went farther than the bowling-green), his blue and gold had become so miserably too strait for him, that it was with the utmost difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them ; the taking them up at the sleeves was of no advantage : they were laced, however, down the back, and at the seams of the sides, &c., in the mode of King William's reign ; and to shorten all description, they shone so bright against the sun that morning, and had so metallic and doughty an air with them, that, had my uncle Toby thought of attacking in armor, nothing could have so well imposed upon his imagination.

As for the thin scarlet breeches, they had been unripped by the tailor between the legs, and left at *sizes* and *sevens*.

Yes, Madam ; but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before ; and, as there was no alternative in my uncle Toby's wardrobe, he sallied forth in the red plush.

The corporal had arrayed himself in

poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tucked up under his Montero-cap, which he had refurbished up for the occasion, marched three paces distant from his master: a whiff of military pride had puffed out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipped into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's stick. My uncle Toby carried his cane like a pipe.

It looks well, at least, quoth my father to himself.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MY uncle Toby turned his head more than once behind him, to see how he was supported by the corporal; and the corporal, as oft as he did it, gave a slight flourish with his stick, but not vapidly; and with the sweetest accent of most respectful encouragement, bid his Honor "never fear."

Now my uncle Toby did fear, and grievously too; he knew not (as my father had reproached him) so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore, was never altogether at his ease near any one of them, unless in sorrow or distress; then infinite was his pity; nor would the most courteous knight of romance have gone further, at least upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye; and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never looked steadfastly into one; and would often tell my father, in the simplicity of his heart, that it was almost (if not about) as bad as talking bawdy. And suppose it is? my father would say.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SHE cannot, quoth my uncle Toby, halting, when they had marched up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door, she cannot, corporal, take it amiss.

She will take it, an' please your Honor, said the corporal, just as the Jew's widow at Lisbon took it of my brother Tom.

And how was that? quoth my uncle Toby, facing quite about to the corporal.

Your Honor, replied the corporal, knows of Tom's misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them any fur-

ther than this. That if Tom had not married the widow, or had it pleased God, after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their sausages, the honest soul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragged to the Inquisition; 't is a cursed place, added the corporal, shaking his head; when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' please your Honor, for ever.

'T is very true, said my uncle Toby, looking gravely at Mrs. Wadman's house as he spoke.

Nothing, continued the corporal, can be so sad as confinement for life, or so sweet, an' please your Honor, as liberty.

Nothing, Trim, said my uncle Toby, musing.

Whilst a man is free, cried the corporal, giving a flourish with his stick.

A thousand of my father's most subtle syllogisms could not have said more for celibacy.

My uncle Toby looked earnestly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do but to conjure him down again with his story; and in this form of exorcism, most unecclesiastically did the corporal do it.

CHAPTER XL.

As Tom's place, an' please your Honor, was easy, and the weather warm, it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world, and as it fell out about that time, that a Jew, who kept a sausage-shop in the same street, had the ill-luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade, Tom thought (as every body in Lisbon was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering his service to carry it on; so without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop, Tom set out, counting the matter thus within himself as he walked along: That, let the worst come of it that could, he should, at least, get a pound of sausages for their worth; but, if things went well, he should be set up; inasmuch as he should get not only a pound of sausages, but a wife and a sausage-shop, an' please your Honor, into the bargain.

Every servant in the family, from high to low, wished Tom success; and I can fancy, an' please your Honor, I see him this moment with his white dimity waistcoat and breeches, and hat a little o' one side, passing jollily along the street, swinging his stick, with a smile and a cheerful word for everybody he met. But alas! Tom! thou smilest no more, cried the corporal, looking on one side of him upon the ground, as if he apostrophized him in his dungeon.

Poor fellow! said my uncle Toby, feelingly.

He was an honest, light-hearted lad, an' please your Honor, as ever blood warmed.

Then he resembled thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby, rapidly.

The corporal blushed down to his fingers' ends; a tear of sentimental bashfulness, another of gratitude to my uncle Toby, and a tear of sorrow for his brother's misfortunes, started into his eye, and ran sweetly down his cheek together. My uncle Toby's kindled, as one lamp does at another, and taking hold of the breast of Trim's coat (which had been that of Le Fevre's) as if to ease his lame leg, but in reality to gratify a finer feeling, he stood silent for a minute and a half; at the end of which he took his hand away, and the corporal, making a bow, went on with his story of his brother and the Jew's widow.

CHAPTER XLII.

WHEN Tom, 'an please your Honor, got to the shop, there was nobody in it but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers slightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies—not killing them. 'Tis a pretty picture! said my uncle Toby; she had suffered persecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy.

She was good, an' please your Honor, from nature, as well as from hardships; and there are circumstances in the story of that poor friendless slut, that would melt a heart of stone, said Trim; and some dismal winter's evening, when your Honor is in the humor, they shall be told you, with the rest of Tom's story, for it makes a part of it.

Then do not forget, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

A negro has a soul! an' please your Honor, said the corporal (doubtfully).

I am not much versed, corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me.

It would be putting one sadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

It would so, said my uncle Toby. Why, then, an' please your Honor, is a black wench to be used worse than a white one?

I can give no reason, said my uncle Toby.

Only, cried the corporal, shaking his head, because she has no one to stand up for her.

'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, which recommends her to protection, and her brethren with her; 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands, *now*; where it may be hereafter, heaven knows! but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not use it unkindly.

God forbid! said the corporal.

Amen, responded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his story, and went on—but with an embarrassment in doing it, which here and there a reader in this world will not be able to comprehend; for by the many sudden transitions all along, from one kind and cordial passion to another, in getting thus far on his way, he had lost the sportable key of his voice, which gave sense and spirit to his tale: he attempted twice to resume it, but could not please himself; so giving a stout *hem!* to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding nature at the same time, with his left arm a-kimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended, supporting her on the other, the corporal got as near the note as he could, and in that attitude continued his story.

CHAPTER XLIII.

As Tom, an' please your Honor, had no business at that time with the Moorish girl, he passed on into the room beyond, to talk to the Jew's widow about love, and his pound of sausages; and being, as I have told your Honor, an open, cheery-hearted lad, with his character wrote in

his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

There is nothing so awkward as courting a woman, an' please your Honor, whilst she is making sausages. So Tom began a discourse upon them: First, gravely—"As how they were made; with what meats, herbs and spices"; then, a little gaily, as—"With what skins—and if they never burst? Whether the largest were not the best?" and so on—taking care only as he went along, to season what he had to say upon sausages, rather under than over, that he might have room to act in.

It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution, said my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim's shoulder, that Count de la Motte lost the battle of Wynnendale: he pressed too speedily into the wood; which if he had not done, Lisle had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges, which both followed her example. It was so late in the year, continued my uncle Toby, and so terrible a season came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops must have perished in the open field.

Why, therefore, may not battles, an' please your Honor, as well as marriages, be made in Heaven? My uncle Toby mused. Religion inclined him to say one thing, and his high ideas of military skill tempted him to say another; so, not being able to frame a reply exactly to his mind, my uncle Toby said nothing at all, and the corporal finished his story.

As Tom perceived, an' please your Honor, that he gained ground, and that all he had said upon the subject of sausages, was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them. First, by taking hold of the ring of the sausage, whilst she stroked the forced meat down with her hand; then by cutting the strings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilst she took them out, one by one—then by putting them across her mouth, that she might take them out as she wanted them, and so on, from little to more, till at last he ventured to tie the sausage himself, whilst she held the snout.

Now a widow, an' please your Honor, always chooses a second husband as unlike the first as she can; so the affair was more

than half settled in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

She made a feint, however, of defending herself by snatching up a sausage. * * *

She signed the capitulation, and Tom sealed it; and there was an end of the matter.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ALL womankind, continued Trim (commenting upon his story) from the highest to the lowest, an' please your Honor, love jokes; the difficulty is to know how they choose to have them cut; and there is no knowing that but by trying, as we do with our artillery in the field, by raising or letting down till we hit the mark.

I like the comparison, said my uncle Toby, better than the thing itself.

Because, your Honor, quoth the corporal, loves glory more than pleasure.

I hope, Trim, answered my uncle Toby, I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends so apparently to the good and quiet of the world, and particularly that branch of it which we have practised together, in our own bowling-green, has no object but to shorten the strides of *Ambition*, and entrench the lives and fortunes of the *few* from the plunderings of the *many*; whenever that drum beats in our ears, I trust, corporal, we shall neither of us want so much humanity and fellow-feeling as to face about and march.

In pronouncing this, my uncle Toby faced about and marched firmly as at the head of the company; and the faithful corporal, shouldering his stick, and striking his hand upon his coat-skirt, as he took his first step, marched close behind him down the avenue.

Now what can their two noddles be about? cried my father to my mother. By all that's strange, they are besieging Mrs. Wadman, in form, and are marching round her house to mark out the lines of circumvallation!

I dare say, quoth my mother—But stop, dear Sir; for what my mother dared to say upon the occasion, and what my father did say upon it, with her replies and his rejoinders, shall be read, perused, paraphrased, commented, or desecrated upon—or to say it all in a word, shall be thumbed over by posterity, in a

chapter apart; I say by posterity, and care not if I repeat the word again; for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moses, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter. Time wastes too fast: every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity Life follows my pen; the days and hours of it, more precious my dear Jenny, than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more; everything presses on; whilst thou art twisting that lock, see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAPTER XLIV.

Now for what the world thinks of that ejaculation, I would not give a groat.

CHAPTER XLV.

MY mother had gone with her left arm twisted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden-wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach-horse. As this was directly opposite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's house, when my father came to it, he gave a look across; and seeing my uncle Toby and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turned about. "Let us just stop a moment," quoth my father, "and see with what ceremonies my brother Toby and his man Trim make their first entry; it will not detain us," added my father, "a single minute."

No matter if it be ten minutes, quoth my mother.

It will not detain us half a one, said my father.

The corporal was just then setting in with the story of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the story went on, and on; it had episodes in it; it came back and went on, and went on again, there was no end of it: the reader found it very long.

G— help my father! he *pshawed* fifty

times at every new attitude, and gave the corporal's stick, with all its flourishings and dangles, to as many devils as chose to accept of them.

When issues of events like these my father is waiting for, are hanging in the scales of fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to see it out.

Curiosity governs the *first moment*; and the second moment is all economy to justify the expense of the first; and for the third, fourth, fifth, and six moments, and so on to the day of judgment, 'tis a point of *Honor*.

I need not be told that the ethic writers have assigned this all to Patience; but that *virtue*, methinks, has extent of dominion sufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few dismantled castles which *Honor* has left him upon the earth.

My father stood it out as well as he could with these three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's story; and from thence to the end of my uncle Toby's panegyric upon arms, in the chapter following it; when seeing that, instead of marching up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they both faced about and marched down the avenue diametrically opposite to his expectation, he broke out at once with that little sub-acid sourness of humor, which, in certain situations, distinguished his character from that of all other men.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Now what can their two noddles be about?" cried my father, &c. . . .

I dare say, said my mother, they are making fortifications.

Not on Mrs. Wadman's premises! cried my father, stepping back.

I suppose not, quoth my mother.

I wish, said my father, raising his voice, the whole science of fortification at the devil, with all its trumpery of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, faussebrays, and cuvettes.

They are foolish things, said my mother.

Now she had a way, which, by the by, I would this moment give away my purple-jerkin, and my yellow slippers into the bargain, if some of your Reverences

would imitate, and that was, never to refuse her assent and consent to any proposition my father laid before her, merely because she did not understand it, or had no ideas of the principal word or term of art upon which the tenet or proposition rolled. She contented herself with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promised for her, but no more; and so would go on using a hard word for twenty years together, and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenses, without giving herself any trouble to inquire about it.

This was an eternal source of misery to my father, and broke the neck, at the first setting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the most petulant contradiction; the few that survived were the better for the *cuvettes*.

"They are foolish things," said my mother.

Particularly the *cuvettes*, replied my father.

It was enough; he tasted the sweet of triumph, and went on.

Not that they are, properly speaking, Mrs. Wadman's premises, said my father, partly correcting himself, because she is but a tenant for life.

That makes a great difference, said my mother.

In a fool's head, replied my father.

Unless she should happen to have a child, said my mother.

But she must persuade my brother Toby first to get her one.

To be sure, Mr. Shandy, quoth my mother.

Though if it comes to persuasion, said my father, Lord have mercy upon them!

Amen, said my mother, *piano*.

Amen, cried my father, *fortissimo*.

Amen, said my mother again, but with such a sighing cadence of personal pity at the end of it, as discomfited every fibre about my father; he instantly took out his almanac; but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full answer to one half of his business with it, and my mother telling him it was a sacrament day, left him as little in doubt, as to the other part. He put his almanac into his pocket.

The First Lord of the Treasury, thinking of *ways and means*, could not have

returned home with a more embarrassed look.

CHAPTER XLVII.

UPON looking back from the end of the last chapter, and surveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is necessary, that upon this page and the five following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inserted, to keep that just balance betwixt wisdom and folly, without which, a book would not hold together a single year; nor is it a poor creeping digression (which, but for the name of, a man might continue as well going on in the King's highway) which will do the business. No, if it is to be a digression, it must be a good frisky one, and upon a frisky subject too, where neither the horse nor his rider are to be caught but by rebound.

The only difficulty is, raising powers suitable to the nature of the service: *Fancy* is capricious; *Wit* must not be searched for, and *Pleasantry* (good-natured slut as she is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

The best way for a man is, to say his prayers.

Only, if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghostly as bodily, for that purpose, he will find himself rather worse after he has said them than before; for other purposes better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myself in this case; sometimes by addressing myself directly to the soul herself, and arguing the point over and over again with her, upon the extent of her own faculties.

I never could make them an inch the wider.

Then by changing my system, and trying what could be made of it upon the body, by temperance, soberness, and chastity. These are good, quoth I, in themselves; they are good, absolutely; they are good, relatively; they are good for health; they are good for happiness in this world; they are good for happiness in the next.

In short, they are good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they are good for nothing, but to leave the soul just as Heaven made it. As for the theo-

logical virtues of Faith and Hope, they give it courage; but then, that snivelling virtue of Meekness (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again, so you are exactly where you started.

Now, in all common and ordinary cases, there is nothing which I have found to answer so well as this.

Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logic, and that I am not blinded by self-love, there must be something of true genius about me, merely upon this symptom of it, That I do not know what Envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I instantly make it public; willing that all mankind should write as well as myself:

Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Now, in ordinary cases, that is, when I am only stupid, and the thoughts rise heavily and pass gummous through my pen—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infamous writing, and cannot take a plumb-lift out of it *for my soul*; so must be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter, unless something be done—

I never stand conferring with pen and ink one moment, for if a pinch of snuff, or a stride or two across the room, will not do the business for me, I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without further ceremony, except that of first lathering my beard, I shave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one; this done, I change my shirt, put on a better coat, send for my last wig, put my topaz-ring upon my finger; and, in a word, dress myself from one end to the other of me, after my best fashion.

Now the Devil must be in it, if this does not do: for, consider, Sir, as every man chooses to be present at the shaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception), and unavoidably sits over-against himself the whole time it is doing, in case he has a hand in it,

the situation, like all others, had notions of her own to put into the brain.

I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation, and if they did not run a risk of being quite shaved away, might be carried up, by continual shavings, to the highest pitch of sublimity. How Homer could write with so long a beard, I don't know; and as it makes against my hypothesis, I as little care: but let us return to the Toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonensis makes this entirely an affair of the body (*εξωτερικη πραξις*) as he calls it, but he is deceived: the soul and body are joint-sharers in every thing they get: a man cannot dress, but his ideas get clothed at the same time: and if he dresses like a gentleman, every one of them stands presented to his imagination, genteelized along with him; so that he has nothing to do but take his pen and write like himself.

For this cause, when your Honors and Reverences would know whether I write clean, and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my laundress's bill, as my book: there was one single month, in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied **one-and-thirty** shirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abused, cursed, criticised, and confounded, and had more mystic heads shaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than in all the other months of that year put together.

But their Honors and Reverences had not seen my bills.

CHAPTER XLIX.

As I never had any intention of beginning the Digression I am making all this preparation for, till I came to the 50th chapter, I have this chapter to put to whatever use I think proper. I have twenty this moment ready for it. I could write my chapter of *Button-holes* in it.

Or my chapter of *Pishes*, which should follow them—

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in case their Reverences have done with them: they might lead me into mischief. The safest way is, to follow the track of the learned, and raise objections against what I have been writing, though I declare beforehand,

I know no more than my heels how to answer them.

And first, it may be said, there is a pelting kind of *Thersitical* satire, as black as the very ink 't is wrote with (and by the bye, whoever says so, is indebted to the Muster-master General of the Grecian army, for suffering the name of so ugly and foul-mouthed a man as Thersites to continue upon his roll, for it has furnished him with an epithet) in these productions, he will urge all the personal washings and scrubbings upon earth do a sinking genius no sort of good, but just the contrary; inasmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he succeeds in it.

To this I have no other answer, at least ready, but that the Archbishop of Benevento wrote his *nasty* romance of the Galatea, as all the world knows, in a purple coat, waist-coat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance set him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as severe as it was looked upon by one part of the world, was far from being deemed so by the other, upon the single account of that *Investment*.

Another objection to all this remedy, is its want of universality; forasmuch as the shaving part of it, upon which so much stress is laid, by an unalterable law of nature excludes one half of the species entirely from its use, all I can say, is, that female writers, whether of England, or of France, must 'e'en go without it.

As for the Spanish ladies, I am in no sort of distress.

CHAPTER L.

THE fiftieth chapter has come at last and brings nothing with it but a sad signature of "How our pleasures slip from under us in this world!"

For in talking of my Digression, I declare before Heaven, I have made it! What a strange creature is mortal man! said she.

'T is very true, said I; but 't were better to get all these things out of our heads, and return to my uncle Toby.

CHAPTER LI.

WHEN my uncle Toby and the corpo-

ral had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their business lay the other way; so they faced about, and marched straight up to Mrs. Wadman's door.

I warrant your Honor, said the corporal, touching his Montero-cap with his hand as he passed him, in order to give a knock at the door. My uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful servant, said nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marshalled his ideas: he wished for another conference, and, as the corporal was mounting up the three steps before the door, he *hemmed* twice; a portion of my uncle Toby's most modest spirits fled, at each expulsion, towards the corporal; he stood with the rapper of the door suspended for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. Bridget stood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breathless behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

Trim! said my uncle Toby; but, as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My uncle Toby, perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knocked on the head by it, whistled Lillibullero.

CHAPTER LII.

As Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the captain did not knock as often as perchance your Honor's tailor. I might have taken my example something nearer home; for I owe mine some five-and-twenty pounds at least, and wonder at the man's patience.

But this is nothing at all to the world: only 't is a cursed thing to be in debt; and there seems to be a fatality in the exchequers of some poor princes, particularly those of our house, which no economy can bind down in irons. For my own part, I'm persuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or small, upon earth, more desirous in his heart of keeping straight with the world than I am, or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea nor walk with boots, nor cheapen

toothpicks, nor lay out a shilling upon a band-box, the year round: and for the six months I'm in the country, I'm upon so small a scale, that with all the good temper in the world, I outdo Rousseau a bar-length! for I keep neither man nor boy, nor horse, nor cow, nor dog, nor cat, nor anything that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a vestal (to keep my fire in) and who has generally as bad an appetite as myself: but, if you think this makes a philosopher of me, I would not, my good people, give a rush for your judgments.

True philosophy; but there is no treating the subject whilst my uncle is whistling Lillibullero.

Let us go into the house.

CHAPTER LIII.

CHAPTER LIV.

CHAPTER LV.

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You shall see the very place, Madam, said my uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman blushed, looked towards the door, turned pale, blushed slightly again, recovered her natural color, blushed worse than ever; which, for the sake of the unlearned reader, I translate thus:

"L—d! I cannot look at it!"

What would the world say if I looked at it?

I should drop down if I looked at it!

I wish I could look at it.

There can be no sin in looking at it.

I will look at it."

Whilst all this was running through Mrs. Wadman's imagination my uncle Toby had risen from the sofa, and got to the other side of the parlor-door, to give Trim an order about it in the passage—

*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*

I believe it is in the garret, said my uncle Toby. I saw

it there, an' please your Honor, this morning, answered Trim. Then prithee step directly for it, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and bring it into the parlor.

The corporal did not approve of the orders; but most cheerfully obeyed them. The first was not an act of his will; the second was; so he put on his Montero-cap, and went as fast as his lame knee would let him. My uncle Toby returned into the parlor, and sat himself down again upon the sofa.

You shall lay your finger upon the place, said my uncle Toby. I will not touch it, however, quoth Mrs. Wadman to herself.

This requires a second translation:—it shows what little knowledge is got by mere words; we must go up to the first springs.

Now, in order to clear up the mist which hangs upon these three pages, I must endeavor to be as clear as possible myself.

Rub your hands thrice across your foreheads, blow your noses, cleanse your emunctories, sneeze, my good people; God bless you.

Now give me all the help you can.

CHAPTER LVI.

As there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in, as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes, in her mind, which of all that number of ends is hers; then, by discourse, inquiry, argumentation and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one; and, if she has, then, by pulling it gently this way and that way, she further forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impresses this upon his reader's fancy, in the beginning of his third Decade, is so ludicrous, that the honor I bear the sex will not suffer me to quote it, otherwise it is not destitute of humor.

"She first, saith Slawkenbergius, stops the ass; and holding his halter in her left hand (lest he should get away) she thrusts her right hand into the very bottom of his pannier, to search for it. For what? You'll not know the sooner,

quoth Slawkenbergius, for interrupting me.

"I have nothing, good lady, but empty bottles," says the ass.

"I am loaded with tripes," says the second.

And thou art little better, quothe she to the third; for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hose and pantofles; and so to the fourth and fifth, going on, one by one, through the whole string, till coming to the ass which carries it, she turns the pannier upside-down, looks at it, considers it, samples it, measures it, stretches it, wets it, dries it, then takes her teeth to the warp and weft of it.

Of what? for the love of Christ!

I am determined, answered Slawkenbergius, that all the powers upon earth shall never wring that secret from my breast.

CHAPTER LVII.

WE live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles, and so 'tis no matter; else it seems strange, that Nature, who makes every thing so well to answer its destination, and seldom or never errs, unless for pastime, in giving such forms and aptitudes, to whatever passes through her hands, that, whether she designs for the plow, the caravan, the cart, or whatever other creature she models, be it but an ass's foal, you are sure to have the thing you wanted; and yet, at the same time, should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay, or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking (by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty, you know, on one hand, or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other); or whether this great artificer is not so attentive to the little Platonic exigencies of *that part* of the species, for whose use she is fabricating *this*; or that her Ladyship sometimes scarce knows what sort of a husband will do, I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, nor the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose—but rather against it; since, with regard to my uncle Toby's fitness for the marriage state, nothing was

ever better; she had formed him of the best and kindest clay, and tempered it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit; she made him all gentle, generous, and humane; she had filled his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it for the communication of the tenderest offices; she had, moreover, considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained—

	And, accordingly,	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*				

The *Donation* was not defeated by my uncle Toby's wound.

Now, this last article was somewhat apocryphal; and the Devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had raised scruples in Mrs. Wadman's brain about it; and like a true Devil as he was, had done his own work at the same time, by turning my uncle Toby's virtue thereupon into nothing but *empty bottles, tripes, trunk-hose and pantofles*.

CHAPTER LVIII.

MRS. BRIDGET had pawned all the little stock of honor a poor chambermaid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the most concessible *postulata* in nature; namely, that, whilst my uncle Toby was making love to her mistress, the corporal could find nothing better to do than to make love to her; "*And I'll let him as much as he will,*" said Bridget, "*to get it out of him.*"

Friendship has two garments, an outer and an under one. Bridget was serving her mistress's interests in the one, and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other; so had as many stakes depending upon my uncle Toby's wound as the Devil himself. Mrs. Wadman had but one, and as it possibly might be her last (without discouraging Mrs. Bridget, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement; a child might have looked into his hand; there was such a plainness and simplicity in his

playing out what trumps he had, with such an unmitigated ignorance of the *ten-ace*, and so defenceless did he sit upon the same sofa with Widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

CHAPTER LIX.

AND the story, too, if you please; for though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it, with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morsel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen and go on with the story for me that will; I see the difficulties of the descriptions I am going to give, and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at least to me, that I lost some fourscore ounces of blood this week in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter: so that I have still some hopes remaining it may be more in the serous or globular parts of the blood, than in the subtle *aura* of the brain: be it which it will, an Invocation can do no hurt; and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inspire or to inject me according as he sees good.

THE INVOCATION.

Gentle Spirit of sweetest humor, who erst did sit upon the easy pen of my beloved Cervantes! Thou who glidedst daily through his lattice, and turnedst the twilight of his prison into noon-day brightness by thy presence, tingedst his little urn of water with heaven-sent nectar, and, all the time he wrote of Sancho and his master, didst cast thy mystic mantle o'er his withered stump,¹ and wide-extended it to all the evils of his life.

Turn in hither, I beseech thee! behold these breeches! they are all I have in the world; that piteous rent was given them at Lyons.

My shirts! see what a deadly schism has happened amongst them; for the laps are in Lombardy, and the rest of them here. I never had but six, and a cunning

gipsy of a laundress at Milan cut me off the *fore-laps* of five. To do her justice, she did it with some consideration, for I was returning out of Italy.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinder-box, which was, moreover, filched from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs, once at Raddicofini, and a second time at Capua, I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, so bad a thing as some people would make you believe; there must be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce should we get into valleys where Nature spreads so many tables of entertainment? 'Tis nonsense to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be shaken to pieces for nothing; and, unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter to his bread? We really expect too much, and, for the livre or two above par for your supper and bed, at the most they are but one shilling and nine-pence halfpenny, who would embroil their philosophy for it? for Heaven's and for your own sake, pay it, pay it with both hands open, rather than leave *Disappointment* sitting drooping upon the eyes of your fair hostess and her damsels in the gateway, at your departure; and besides, my dear Sir, you get a sisterly kiss of each of them, worth a pound: at least I did.

For my uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the same effect upon me as if they had been my own. I was in the most perfect state of bounty and good-will, and felt the kindest harmony vibrating within me; with every oscillation of the chaise alike; so that, whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; everything I saw, or had to do with, touched upon some secret spring, either of sentiment or rapture.

They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly. 'Tis Maria, said the postillion, observing I was listening. Poor Maria, continued he (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us), is sitting upon a bank, playing her vespers upon her pipe, with her little goat beside her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to

¹ He lost his hand at the battle of Lepanto.
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a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow I would give him a four-and-twenty sous piece when I got to Moulins.

And who is *poor* Maria? said I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, said the postillion: it is but three years ago that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deserve than to have her bans forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the parish who published them.

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again; they were the same notes, yet were ten times sweeter. It is the evening service to the Virgin, said the young man; but who has taught her to play it, or how she came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for, ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation, she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost day and night.

The postillion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help deciphering something in his face above his condition, and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting; she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side; she was beautiful; and, if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses, said the postillion, have been said, in the several parish-churches and convents around, for her, but without effect; we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.

As the postillion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her, and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat, and then at me, and then at her goat again, and so on, alternately.

Well, Maria, said I softly, what resemblance do you find?

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is, that I asked the question; and that I would not have let fall an unseasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of Misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered, and yet I own my heart smote me, and that I so smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for Wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days; and never, never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them, I believe there was a reserve; but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria! adieu, poor hapless damsel! some time but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips, but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

What an excellent inn at Moulins!

CHAPTER LX.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we must all turn back to the two blank chapters; on the account of which my honor has lain bleeding this half hour, I stop it, by pulling off one of my yellow slippers, and throwing it, with all my violence, to the opposite side of my room, with a declaration at the end of it—

That whatever resemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world, or, for aught I know, may be now writing in it, that it was as casual as the foam of Zeuxis his horse: besides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing in it*, with respect; and considering what worse things there are in the world, that it is no way a proper subject for satire.

Why then was it left so? And here, without staying for my reply, shall I be

called as many blockheads, numsculls, doddypoles, dunderheads, ninnyhammers, goosecaps, joltheads, nincompoops, and jackasses, and other unsavory appellations as ever the cake-bakers of Lerne cast in the teeth of King Gargantua's shepherds; and I'll let them do it, as Bridget said, as much as they please: for how was it possible that they should foresee the necessity I was under of writing the 60th chapter of my book before the 53rd? &c.

So I don't take it amiss. All I wish is, That it may be a lesson to the world, "*to let people tell their stories their own way.*"

The Fifty-third Chapter.

As Mrs. Bridget opened the door before the corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my uncle Toby's introduction into the parlor was so short, that Mrs. Wadman had but just time to get from behind the curtain, lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a step or two towards the door to receive him.

My uncle Toby saluted Mrs. Wadman, after the manner in which women were saluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thousand seven hundred and thirteen; then facing about, he marched up abreast with her to the sofa, and in three plain words, though not before he was sat down, nor after he was sat down, but as he was sitting down, told her, "*he was in love;*" so that my uncle Toby strained himself more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down upon a slit she had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment that my uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and love, moreover, of all others, being a subject of which he was the least a master; when he had told Mrs. Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after its own way.

My father was always in raptures with this system of my uncle Toby's, as he falsely called it, and would often say, That could his brother Toby to his process have added but a pipe of Tobacco, he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spanish proverb,

towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My uncle Toby never understood what my father meant; nor will I presume to extract more from it than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under: but the French, every one of 'em to a man, who believe in it almost as much as the *real presence*, "*That talking of love is making it.*"

I would as soon set about making a black-pudding by the same receipt.

Let us go on: Mrs. Wadman sat in the expectation my uncle Toby would do so, to almost the first pulsation of that minute, wherein silence on one side or the other generally becomes indecent: so edging herself a little more towards him, and raising up her eyes sub-blushing, as she did it, she took up the gauntlet, or the discourse (if you like it better), and communed with my uncle Toby thus:

The cares and disquietudes of the marriage-state, quoth Mrs. Wadman, are very great. I suppose so, said my uncle Toby. And therefore when a person, continued Mrs. Wadman, is so much at ease as you are, so happy, Captain Shandy, in yourself, your friends, and your amusements, I wonder what reasons can incline you to the state.

They are written, quoth my uncle Toby, in the Common Prayer Book.

Thus far my uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. Wadman to sail upon the gulf as she pleased.

As for children, said Mrs. Wadman, though a principal end, perhaps of the institution, and the natural wish, I suppose, of every parent, yet do not we all find, they are certain sorrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear Sir, to pay for the heart-aches! what compensation for the many tender and disquieting apprehensions of a suffering and defenceless mother, who brings them into life? I declare, said my uncle Toby, smit with pity, I know of none; unless it be the pleasure which it has pleased God—

A fiddle-stick! quoth she.

Chapter the Fifty-fourth.

Now there are such an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks and

accents with which the word *fiddlestick* may be pronounced in all such cases as this, every one of 'em impressing a sense and meaning as different from the other as *dirt* from *cleanliness*, that casuists (for it is an affair of conscience upon that score) reckon up no less than fourteen thousand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the *fiddlestick* which summoned up all my uncle Toby's modest blood into his cheeks; so feeling within himself that he had somehow or other got beyond his depth, he stopped short; and without entering further either into the pains or pleasures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and share them along with her.

When my uncle Toby had said this, he did not care to say it again; so casting his eye upon the Bible, which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear soul! upon a passage in it, of all other the most interesting to him, which was the siege of Jericho, he sat himself to read it over, leaving his proposal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an astringent nor a loosener; nor like opium, nor bark, mercury, nor buckthorn nor any one drug which Nature had bestowed upon the world; in short, it worked not at all in her: and the cause of that was, that there was something working there before. Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times; but there is fire still in the subject. *Allons!*

CHAPTER LXI.

It is natural for a perfect stranger who is going from London to Edinburgh, to inquire, before he sets out, how many miles to York? which is about the half-way: nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and asks about the corporation, &c.

It was as just natural for Mrs. Wadman, whose first husband was all his time afflicted with a sciatica, to wish to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far she was likely to suffer more or less in her feelings, in the one case than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's Ana-

tomy from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the Brain, and borrowed Graaf¹ upon the Bones and Muscles; but could make nothing of it.

She had reasoned likewise from her own powers, laid down theorems, drawn consequences, and come to no conclusion.

To clear up all, she had twice asked Doctor Slop, "If poor Captain Shandy was ever likely to recover of his wound?"

He is recovered, Doctor Slop would say.

What, quite?

Quite, madam.

But what do you mean by a recovery? Mrs. Wadman would say.

Doctor Slop was the worst man alive at definitions and so Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge. In short, there was no way to extract it, but from my uncle Toby himself.

There is an accent of humanity in an inquiry of this kind, which lulls *Suspicion* to rest: and I am half persuaded the serpent got pretty near it in his discourse with Eve: for the propensity in the sex to be deceived could not be so great, that she could have boldness to hold chat with the Devil without it. But there is an accent of humanity; how shall I describe it? 'tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the inquirer a right to be as particular with it as your body-surgeon.

"Was it without a remission?"

"Was it more tolerable in bed?"

"Could he lie on both sides alike with it?"

"Was he able to mount a horse?"

"Was motion bad for it?" *et cætera*, were so tenderly spoke to, and so directed towards my uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them sunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themselves; but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my uncle Toby's groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counterscarp, and *pèle mèle* with the Dutch, to take the counterguard of St. Roch sword-in-hand, and then, with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him, all bleeding, by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye as he was carried to his tent, Heaven! Earth! Sea! all was lifted up, the springs of nature rose above

¹ This must be a mistake in Mr. Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatic juice and the parts of generation.

their levels, an angel of mercy sat beside him on the sofa, his heart glowed with fire; and had he been worth a thousand, he had lost every heart of them to Mrs. Wadman.

And whereabouts, dear Sir, quoth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorically, did you receive this sad blow? In asking this question, Mrs. Wadman gave a slight glance towards the waistband of my uncle Toby's red plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest reply to it, that my uncle Toby would lay his fore-finger upon the place. It fell out otherwise, for my uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St. Nicholas, in one of the traverses of the trench opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roch, he could at any time stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him. This struck instantly upon my uncle Toby's sensorium; and with it, struck his large map of the town and citadel of Namur, and its environs, which he had purchased and pasted down upon a board, by the corporal's aid, through his long illness: it had lain, with other military lumber, in the garret ever since; and accordingly the corporal was detached to the garret to fetch it.

My uncle Toby measured off thirty toises, with Mrs. Wadman's scissors, from the returning angle before the gate of St. Nicholas; and with such a virgin modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the Goddess of Decency, if then in being—if not, 'twas her shade—shook her head, and with a finger wavering across her eyes, forbade her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs. Wadman!

For nothing can make this chapter go off with spirit but an apostrophe to thee: but my heart tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is but an insult in disguise; and ere I would offer one to a woman in distress, let the chapter go to the Devil; provided any damned critic *in keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAPTER LXII.

MY uncle Toby's map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAPTER LXIII.

AND here is the Maes, and this is the Sambre, said the corporal, pointing with his right hand extended a little towards the map, and his left upon Mrs. Bridget's shoulder, but not the shoulder next him; and this, said he, is the town of Namur, and this the citadel, and there lay the French, and here lay his honor and myself; and in this cursed trench, Mrs. Bridget, quoth the corporal, taking her by the hand, did he receive the wound which crushed him so miserably *here*. In pronouncing which, he slightly pressed the back of her hand towards the part he felt for, and let it fall.

We thought, Mr. Trim, it had been more in the middle, said Mrs. Bridget.

That would have undone us for ever, said the corporal.

And left my poor mistress undone too, said Bridget.

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. Bridget a kiss.

Come, come, said Bridget, holding the palm of her left hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and sliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done had there been the least wart or protuberance—'t is every syllable of it false, cried the corporal, before she had half finished the sentence.

I know it to be a fact, said Bridget, from creditable witnesses.

Upon my honor, said the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing as he spoke, with honest resentment, 't is a story, Mrs. Bridget, as false as hell. Not, said Bridget, interrupting him, that either I or my mistress care a half-penny about it, whether it is so or no; only that when one is married, one would choose to have such a thing by one at least—

It was somewhat unfortunate for Mrs. Bridget, that she had begun the attack with her manual exercise; for the corporal instantly

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CHAPTER LXIV.

It was like the momentary contest in the moist eyelids of an April morning, "Whether Bridget should laugh or cry."

She snatched up a rolling-pin—'t was ten to one she had laughed.

She laid it down—she cried: and had one single tear of 'em but tasted of bitterness, full sorrowful would the corporal's heart have been that he had used the argument; but the corporal understood the sex, a *quart major* to a *terce* at least, better than my uncle Toby, and accordingly he assailed Mrs. Bridget after this manner:

I know, Mrs. Bridget, said the corporal, giving her a most respectful kiss, that thou art good and modest by nature; and art withal so generous a girl in thyself, that, if I know thee rightly, thou wouldst not wound an insect, much less the honor of so gallant and worthy a soul as my master, wast thou sure to be made a countess of; but thou hast been set on, and deluded, dear Bridget, as is often a woman's case, "to please others more than themselves."

Bridget's eyes poured down at the sensations the corporal excited.

Tell me, tell me, then, my dear Bridget, continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her side, and giving her a second kiss, whose suspicion has misled thee?

Bridget sobbed a sob or two, then opened her eyes; the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron; she then opened her heart and told him all.

CHAPTER LXV.

My uncle Toby and the corporal had gone on separately with their operations the greatest part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been separated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My uncle Toby, on his side, had presented himself every afternoon in his red and silver, and blue and gold, alternately, and sustained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks; and so had nothing to communicate.

The corporal, on his side, in taking Bridget, by it gained considerable advantages and consequently had much to communicate; but what were the advantages, as well as what was the manner by which he had seized them, required so

nice an historian, that the corporal durst not venture upon it; and as sensible as he was of glory, would rather have been contented to have gone bare-headed and without laurels forever, than torture his master's modesty for a single moment.

Best of honest and gallant servants! But I have apostrophized thee, Trim, once before; and could I apotheosize thee also (that is to say with good company), I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Now my uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himself, upon his fingers' ends (beginning at his thumb), all Mrs. Wadman's perfections, one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting some, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himself sadly before he could get beyond his middle-finger, Prithee, Trim, said he, taking up his pipe again, bring me a pen and ink. Trim brought paper also.

Take a full sheet, Trim! said my uncle Toby, making a sign with his pipe at the same time to take a chair and sit down close by him at the table. The corporal obeyed, placed the paper directly before him, took a pen, and dipped it in the ink.

She has a thousand virtues, Trim! said my uncle Toby.

Am I to set them down, an' please your Honor? quoth the corporal.

But they must be taken in their ranks, replied my uncle Toby; for of them all, Trim, that which wins the most, and which is a security for all the rest, is the compassionate turn and singular humanity of her character. I protest, added my uncle Toby, looking up, as he protested it, towards the top of the ceiling, that was I her brother, Trim, a thousand-fold, she could not make more constant or more tender inquiries after my sufferings, though now no more.

The corporal made no reply to my uncle Toby's protestation, but by a short cough: he dipped the pen a second time into the inkhorn; and my uncle Toby, pointing with the end of his pipe as close to the top of the sheet at the left-hand corner of it as he could get it, the corpo-

ral wrote down the word HUMANITY - - - thus.

Prithee, corporal, said my uncle Toby, as soon as Trim had done it, how often does Mrs. Bridget inquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou receivedst at the battle of Landen?

She never, an' please your Honor, inquires after it at all.

That, corporal, said my uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit, that shows the difference in the character of the mistress and maid. Had the fortune of war allotted the same mischance to me, Mrs. Wadman would have inquired into every circumstance relating to it a hundred times. She would have inquired, an' please your Honor, ten times as often about your Honor's groin. The pain, Trim, is equally excruciating, and Compassion has as much to do with the one as the other.

God bless your Honor, cried the corporal, what has a woman's compassion to do with the wound upon the cap of a man's knee? Had your Honor's been shot into ten thousand splinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; because, added the corporal, lowering his voice, and speaking very distinctly, as he assigned his reason,

"The knee is such a distance from the main body. Whereas the groin, your Honor knows, is upon the very *curtain*."

My uncle Toby gave a long whistle; but in a note which could scarce be heard across the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire; in three words he told the rest.

My uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender as if it had been spun from the unravelling of a spider's web.

Let us go to my brother Shandy's, said he.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THERE will be just time, whilst my uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father's, to inform you that Mrs. Wadman had, some moons before this, made a confidant of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who had the burden of her own, as well as her mistress's secret to carry, had got

happily delivered of both to Susannah, behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, she saw nothing at all in it, to make the least bustle about; but Susannah was sufficient by herself for all the ends and purposes you could possibly have, in exporting a family secret; for she instantly imparted it by signs to Jonathan; and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook sold it with some kitchen-fat to the postillion for a groat; who trucked it with the dairy-maid for something of about the same value; and though whispered in the hay-loft, *Fame* caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and sounded them upon the housetop. In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles around, who did not understand the difficulties of my uncle Toby's siege, and what were the secret articles which had delayed the surrender.

My father, whose way was to force every event in nature into an hypothesis, by which means, never man crucified *Truth* at the rate he did, had but just heard of the report as my uncle Toby set out; and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to Yorick, notwithstanding my mother was sitting by, not only "That the Devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was —," but that every evil and disorder in the world, of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of Adam, down to my uncle Toby's (inclusive), was owing, one way or other, to the same unruly appetite.

Yorick was just bringing my father's hypothesis to some temper, when my uncle Toby entered the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, seated himself by the fire, and filled his pipe.

* * * * *

END OF THE COURTSHIP OF UNCLE TOBY.

A REVEREND gentleman once being at the house of a fellow clergyman, who showed him a library in many languages, asked whether he understood them all? The answer being in the affirmative, he rejoined, "Then verily, brother, you must have had your head broken with a brick from the tower of Babel."

MONSIEUR TONSON.

THERE lived, as fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,

A pleasant wight on Town, yclept Tom
King,
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke;
In short, for strokes of humor, quite the
thing.

To many a jovial club this King was known,
With whom his active wit unrivalled shone:
Choice spirit, grave free-mason, buck and
blood,

Would crowd his stories and *bon mots* to hear,
And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
His humor flowed in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight:
A frolic he would hunt for, day and night,
Careless how prudence on the sport might
frown.

If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
Nor left the game, till he had run it down.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near famed St. Giles's chanced his course
to bend,

Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight.
'T was silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp displayed a twinkling
light.

Around this place, there lived the numerous
clans

Of honest, plodding, foreign artizans,
Known at that time by name of refugees.
The rod of persecution, from their home,
Compelled the inoffensive race to roam,
And here they lighted, like a swarm of
bees.

Well! our two friends were sauntering
through the street,
In hopes some food for humor soon to meet,
When, in a window near, a light they view;
And, though a dim and melancholy ray,
It seemed the prologue to some merry play,
So towards the gloomy dome our hero
drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thundering
knock,
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock,)

"I'll ask, says King, "if Thompson lodges
here."

"Thompson," cries t' other, "who the devil's
he?"

"I know not," King replies, "but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time, a little Frenchman came;
One hand displayed a rushlight's trembling
flame,

The other held a thing they called *culotte*,
An old striped woolen night-cap graced his
head,

A tattered waistcoat o'er one shoulder
spread;

Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning
note.

Though thus untimely roused he courteous
smiled,

And soon addressed our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee—

"Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so
late?"

I beg your pardon, sare, to make you wait;
Pray tell me, sare, what your commands
vid me?"

"Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to
know,

As by your house I chanced to-night to go,
(But, really, I disturbed your sleep, I fear,)
I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this quarter dwell,
If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here?"

The shivering Frenchman, though not
pleased to find,

The business of this unimportant kind,
Too simple to suspect 'twas meant in jeer,
Shrugged out a sigh that thus his rest was
broke,

Then, with unaltered courtesy, he spoke;
"No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges
here."

Our wag begged pardon, and toward home
he sped,

While the poor Frenchman crawled again
to bed.

But King resolved not thus to drop the
jest,

So, the next night, with more of whim than
grace,

Again he made a visit to the place,
To break once more the poor old French-
man's rest.

He knocked—but waited longer than before ;
No footsteps seemed approaching to the door ;
Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.

King with the knocker thundered then again,
Firm on his post determined to remain ;
And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wond'ring what fiend again disturbed his sleep :

The wag salutes him with a civil leer :
Thus drawing out to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubbed his heavy eyes,

"Is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodges here?"

The Frenchman faltered, with a kind of fright,—

"Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night—

(And here he labored with a sigh sincere,)

"No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know,
No Monsieur Tonson here—I told you so ;
Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur Tonson here!"

Some more excuses tendered, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursued his old career.

'T was long indeed before the man came nigh,
And then he uttered in a piteous cry,
"Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here!"

Our sportive wight his usual visit paid,
And the next night came forth a prattling maid,

Whose tongue, indeed, than any Jack went faster ;

Anxious, she strove his errand to inquire,
He said 't was vain her pretty tongue to tire,
He should not stir till he had seen her master.

The damsel then began, in doleful state,
The Frenchman's broken slumbers to relate,
And begged he'd call at proper time of day.

King told her she must fetch her master down,

A chaise was ready, he was leaving town,
But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urged, she went the snoring man to call,

And long, indeed, was she obliged to bawl,
Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay.

At last he wakes ; he rises ; and he swears :
But scarcely had he tottered down the stairs,
When King attacked him in his usual way.

The Frenchman now perceived 't was all in vain

To his tormentor mildly to complain,
And straight in rage began his crest to rear :

"Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so ?
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
Got tam—I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here!"

True as the night, King went, and heard a strife

Between the harassed Frenchman and his wife,

Which would descend to chase the fiend away.

At length, they join their forces and agree,
And straight impetuously they turn the key,
Prepared with mutual fury for the fray.

Our hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Uttering the old inquiry, calmly stood—
The name of Thompson raised the storm so high,

He deemed it then the safest plan to fly,
With "Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood."

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—

So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :
They threw out water ; for the watch they call ;

But King expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit.

It happened that our wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the eastern clime,

Six lingering years were there his tedious lot.

At length, content, amid his ripening store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope, he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,

He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt
to trace.
"Ah! here's the scene of frequent mirth,"
he said;
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds his
place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion
roar,
And while he eager eyes the opening door,
Lo! who obeys the knocker's rattling
peal?
Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to
say!
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's
wheel!

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears;
The waistcoat and the nightcap seemed the
same,
With rushlight, as before, he creeping came,
And King's detested voice astonished
hears.

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seemed bewildered with affright,
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full
sore—
Then starting, he exclaimed, in rueful strain,
"Begar! here's Monsieur Tonson come
again!"
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of
more!

JOHN TAYLOR, b. 1769; d. 1832.

A COUPLE OF BAD BOYS.

Miss Clara Morris gives this lively reminiscence of two well-known actors: "They were boys then; one tall, blonde, and lazy, the other short, dark, and active. It was Sunday night; every one had gone to the Quaker meeting-house a few doors above. They were alone, without cards or checkers or books, but Satan came to the rescue. A certain proposal was drawled by the long chap, and eagerly accepted by the short one. They then put on their hats and coats, armed themselves with a broom, a pail of water and a dipper, and went forth into the still bitter cold of the night, and worked diligently. They swept a broad path over

the sloping sidewalk, quite free from snow, over this they poured a dipper of water, then waited. In a few minutes it had frozen; then another dipper of water, and another wait, until the path was glass-like in its icy smoothness. A whisk of the broom sent a light covering of snow over it; the work was done, and the godless laborers, gathering up their tools, scrouged themselves down on the doorstep and conversed pleasantly. Presently the doors of the meeting-house opened, and two lines of Friends—one made up of males, the other of females—came out. These lines, coming down the steps separately, met and mingled in a crowd on the pavement for a few moments, then broke into twos and threes, and came gravely down the sidewalk. Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by a whack! whack! and two snorts that were as one. A female Friend flew to the rescue—whack! The whole congregation, filled with wonder, come ambling down to the scene of disaster—whack! whack! whack! groans and snorts, 'thees' and 'thous' filled the air, and with cheeks stained with tears of laughter, they sat on the step and 'took it in,' those sons of Belial, since so well known to the world as Joseph Jefferson and John Ellsler."

A BREVET HORSE.

TOWARDS the close of our civil war, the government became somewhat lavish in the bestowment of brevet-titles upon officers of the army. As these titles advanced the rank without increasing the pay of the recipients, this sort of promotion had the two-fold advantage (from the governmental point of view) of gratifying the ambition of the officers thereby distinguished without making any extra drafts on the exchequer. Now as soldiers, —especially the rank and file,—lead a somewhat monotonous life, the men eagerly seize on every fresh theme of conversation; and if a subject is capable of being presented in a ludicrous light, some of the men are sure to make it serve for their amusement. A matter of such purely military interest as official promotions, could not, of course, fail of comment around the mess-board and the camp fire,—particularly the very numer-

ous promotions by *brevet*, which, in the estimation of some of the "boys" were rather empty honors. While the subject was still fresh, a brevet lieutenant-colonel of recent manufacture, observing a teamster severely beating a mule, rode up and demanded the cause of his rough treatment of the animal. The teamster, with a roguish twinkle of the eye, and a side-glance at the "boys" standing near, replied that "this plaguey *brevet-horse* wouldn't pull worth a cent, and he was just bound to make him." As the brevet lieutenant-colonel rode away reflectively he fancied he heard something very like the sound of suppressed laughter.

THE TROVERS.

SALMON of forty pounds' weight are sometimes caught in Loch Eck, a fact that renders the little inn at Whistlefield a favorite resort of solitary anglers. In reference to the quondam hostess of this inn, a celebrated living artist and enthusiastic fisherman tells the following story:

"I was once fishing in Loch Eck," said the artist, "but had caught nothing, and on my arrival at Whistlefield, very hungry and thirsty, I inquired of the honest Highland woman who keeps the place if I could have any thing for dinner.

"Oo, ay!" she replied, 'only thing you like to order, sir.'

"Well, then, can you let me have a little bit of salmon or a trout?"

"A'm vara sorra, but there's no saamont and no troot. There were some trovers (drovers) here yesterday, and they just ate up a' the saamont and a' the troot. But you can have any thing else you like."

"Can you let me have a beefsteak?"

"It is beef ye ar' askin' for? Beef? There's na beef; do you think we can kill a coo?"

"Well, mutton-chops will do just as well."

"Chops!" she replied, with a melancholy whine; 'chops! ye might hae had chops, only ye see the trovers were here yesterday and they ate up a' the chops.'

"You don't seem to have very much to choose from, my good woman; but perhaps you can let me have some ham-and-eggs or bacon-and-eggs, I don't care which?"

"Ham-and-eggs! Lord save us! There's na a bit ham left in the hoose. The trovers, ye see—"

"Oh, confound the trovers! Can you give me some eggs without the ham?"

"Deed, sir, that's just what I canna dae; the trovers! hech! they're hungry callants, and can eat mair eggs than a' the hens in the country-side can lay. They didna leave me a single egg for my ain supper yesternight; but ye can hae ony thing else ye like to ca' for."

"Suppose, then, as you have no eggs, that you thraw (twist) the neck of the hen that laid them."

"Deed, sir, I would dae that right willingly, but the trovers,—the trovers! They not only ate up a' the eggs, but the hen and the cock as weel!"

"Then I suppose I can have nothing, and must walk on to Kilmun?"

"Na, na! Wat for should ye do that? There's plenty in the hoose, if ye wad but just say what ye want."

"Plenty of what?"

"Plenty of cake' (oat-cake), 'and butter, an' a bit o' ewe-milk cheese, and wuskey (whisky) enough to soom (swim) in.'

"So I took the oat-cake, and the fresh butter, and the whisky; and I advise nobody to expect any thing else at a Highland village."

A SUCCESSFUL TRICK.

A DUBLIN merchant named Johnson was very hard on his clerks, and when a visitor left the store without a purchase he would discharge the clerk. He took up a position near the door, and as customers passed out would inquire if they had been properly served. On one occasion a lady was negotiating with a clerk for a shawl, but the sale was not made. The clerk called the lady's attention to the old gentleman, who was, as usual, standing near the door, waiting to waylay the old lady with the customary question. "That old man," said the clerk, "is crazy. He may attempt to stop you as you go out, and you had best avoid him as he is sometimes dangerous." The lady started for the door, and as the old gentleman approached her, gave a shriek and darted out. Johnson was greatly astonished, and walking back to the clerk asked: "Do

you know that lady?" "No, sir," replied the clerk, "but I think she is crazy." "You are right," returned the old gentleman, "she must be crazy."

"DON'T TALK TILL YE SEE FLYNN."

MR. PETERS has a tailor, named Timothy Flynn, in his employ. The domestic affairs of Timothy and his wife are not conducted with harmony. Broken heads and dismembered articles of furniture frequently attest this fact. Mrs. Flynn usually accompanies Timothy when he goes to the office on Saturday evenings to draw his wages, and as there is a difference of opinion between Mr. and Mrs. Flynn as to which of them has the right to assume the responsibilities of the position of financial agent of the family, the proceedings are often of a tumultuous nature. Last Monday, Timothy did not come to work. On Tuesday, Mr. Peters went to his house to see him. He met Mrs. Flynn at the door. A black eye, a bruised nose and a triumphant smile were her most prominent features. "You seem to have been having a devil of a time, Mrs. Flynn," said Mr. Peters; "you are all broken up. Has——" "Don't talk, Mr. Pethors. Lord love ye, don't talk till ye see Flynn."

"THE PENNY YE MEANT TO GI'E."

THERE's a funny tale of a stingy man,
Who was none too good, but might have
been worse,

Who went to his church, on a Sunday night,
And carried along his well-filled purse.

When the sexton came with his begging-
plate,

The church was but dim with the candle's
light;

The stingy man fumbled all through his
purse,

And chose a coin by touch, and not sight.

It's an odd thing, now, that guineas should
be

So like unto pennies in shape and size.

"I'll give a penny," the stingy man said:

"The poor must not gifts of pennies des-
pise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and
ring!

And back in his seat leaned the stingy
man,

"The world is so full of the poor," he
thought:

"I can't help them all—I give what I
can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled, to be sure,
To see the gold guinea fall into his plate!

Ha, ha! how the stingy man's heart was
wrung,

Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said: "in the Lord's ac-
count

That guinea of gold is set down to me.

They lend to him who give to the poor:

It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton cried
out:

"The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee
well;

He knew it was only by accident

That out o' thy fingers the guinea fell!

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the
paur:

But in that account He'll set down to
thee

Na mair o' that golden guinea, my mon,

Than the one bare penny ye meant to
gi'e."

There's a comfort, too, in the little tale—

A serious side as well as a joke;

A comfort for all the generous poor,

In the comical words the sexton spoke;

A comfort to think that the good Lord
knows

How generous we really desire to be,

And will give us credit in His account

For all the pennies we long "to gi'e."

In a parliamentary canvass for West-
minster, Charles James Fox being a can-
didate, asked a blunt citizen for his vote.
He received the following answer:—"Mr.
Fox, I admire your head, but damn your
heart." To which Fox immediately re-
torted "Sir, I admire your candor, but
damn your manners."

HOW HE STOPPED CHEWING.

SMIKES made up his mind to stop chewing. He never was much of a chewer, anyhow, he said. He had n't used tobacco but for a few years, and rarely consumed more than an ounce paper in a day. But he feared the habit might get hold of him and become fixed, and if there was anything he abhorred it was to see a man become a slave to a bad habit. He had used the weed some, to be sure, but there had never been a time during the last ten years when he could not stop at any moment. But so long as he did not become habituated to its use, he did not care to stop. He could break it off at any minute, and it was a great satisfaction to feel so.

Thompson, he thought, was an abject slave to his pipe. He pitied Thompson, for he had seen Thompson try to stop smoking several times, and fail ignominiously every time he undertook it. But Smikes wanted to show his wife how easy he could quit. So Monday morning he remarked carelessly to Samantha that he guessed he would stop using tobacco. Samantha said she was glad of it, and added impetuously, what she had never said before—that it was a vile habit. Smikes appeared a little nervous and confused when Samantha said this, and mumbled out something about being glad that he had never got into it himself. In his agitation he pulled out his tobacco box and was about to take a chew, when he recollected himself and plunged out of the door, forgetting his umbrella.

About half way to the office he met Jones, with whom he was having some business transactions. While they were talking the thing over, Smikes got a little enthusiastic, and he had almost reached the office before he noticed that he was rolling an uncommonly plump quid around his mouth like a sweet morsel. How it got there Smikes did not know. He puzzled over that little thing all the rest of the forenoon, and at last he took it out of his mouth and threw it away, satisfied that he must have taken it while talking with Jones. Twice that afternoon Smikes took out his tobacco-box and looked at it. Once he took off the cover, and smelled of the tobacco. It smelt so good that Smikes

felt impelled to remark to himself that it was the easiest thing in the world to stop chewing.

He congratulated himself again and again that day that he did not become entangled in the meshes of the filthy vice, and he alluded to the matter three or four times that evening at the tea-table, till Samantha marvelled greatly at the firmness of Smikes. She had always heard, she said, that it was a hard thing to leave off. But Smikes had told her and kept telling her that it was "just as easy," and her reverence for the virile strength and independence of character of Smikes grew like a gourd. That night Smikes had the night-mare. He thought that a legion of foul fiends had got him up in a corner of the back yard, and had rolled upon his belly a monstrous quid of "fine cut," as large around as a cart-wheel, and that they were trying to force it into his mouth.

Smikes struggled vigorously, and when Samantha shook him and asked him what was the matter, his only reply was that "anybody could stop chewing if they only made up their mind to it." The next day Smikes was a little nervous. He told everybody who came in what a simple thing it was to stop chewing. The third day he harped about it all day long. He told one man about it three different times, and when that much-informed individual ventured the opinion that he would be chewing again in less than a week, Smikes indignantly ejaculated: "Mr. Jenkins, when I make up my mind to a thing that is the last of it."

The fourth day Smikes heard that chamomile blossoms were sometimes used as a substitute for tobacco, and just out of curiosity he devoured a couple of ounces of them. He said to the druggist when he bought them, that it was easy enough to stop the use of tobacco. On the fifth day Smikes got sick. His nerves gave out. He snapped something at Samantha at the breakfast table, upset his inkstand, burnt his fingers poking some cinders out of the grate, and had no appetite for dinner. That day the devil whispered to Smikes that tobacco was really beneficial to some temperaments. Smikes had a temperament of that kind.

The sixth day Smikes felt like a murderer. He seemed to himself to have become transformed into a Modoc. His

mouth was dry and parched. A stout, healthy-looking old gentleman came into Smikes's office that day. He was a great friend of Smikes, and he drew forth his silver tobacco-box and daintily shook out a small portion of the pungent weed. Smikes felt his mouth water. He remarked to Mr. Johnson that he had not chewed any for six days, and that he had refrained so long just to satisfy himself that anybody could chew or leave it alone. He was fully satisfied that it could be done, but he rather thought that his was one of those temperaments that are really acted upon in a beneficial way by the temperate use of tobacco.

Mr. Johnson said he thought so too, and as he handed Smikes his box, remarked that he had chewed regularly for thirty years, and didn't know as it had ever damaged him any. As Smikes rolled a large quid back into his left cheek, he said he thought there was a great difference in men. He was satisfied that he could stop chewing at any moment, but there were some temperaments to which a gentle narcotic or opiate was really a blessing.—*Saratogian*.

THE VICAR OF BRAY.¹

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal James possessed the crown,
And popery grew in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration:
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;

¹ In Berkshire. Nichols says, in his *Select Poems*, that the song of the Vicar of Bray "was written by a soldier in Colonel Fuller's troop of Dragoons, in the reign of George I."

And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When William was our king declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When royal Anne became our queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory:
Occasional conformists base,
I blam'd their moderation,
And thought the church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er
And moderate men look'd big, sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender:
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear—
While they can keep possession:
For in my faith and loyalty,
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall be—
Until the times do alter.
And this is law that I'll maintain
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
Still I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.

BLÜCHER AND HIS PIPE-BEARER AT THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

OLD Field-Marshal Blücher was particularly fond of three things—a glass of wine, a game at cards, and a pipe of tobacco. With the two former he was frequently obliged to dispense, but he could not and would not do without the latter, nor could he help indulging in smoking, if it were ever so little, before he undertook anything serious. A few puffs at the spur of the moment would satisfy him, but to be without them at all was a matter of impossibility. For this purpose he had appointed as his pipe-bearer one of his “boys” (as he used to call his hussars), a fellow-countryman from Rostock—Christian Hennemann—who had charge of a large box of common long Dutch clay pipes, all filled with tobacco, and ready for use at a moment’s notice. This box constituted the principal item of the marshal’s field equipage. Hennemann was so devoted to his master and his charge, that he would have killed on the spot any one who attempted to purloin a pipe from the box, or bring the latter in danger of breaking some of the precious (to him *sacred*) contents.

On the morning of the memorable battle of Waterloo, Hennemann had just handed his master a lighted pipe, when a cannon-ball struck the ground close by, scattering earth and gravel in all directions, and causing the white charger on which Blücher was mounted to spring aside—a manœuvre that broke the pipe into a thousand pieces before the owner had time even to lift it to his lips.

“Just keep a lighted pipe ready for me; I shall be back in a few moments, after I have driven away the rascally French churls.” With these words, Blücher gave the command, “Forward, boys!” and off he galloped with his cavalry. Instead, however, of a chase of a few minutes, it was a rapid march of nearly a whole hot summer day, as we all know from history.

After the battle was over, Blücher rode back with Wellington to the place where he first got a glimpse of the combating armies, and nearing the spot where Blücher had halted in the morning, they saw to their surprise a solitary man, his

head tied with a handkerchief, one arm in a sling, and calmly smoking a pipe!

“Donner und blitz!” cried Blücher, “why, that is my Hennemann. How you look, boy; what are you doing here alone?”

“Waiting for your speedy return,” was the grumbling answer. “You have come at last! I have waited for you here, pipe in mouth, for the whole long day. This is the last pipe in the box. The cursed French have shot away every pipe from my mouth, have ripped the flesh from my head, and shattered my arm with their deuced bullets. It is well there is an end to the battle, or you would have been too late even for the last pipe.” Saying which, he handed to Blücher the pipe, to enjoy the remaining fumes of the weed.

Wellington, who had listened attentively to the conversation, here remarked to Blücher, “You have just admired the unflinching loyalty and bravery of my Highlanders, what shall I say to this true and devoted soul?”

“But your Highlanders had no pipes to regale themselves with.”

DR. MICHELSEN, b. 1801.

THE JACKDAW.

THERE is a bird, who, by his coat,
And by the hoarseness of his note,
Might be supposed a crow;
A great frequenter of the church,
Where, bishop-like, he finds a perch,
And dormitory too.

Above the steeple shines a plate,
That turns and turns, to indicate
From what point blows the weather;
Look up—your brains begin to swim,
’Tis in the clouds—that pleases him,
He chooses it the rather.

Fond of the speculative height,
Thither he wings his airy flight,
And thence securely sees
The bustle and the raree-show,
That occupy mankind below,
Secure and at his ease.

You think, no doubt, he sits and muses
On future broken bones and bruises,
If he should chance to fall.

No ; not a single thought like that
Employs his philosophic pate,
Or troubles it at all.

He sees that this great round-about,
The World, with all its motley rout,
Church, army, physic, law,
Its customs, and its businesses,
Is no concern at all of his,
And says—what says he?—Caw.

Thrice happy bird ! I too have seen
Much of the vanities of men ;
And, sick of having seen 'em,
Would cheerfully these limbs resign
For such a pair of wings as thine,
And such a head between 'em.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

A BRIEF COURTSHIP.

HERE is a Scotch romance :

"That bear!" muttered to herself a
bonnie lassie at about forty-seven and
three-quarters, as she fled from a public
flower garden at the approach of a man
of fifty-two and seven-eighths, who was
noted for saying bitter things of the other
sex.

"What did you run for?" said a gruff
voice behind her.

"To get rid of you."

"You did n't do it, did you?"

"No; you are worse than a pitch
plaster."

"You won't get rid of me, either."

"I won't, eh?"

"Only in one way."

"And that?"

"Marry me."

"What! us two fools get married!
What would people say?"

"That's nothing to us. Come, say yes
or no. I'm in a hurry."

"Well, no, then."

"Very well, good-by," the male ex-
claimed. "It's your last offer in this
life."

The lady was disconcerted at the idea.
She thought, and replied softly, "Stop a
bit."

"Yes or no?"

"I must consult—"

"All right; I thought you were of age.
Good-by."

After second thoughts, she said bland-

ly, "Very well, Mac Stringer, I consent."
And she gave him a rose.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRYMAN.

A PHILOSOPHER stepped on board a
boat to cross a stream; on the passage
he inquired of the ferryman if he under-
stood arithmetic. The man looked aston-
ished:

"Arithmetic? No, sir; never heard of
it before."

The philosopher replied: "I am very
sorry, for one-quarter of your life is gone."

A few minutes after, he asked the fer-
ryman: "Do you know anything of
mathematics?"

The boatman smiled, and replied:
"No."

"Well, then," said the philosopher,
"another quarter of your life is gone."

A third question was asked the fer-
ryman, "Do you understand astronomy?"

"Oh, no, no; never heard of such a
thing."

"Well, my friend, then another quar-
ter of your life is gone."

Just at this moment the boat ran on a
rock. The ferryman jumped up, pulling
off his coat, and asked the philosopher,

"Sir, can you swim?"

"No," said the philosopher.

"Then," shouted the ferryman, "your
whole life is gone, for the boat is going to
the bottom."

AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL.

ON one of the anchor line boats the
other day was a young man of decent
look but a good deal the worse for whis-
key. He persisted in singing at the top of
his voice, and it was the poorest kind
of singing. After a brief pause he re-
moved his hat and said, "Now, I'm
going to sing something sad." Hadn't
you as soon wait until we get to Vicks-
burg?" inquired a passenger. "Wh—
what f'r?" gasped the young man.
"Because I have got a young mule on
the lower deck, and if he gets an idea
that he can sing as good as you do, he'll
never be worth a nickel to bray!" There
was no more singing.

TIM PRICE'S RAM.

BY TOBE HODGE.

"Ho, Colonel! Ho, there! Don't git over them bars. Stop thar, or you'll git buttet wuss nor a mule kickin'. My buck mutton's out!" yelled Tim Price, as he came hurriedly out of his cabin, with an alarmed look, hatless, shoeless, and followed by his dog Spider and a crowd of youngsters.

Tim never was seriously earnest in his life, and the truth seldom escaped from him; but to give color to his caution a fine ram stood some distance off with his head toward me, and as I never had heard of a decision being rendered on that famous subject so long agitating Georgia debating schools, "Which am de butt end ob a ram?" I concluded to remain in doubt myself about it and stay on the right side of the fence until Tim came.

"I'm powerful glad I seed you comin'." He kep' Seth Jones treed up thet bar post three mortal hours t'other arternoon, an' him a puttin' in a lick once in a bit ter kinder show Seth what he'd git if he come down. I kep' the childern aback the cabin with me, a lookin' thro' the chinks to see Seth a shakin' every lick he hit, an' a hollerin' fer me, and swearin'. Thar he sot, perched up on the pint uv the post, oncomfortable like as a fish on a gig, squirmin'. Arter 'bout three hours treein' an' him gittin' weak, an' the ram knocken' two bar holes inter one, I thought 'twas fun enough; an' I lets on to be jist come in from the clearin', an' I says: 'Ho Seth! what you doin' up thar, any way!' an' say he: 'I jist got up fer to look 'round ter see if I kin see you. I've been hollerin' fer you. I wish you'd step this way, Tim, I want ter ax you 'bout somethin'.'

"Well, git down," I says, 'an' come inter the cabin.' 'I hain't time,' he says. Jest come yer, an' he kep' lookin' as if he'd never seed the ram, as innercent like as my dog Spider arter stealin' the old woman's cookens. An' he seed I weren't goin' ter let him down till he owned up. So say he—letten on ter see the buck for the fust time—"Why thar's yer buck mutton, hain't he? Drive him off, Tim, or I'll jump on him." 'Jump ahead,' I

says: 'ef the pesky critter will stan' round butten at bar' posts for fun he must expect to be jumped onter. Jump on him, Seth, dem him.' But Seth, he jist perched higher, fer the ram gin an all-fired lick at the post. He sot his head back two inches that day, an' sprained one of his hoofs tosein' fur hard licks.

"Bymebye Seth says, awful solemn like: 'Tim, I'm powerful feered of hydrophoby, an' people say yer buck mutton's got it. Skeer him off, do.' So I sicked Spider at him, an' Seth he got down, an' yer ought ter see him runnin'. He never said what he'd come fer.

"I allus lets Spider do the managin' ov him. I can't conslusly do nothin' with him. Spider jist backs away from him outer the way ov licks, an' the ram follers. I've knowed him to take him more'n three mile an' a quarter thataway, an' then scoot him, leavin' the buck madder'n ever at bein' fooled so.

"While back, them railroad engineers was spyen 'long yere, an' every feller in the kentry was 'long ter hev it run jist whar he wanted it, an' ter give 'pinions like. The peoples yerabouts staid high on the fences, 'cause they knowed the meanness of my buck critter; but a feller with a spyen machine gits right inter my medder, an' plump inter the middle on it, an' spreads out a pinte, three-legged consarn he had, with a surveyin' compass onter it, an' goes to winden on her up. I seed the ram a-lookin' at him from a jinin' patch, an' thinks I, thar'll be fun about all them legs in a minute; for the feller didn't treat me right no way when I was 'lowen' to him whar the road oughter go.

"He got it sot, an' wound up an' were a spyen at a feller with a red pole 'way down yonder, an' he took out his wiper an' give it a shake, an' hollers 'all right.' But it wasn't. The ram he seed it, an' he come as straight as a rock at a barbecue. An' the fellers hollered 'Look out!' an' the spyen man he looked 'round kinder slow an' cool-like ter see what was goin' on, an' Lord! he seed it was him.

"The buck was a-comin' jumpin' an' buttin', fer practice like—as ef it were tryin' ter knock a hole in all out-doors. The man jest gathered them five legs—three of the machine's an' two of his'n—quicker nor you kin shy a hymn-book at a preacher, an' struck fer the fence. But

'twere too late. The ram was inter him, an' yer mought have heered him mixin' his head with them legs fer a mile.

"He smashed some uv them brass tricks out agin that feller as flat's a batter cake—ef he didn't I'll eat the greaser—an' he bent up the spyin' machine so yer couldn't hev run a race course or a circus track with it—'twere too crooked fer that.

"The feller hollered, an' every time he'd git on his hans an' knees the ram was ready agin, an' socked him down, an' kep' a standin' lookin' 'round fer some-thin' ter hit, agin the feller come ter time. Soon's I could git my buryin' face on, I takes Spider in ter whar the fuss wuz goin' on, an' he coaxed him clar over ter Pinch Holler, thet's better nor two miles.

"When I gethered the feller up, he was as nigh onter what you Eastern fellers tells 'bout sea pukes, as I reckon I'll ever see, bein' so far from the big water. An' when we stripped him ter docter him up, thar, right on his back, were the print uv the hull derved pints uv the compass north and south, east and west, an' the divisions jist as plain as big day light, derved ef they wasn't an' I picked the compass needle out uv him, an' hit pintin' to the west, a little nor—not speakin' uv two screws an' right smart glass. Ef ther wasn't, may I never! The feller said he were wuss than a torpedy, for he never stopped goin' off.

"T'other day I went out thar whar you see the choppin' block to git a bit uv wood for the old woman, an' I seed the buck a standin' lookin' at me choppin', an' he kep' gittin' nigher an' nigher, an' thinks I, my ole mutton, I'll larn yer somethin' ef yer goes buttin' at me. Every time I fetched down the ax, down ud go his head as ef he wanted ter try a 'bout with it, an' gin it a butt like, an' it were too much fer him. He lets go his holt on the ground an' comes in flyin', an' I jist hauled off an' fetched the ax down on his for'head hard as I could lick, coz I didn't keer whether I did kill him—he were fat—an' jist as sure as I'm tellin' yer, Colonel, he turned the edge uv thet ax back two inches an' a bit. Ef he didn't I'll eat the hannel, an' I hev the hannel yit. I saved myself runnin' inter the cabin before he could stop an' git back."

LOGIC,

OR THE HORSE CHESTNUT.

AN Eton stripling, trained to the law,
A dunce at Syntax, but a dab at taw,
One happy Christmas laid upon the shelf
His cap and gown and store of learned pelf
By invitation, thought he'd take a roam,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home;
Arriv'd, and pass'd the usual how-d'ye-do's,
Enquiries for old friends and college news:
"Well, Tom, the road, what saw you worth
discerning?
How goes study—what is it you're learn-
ing?"

"Oh, logic, sir; but not the shallow rules
Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools!
'Tis wit and wrangler's logic; thus, d'ye
see?"

I'll prove to you as plain as A B C,
That an eel-pie's a pigeon; to deny it,
Were to say black is not black." "Come,
try it."

"An eel-pie is a pie of fish." "Agreed."
"Fish-pie may be jack-pie." "Well, pro-
ceed."

"A jack-pie is a John-pie; and 'tis done,
For every John-pie must be a pie-John!"
(pi-goon)

"Bravo!" Sir Peter cries, "logic for ever!
That beats my grandmother, and she was
clever."

But hold, my boy, since now it would be
hard

That wit and learning should have no re-
ward,

To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross,
And then I'll give thee—"What?" "My
chestnut horse!"

"A horse?" quoth Tom, "blood, pedigree,
and paces!"

Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"
To bed he went; and slept for downright
sorrow,

That night must go before he'd see the
morrow:

Dreamt of his boots and spurs, and leather
breeches;

Hunting of cats, and leaping rails and
ditches.

He left his rest an hour before the lark;
And dragg'd his uncle, fasting, to the park.
Halter in hand, each vale he scour'd, at
loss

To spy out something like a chestnut horse.

But no such animal the meadows cropt.
At length, beneath a tree, Sir Peter stopt;
A branch he caught, then shook it, and
down fell

A fine horse chestnut, in its prickly shell.
"There, Tom, take that." "Well, sir, and
what beside?"

"Why, since you're booted, *saddle it and
ride.*"

"Ride what? a chestnut!"—"Aye, come,
get across;

I tell you, Tom, that *chestnut is a horse.*
And all the horse you'll get; for I can shew
As clear as sun-shine, that 'tis really so:
Not by the musty, fusty, worn-out rules
Of Locke and Bacon, addle-headed fools!
Or old Malebranche, blind pilot into knowl-
edge;

But by the laws of wit and Eton College.
All axioms but the wranglers' I'll disown;
And stick to one sound argument, *your own.*
Thus now, you've proved it, as I don't deny,
That a *Pie-John's* the same as a *John-Pie*;
What follows then?—why, as a thing of
course,
That a *horse chestnut is a chestnut horse.*"

AN INCIDENT OF TYRONE POW- ER'S VISIT TO PITTSBURGH IN 1832.

FROM TYRONE POWER'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

THE first white man born west of the Alleghany is still living; by the way, a whimsical anecdote relating to this gentleman is current in Pittsburgh, and which I here relate as I myself received it.

At a public dinner, Mr. R—the person alluded to, being present, had his health proposed and cordially drunk as "the first white man born west of the Alleghany." Now, Mr. R—happening to be very dark complexioned, a waggish Irishman, who was seated next to him, could not help adding, with a sly air, having repeated the toast, "and not particularly white either."

"Why that's very true," returned the subject of the jest, with much good humor, "and the reason assigned for the exceeding redness of my skin is in itself not a little illustrative of the recent condition of our country, which is in fact the true subject of this toast.

"Shortly after my father had located his family on the Ohio, my mother was, whilst in the act of fetching water from the stream a little way outside the stockade within which our dwelling stood, startled by the near whoop of an Indian warrior, and, on raising her head, perceived close beside her, a chief of the neighboring tribe; she instantly fled like a deer; and being young and active gained the shelter of the stockade, within which, however, she fell exhausted, but was so preserved. Some time after I was ushered into life; and the darkness of my complexion was always referred to the fact of my mother having been frightened and followed by the young Indian."

"And a mighty natural mode of accounting for the same," replied Pat; adding with a most provoking air of simplicity, "but, may I ask, did you ever hear your poor mother say whether the Indian overtook her or not?"

JOE HATCH.

(From one of Charles Mathews, the Elder's, Entertainments).

"Waterman," said Mr. Barnacle, a Yorkshire gentleman, "what is your fare—that is, your strict fare to Battersea?" "Half-a-crown, your honour." "Half-a-crown; why I thought it was but three-pence, I think it was so once?" "That's the *wherry* question I vos litigating fore and aft, afore Sir Richard last week. 'Sir Richard,' says I, 'it's *wherry* true and perfectly incomprehensible, too, that the strict fare atwixt bridge and bridge is but *thruppence*, but then that ere applies afore bridges were built, and, therefore, doesn't come with in the meaning of the *statee*.' Now, you see, Sir Richard know'd the competency of that ere remark, but then he didn't vant to know it; so says he to me, 'Draw in your jawing tackle a bit, vill you, Master Joe Hatch,' or vords *equivalent* to that ere effect; but, howsomdever, that vos the *sinnification* on 'em. But, though he told me to pull in my oar ever so many times, I carried the *pint* o' the law slap in the vind's teeth agin him!" "Oh, then I suppose you were summoned, Mr. Waterman?" "Summoned! O no, your honour, leave Joe Hatch alone for

that ere! You see, von Jack Cox, a brother vaterman, vos lugged up afore the bench, for charging a gemman a hog for taking him off to a steamer—and *wherry* right, too, for if a man's *boat* arn't his *castle*, it's *wherry* odd, blow me! But, Lord love you, I dares to say, as how you doesn't know who I am." "Why, no, my good fellow, I can't say I've that pleasure." "Vy, Lord love your silly head, vy, I thought everybody know'd me! Vy, my name's Joe Hatch—I settles all disputes and fights on the water, from Greenwich to Battersea; some on 'em calls mè the Boat Barrister, and others say as I'm the River Chancellor! But that's all along o' my being a chief abroad for so many years!" "You a chief abroad!" "Aye, I a chief abroad; vy, Lord love you, I married a princess. Look here—(*showing his forehead*), look at this." "Aye, I see, all over in a crackling, like a piece of pork!" "That's where I was tartoo'd: all prickled in vi' needles, and colour'd vi' bilberry juice!" "You seem a strange sort of character, and I should like to hear a little of your history." "*Wherry* vell, then you shall have the whole true and partielier account as ve goes up the vater. Now, boy, lug in the boat there, vill you? (*Yes, yes.*) Now then be seated, gentlemen. You must know that about fifteen years ago, I vos wreck'd on the Tonga Islands, aboard a whaler; where I taught the natives, poor ignorant indiividuals, the polite arts, so the King Kikeekuron-kikokoko, (for that vos his name,) took a great liking to me, and made me chief o' six hatchets"—"I think you seem to be throwing one o' them *hatchets* now." "No I arn't, your honour, leave me alone for that ere. You see a chief o' six hatchets in them ere parts, is similar to a duke in these here. Vell, the King says to me, von day, says he, for ve vos *wherry* familiar, and larnt von another's lingo abit. 'Joe,' says he, 'vill you marry my darter, the Princess Hookihokikikipoki?' 'Vy, your majesty,' says I, 'I'm perfectly villing, perwiding the young 'oman's agreeable.' So, wi' that ere, he called vot they called a *palaver*, which is a similar sort o' thing to our parliament here; (and a *wherry black* affair it is, by the bye,) they all met in a ring—such a lot o' black pudding-lipp'd looking covies; at first they couldn't agree—(don't *fall out* here, gemmen)—at last they did agree; so the prin-

cess and I've jumped over a bamboo together, a fashion similar to the English vay of jumping over the broomstick! A sort o' way they has o' getting *sweet* upon von another by jumping over *sugar canes*! She vos a *wherry* fine 'oman—a capital sort o' 'oman—she vos a sort o' black-brown muddy-coloured 'oman! She had a remarkable small nose—it vosn't a nose neither—she had two holes instead of a nose, but vlich answered all the same purposes; and just below them two holes, vos another hole—only a large von—which served for a mouth—it vos like an annual lease—reach'd from *ear* to *ear*! When she laugh'd, her head vos above half off—it held by a little at the back, like a backy-box. Then inside o' that ere mouth vos a tongue, and that tongue look'd for all the world like a toad looking out of a blacking-bottle. Then, her ears—you should have seen her ears—they look'd just like two ha'pporths of dog's meat. She vos a sweet 'oman—a clever 'oman too; she'd been a *wherry* great warrior—she'd killed sixty men in battle vi' her own hands, and vore all their double teeth round her neck by vay of a necklace. That was pretty nearly all the clothes she wore; so her wardrobe wasn't werry expensive. Ve lived in a deal of harmony too; ve killed our own hogs; ve chew'd all our own tabacca; and laid all our own eggs—and sharp vork ve had of it too; and then ve used to valk out together in the hot vweather—a pretty figure ve cut too. I used to look along side o' her like a pound o' long butter, a valking along side o' five feet and a half o' black pudding. But you see them ere pleasures couldn't last for ever, for the King's nevy, von Flibbetyflobbetybuskybango—for that vos his name, he got gallows (*jealous*) o' me; for he saw the signs o' the haccession vos in me—a young piccaninny in the shape of a Joe Hatch vos a coming. Now, he didn't like the idea o' that—nor I didn't like the idea o' being grilled and tomahawked for their breakfasts some morning, so I cut and run off by the first ship, and here I am—and here ve are at Battersea—my fare, gemmen, amounts to half-a-crown."

JOSH BILLINGS thinks his worst habit is the coat he bought at Poughkeepsie.

DR. JOHNSON'S PUDDING.

(From the Reminiscences of Henry Angelo.)

Some years ago I made another excursion to Scotland, with the intention of completing my series of views, and went over the same ground described by the learned tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell. Being in the habit of taking very long walks on these occasions, and perceiving a storm threaten, I made the best of my way to a small building. I arrived in time at a neat little inn, and was received by a respectable-looking man and his wife, who did all in their power to make me comfortable. After eating some excellent fried mutton chops, and drinking a quart of ale, I asked the landlord to sit down, and partake of a bowl of whiskey punch. I found him, as the Scotch generally are, very intelligent, and full of anecdote, of which the following may serve as a specimen :

"Sir," said the landlord, "this inn was formerly kept by Andrew Macgregor, a relation of mine, and these hard-bottomed chairs (in which we are now sitting) were, years ago filled by the great tourists, Dr. Johnson and Boswell, travelling like the lion and jackal. Boswell generally preceded the doctor in search of food, and being much pleased with the look of the house, he followed his nose into the larder, where he saw a fine leg of mutton. He ordered it to be roasted with the utmost expedition, and gave particular orders for a nice pudding. "Now," says he, "make the best of all puddings." Elated with his good luck, he immediately went out in search of his friend, and saw the giant of learning slowly advancing on a pony. "My dear sir," said Boswell, out of breath with joy, "good news! I have just bespoke, at a comfortable clean inn here, a delicious leg of mutton; it is now getting ready, and I flatter myself we shall make an excellent meal." Johnson looked pleased—"And, I hope," said he, "you have bespoke a pudding." "Sir, you will have your favourite pudding," replied the other.

Johnson got off his pony, and the poor animal, relieved from the giant, smelt its way into the stable. Boswell ushered the doctor into the house, and left him to prepare for his delicious treat. Johnson,

feeling his coat rather damp, from the mist of the mountains, went into the kitchen and threw his upper garment on a chair before the fire: he sat on the hob, near a little boy who was very busy attending the meat. Johnson occasionally peeped from behind his seat, while the boy kept basting the mutton. Johnson did not like the appearance of his head; when he shifted the basting ladle from one *hand*, the other *hand* was never idle, and the doctor thought at the same time he saw something fall on the meat; upon which he determined to eat no mutton on that day. The dinner announced, Boswell exclaimed, "My dear doctor, here comes the mutton; what a picture! done to a turn, and looks so beautifully brown!" The doctor tittered. After a short pause, Boswell said—

"I suppose, sir, I am to carve as usual; what part shall I help you to?"

"My dear Boszy, I did not like to tell you before, but I am determined to abstain from meat to-day."

"Oh, dear! this is a great disappointment," said Boszy.

"Say no more, I shall make myself ample amends with the pudding."

Boswell commenced the attack, and made a first cut at the mutton. "How the gravy runs; what fine flavoured fat—so nice and brown too. Oh, sir, you would have relished this prime piece of mutton."

The meat being removed, in came the long-wished-for pudding. The doctor looked joyous, fell eagerly to, and in a few minutes nearly *finished all the pudding*. The table was cleared, and Boswell said—"Doctor, while I was eating the mutton, you seemed frequently inclined to laugh; pray tell me what tickled your fancy?"

The doctor then literally told him all that had passed at the kitchen fire, about the boy and the basting. Boswell turned as pale as a parsnip, and, sick of himself and the company, darted out of the room. Somewhat relieved, on returning, he insisted on seeing the dirty little rascally boy, whom he severely reprimanded before Johnson. The poor boy cried: the doctor laughed.

"You little, filthy, snivelling rascal," said Boswell, "when you basted the meat, why did you not put on the cap I saw you in this morning?"

"I couldn't sir," said the boy.

"No, why couldn't you?" said Boswell.

"Because my mammy took it from me to boil the pudding in!"

The doctor gathered up his herculean frame, stood erect, touched the ceiling with his wig, stared, or squinted,—indeed, looked any way but the *right way*. At last, with mouth wide open (none of the smallest) and stomach heaving, he, with some difficulty, recovered his breath, and, looking at Boswell with dignified contempt, he roared out, with the lungs of a stentor, "Mr. Boswell, sir, leave off laughing; and, under the pain of my eternal displeasure, never utter a single syllable of this abominable adventure to any soul living, while you breathe."

THE RIVAL BROOM MAKERS.

A thieving fellow, naturally sly,
"Cheaper than all the world," his wares
would cry,

And on a jack-ass' back such bargains
brought 'em;

All siz'd and sorted town-made brooms,
For sweeping stables, gardens, hearths,
or rooms,

*So cheap! as quite astonish'd all who
bought 'em!*

Thus, for a while, he drove a roaring trade,
And wisely thought a pretty purse to have
made,

When on a dismal day, at every door,
Where oft he'd sold his *dog-cheap* goods
before,

With freezing looks, his customers all told
him,

Another broom-monger they'd found,
That travell'd far and wide the country
round,

And in all sorts and sizes, *under-sold* him.
Scratching his wig he left 'em, musing deep,

With knitted brows—up to his ears in
thought,

To guess, where in the deuce could brooms
be *bought*,

That any mortal man could sell so cheap.
When lo! as through the streets he slowly
passes,

A voice as clear as raven's, owl's, or ass's,
And just as musical, rung in his ears, like
thunder,

(Half-splitting his thick head, and wig
cramm'd full of wonder,)

With roaring out "*Cheap brooms!*" O'er-
joyed he meets

His *brother brush*, and thus the rascal
greeted:—

"How, how the devil, brother rogue, do I
Hear my old friends sing out a general cry
That I'm a knave? then growl like bears,
and tell me,

That you do more,

Than all the world could ever do before,
And, in this self-same broom trade under-
sell me.

I always thought *I* sold 'em *cheap enough*,
And well I might—for why? ('twixt you
and I,)

I own, *I now and then have stole the stuff.*"

"Ah!" (quoth his brother thief, a dog
far deeper)

"I see, my boy, you haven't half learnt your
trade,

I go a cheaper way to work than that."—

"*A cheaper?*"

"Why, ah—I *always* steals mine *ready
made.*"

A VISIT TO THE ASYLUM FOR AGED AND DECAYED PUNSTERS.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, M. D., an American physician and author, was born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809. In 1829 he graduated at Harvard College and entered upon the study of law, but soon adopted his father's profession—medicine. He studied in Europe, graduated as doctor of medicine in 1836, and two years after was appointed professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College; and in 1847 was transferred to the same chair at Harvard, the medical department of which is at Boston, where he has since resided. Dr. Holmes is not only a man of science, but a humorous and satirical poet of much ability. Several of his lyrics also are among the most exquisite produced in America. Most of his poems have been delivered before College literary societies, as *Poetry, a metrical Essay; Terpsichore; Urania; and Astraea*. In 1875 he contributed his *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, a connected series of prose essays, to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which was followed by *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, and the *Poet at the Breakfast Table* (1872). A remarkable work is the singular romance, *Elsie Venner* (1861). Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.]

Having just returned from a visit to this admirable Institution in company with a friend who is one of the Directors, we propose giving a short account of what we saw and heard. The great success of the Asylum for Idiots and Feeble-minded Youth, several of the scholars from which

have reached considerable distinction, one of them being connected with a leading daily paper in this city, and others having served in the State and National legislatures, was the motive which led to the foundation of this excellent charity. Our late distinguished townsman, Noah Dow, Esquire, as is well known, bequeathed a large portion of his fortune to this establishment,—“being thereto moved,” as his will expressed it, “by the desire of *N. Dow*ing some publick Institution for the benefit of Mankind.” Being consulted as to the rules of the institution and the selection of a superintendent, he replied, that “all boards must construct their own platforms of operation. Let them select *anyhow* and he should be pleased.” N. E. Howe, Esq., was chosen in compliance with this delicate suggestion.

The charter provides for the support of “One hundred aged and decayed Gentlemen-Punsters.” On inquiry if there was no provision for *females*, my friend called my attention to this remarkable psychological fact, namely: THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A FEMALE PUNSTER.

This remark struck me forcibly, and on reflection I found that *I never knew nor heard of one*, though I have once or twice heard a woman make a *single detached* pun, as I have known a hen to crow.

On arriving at the south gate of the Asylum grounds, I was about to ring, but my friend held my arm and begged me to rap with my stick, which I did. An old man with a very comical face presently opened the gate and put out his head.

“So you prefer *Cane* to *A bell*, do you?” he said,—and began chuckling and coughing at a great rate.

My friend winked at me.

“You’re here still, Old Joe, I see,” he said to the old man.

“Yes, yes,—and it’s very odd, considering how often I’ve *bolled* nights.”

He then threw open the double gates for us to ride through.

“Now,” said the old man, as he pulled the gates after us, “you’ve had a long journey.”

“Why, how is that, Old Joe?” said my friend.

“Don’t you see?” he answered; “there’s the *East hinges* on one side of the gate, and there’s the *West hinges* on t’ other side,—haw! haw! haw!”

We had no sooner got into the yard

than a feeble little gentleman, with a remarkably bright eye, came up to us, looking very seriously, as if something had happened.

“The town has entered a complaint against the Asylum as a gambling establishment,” he said to my friend, the Director.

“What do you mean?” said my friend.

“Why, they complain that there’s a *lot o’ rye* on the premises,” he answered, pointing to a field of that grain,—and hobbled away, his shoulders shaking with laughter, as he went.

On entering the main building, we saw the Rules and Regulations for the Asylum conspicuously posted up. I made a few extracts which may be interesting.

SECT. I. OF VERBAL EXERCISES.

5. Each Inmate shall be permitted to make Puns freely from eight in the morning until ten at night, except during Service in the Chapel and Grace before Meals.

6. At ten o’clock the gas will be turned off, and no further Puns, Conundrums, or other play on words, will be allowed to be uttered, or to be uttered aloud.

9. Inmates who have lost their faculties and cannot any longer make Puns shall be permitted to repeat such as may be selected for them by the Chaplain out of the work of Mr. *Joseph Miller*.

10. Violent and unmanageable Punsters, who interrupt others when engaged in conversation, with Puns or attempts at the same, shall be deprived of their *Joseph Millers*, and, if necessary, placed in solitary confinement.

SECT. III. OF DEPORTMENT AT MEALS.

4. No Inmate shall make any Pun, or attempt at the same, until the Blessing has been asked and the company are decently seated.

7. Certain Puns having been placed on the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Institution, no Inmate shall be allowed to utter them, on pain of being debarred the perusal of *Punch* and *Vanity Fair*, and, if repeated, deprived of his *Joseph Miller*.

Among these are the following:—

Allusions to *Attic salt*, when asked to pass the salt-cellar.

Remarks on the Inmates being *mustered*, etc., etc.

Associating baked beans with the benefactors of the Institution.

Saying that beef-eating is *befitting*, etc., etc.

The following are also prohibited, excepting to such Inmates as may have lost their faculties and cannot any longer make Puns of their own:—

“—your own *hair* or a wig;” “it will be *long enough*,” etc., etc.; “little of its age,” etc., etc.;—also, playing upon the following words: *hospital*; *mayor*; *pun*; *pitied*; *bread*; *sauce*, etc., etc., etc. See INDEX EXPURGATORIUS, printed for use of Inmates.

The subjoined Conundrum is not allowed:—Why is Hasty Pudding like the Prince? Because it comes attended by its *sweet*;—nor this variation to it, *to wit*: Because the *lasses runs after it*.

The Superintendent, who went round with us, had been a noted punster in his time, and well known in the business-world, but lost his customers by making too free with their names,—as in the famous story he set afloat in '29 of *four Jerries* attaching to the names of a noted Judge, an eminent Lawyer, the Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, and the well-known Landlord at Springfield. One of the *four Jerries*, he added, was of gigantic magnitude. The play on words was brought out by an accidental remark of Solomons, the well-known Banker. “*Capital Punishment!*” the Jew was overheard saying, with reference to the guilty parties. He was understood as saying, *A capital pun is meant*, which led to an investigation and the relief of the greatly excited public mind.

The Superintendent showed some of his old tendencies, as he went round with us.

“Do you know”—he broke out all at once—“why they don’t take steppes in Tartary for establishing Insane Hospitals?”

We both confessed ignorance.

“Because there are *nomad* people to be found there,” he said, with a dignified smile.

He proceeded to introduce us to different Inmates. The first was a middle-aged, scholarly man, who was seated at a table with a Webster’s Dictionary and a sheet of paper before him.

“Well, what luck to-day, Mr. Mowzer?”

“Three or four only,” said Mr. Mowzer.

“Will you hear ‘em now,—now I’m here?”

We all nodded.

“Don’t you see Webster *ers* in the words center and theater?”

“If he spells leather *lether*, and feather *fether*, isn’t there danger that he’ll give us a *bad spell of weather*?”

“Besides, Webster is a resurrectionist; he does not allow *u* to rest quietly in the *mould*.”

“And again, because Mr. Worcester inserts an illustration in his text, is that any reason why Mr. Webster’s publishers should hitch one on in their appendix? It’s what I call a *Connect-a-cut* trick.

“Why is his way of spelling like the floor of an oven? Because it is *under bread*.”

“Mowzer!” said the Superintendent, —“that word is on the Index!”

“I forgot,” said Mr. Mowzer; “please don’t deprive me of *Vanity Fair*, this one time, Sir.

“These are all, this morning. Good day, Gentlemen.” Then to the Superintendent,—“Add you, Sir!”

The next Inmate was a semi-idiotic looking old man. He had a heap of block-letters before him, and, as we came up, he pointed, without saying a word, to the arrangements he had made with them on the table. They were evidently anagrams, and had the merit of transposing the letters of the words employed without addition or subtraction. Here are a few of them:—

TIMES	SMITE!
POST	STOP!
TRIBUNE	TRUE NIB.
WORLD	DR. OWL.
ADVERTISER . . .	{ RES VERI DAT.
	{ IS TRUE! READ!

ALLOPATHY ALL O’ TH’ PAY.
HOMŒOPATHY . O, THE—! O! O, MY! PAH!

The mention of several New York papers led to two or three questions. Thus: Whether the Editor of the *Tribune* was *H. G. really*? If the complexion of his politics were not accounted for by his being an *eager* person himself? Whether Wendell *Fillips* were not a reduced copy of John *Knocks*? Whether a New York *Fouilletoniste* is not the same thing as a *Fellow down East*?

At this time a plausible-looking, bald-headed man joined us, evidently waiting to take a part in the conversation.

“Good morning, Mr. Riggles,” said the Superintendent. “Anything fresh this morning? Any Conundrum?”

"I haven't looked at the cattle," he answered dryly.

"Cattle? Why cattle?"

"Why, to see if there's any *corn under 'em!*" he said; and immediately asked, "Why is Douglas like the earth?"

We tried, but couldn't guess.

"Because he was *flattened out at the polls!*" said Mr. Riggles.

"A famous politician, formerly," said the Superintendent. "His grandfather was a *seize-Hessian-ist* in the Revolutionary War. By the way, I hear the *freeze-oil* doctrines don't go down at New Bedford."

"The next Inmate looked as if he might have been a sailor formerly.

"Ask him what his calling was," said the Superintendent.

"Followed the sea," he replied to the question put by one of us. "Went as mate in a fishing schooner."

"Why did you give it up?"

"Because I didn't like working for *two mast-ers*," he replied.

Presently we came upon a group of elderly persons, gathered about a venerable gentleman with flowing locks, who was propounding questions to a row of Inmates.

"Can any Inmate give me a motto for M. Berger?" he said.

Nobody responded for two or three minutes. At last one old man, whom I at once recognized as a Graduate of our University (Anno 1800), held up his hand.

"Rem a *cue tetigit*."

"Go to the head of the Class, Josselyn," said the venerable Patriarch.

The successful Inmate did as he was told, but in a very rough way, pushing against two or three of the Class.

"How is this?" said the Patriarch.

"You told me to go up *jostlin'*," he replied.

The old gentlemen who had been shoved about enjoyed the Pun too much to be angry.

Presently the Patriarch asked again,—

"Why was M. Berger authorized to go to the dances given to the Prince?"

The Class had to give up this, and he answered it himself:—

"Because every one of his carroms was a *tick-it to the ball*."

"Who collects the money to defray the expenses of the last campaign in Italy?" asked the Patriarch.

Here again the Class failed.

"The war-cloud's rolling *Dun*," he answered.

"And what is mulled wine made with?"

Three or four voices exclaimed at once, "*Sizzle-y Madeira!*"

Here a servant entered, and said, "Luncheon-time." The old gentlemen, who have excellent appetites, dispersed at once, one of them politely asking us if we would not stop and have a bit of bread and a little mite of cheese.

"There is one thing I have forgotten to show you," said the Superintendent,— "the cell for the confinement of violent and unmanageable Punsters."

We were very curious to see it, particularly with reference to the alleged absence of every object upon which a play of words could possibly be made.

The Superintendent led us up some dark stairs to a corridor, then along a narrow passage, then down a broad flight of steps into another passage-way, and opened a large door which looked out on the main entrance.

"We have not seen the cell for the confinement of 'violent and unmanageable' Punsters," we both exclaimed.

"This is the *sell!*" he exclaimed, pointing to the outside prospect.

My friend, the Director, looked me in the face so good-naturedly that I had to laugh.

"We like to humor the Inmates," he said. "It has a bad effect, we find, on their health and spirits to disappoint them of their little pleasantries. Some of the jests to which we have listened are not new to me, though I dare say you may not have heard them often before. The same thing happens in general society, with this additional disadvantage, that there is no punishment provided for 'violent and unmanageable' Punsters, as in our institution."

We made our bow to the Superintendent and walked to the place where our carriage was waiting for us. On our way, an exceedingly decrepit old man moved slowly towards us, with a perfectly blank look on his face, but still appearing as if he wished to speak.

"Look!" said the Director,— "that is our Centenarian."

The ancient man crawled towards us, cocked one eye, with which he seemed to see a little, up at us, and said,—

"Sarvant, young Gentlemen. Why is a—a—a—like a—a—a—? Give it up? Because it's a—a—a—a—."

He smiled a pleasant smile, as if it were all plain enough.

"One hundred and seven last Christmas," said the Director. "He lost his answers about the age of ninety-eight. Of late years he puts his whole Conundrums in blank,—but they please him just as well."

We took our departure, much gratified and instructed by our visit, hoping to have some future opportunity of inspecting the records of this excellent charity and making extracts for the benefit of our readers.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

TOM TURNER.

AN EPIC BALLAD.

A fisherman was Tom by trade;
He slept on briny planks;
And though not rich, he often made
A run upon the banks.

On fish he lived from day to day—
Fish caught by his own hand;
And when he did not land his prey,
He did not praise the land.

When he had seen a shoal of shad,
Their struggles were in vain;
The fish might hop around like mad,
And soon they were in-seine.

He led a happy life: content,
He never thought to roam;
And every day he fishing went,
And brought his net gains home.

Tom loved a girl, so tall and slim,
The fairest in the town;
But Sal would not take up with him,
So he was taken down.

By passion's power now racked and worn,
He called on Sal, a swain forlorn,
Led on by Love's suggestion.
He found that she was popping corn,
And so he popped the question.

She was the sweetest girl in town,
And playful as a kitten;

For her Tom threw the gauntlet down,
And she gave him the mitten.

Then Tom was mad! He kicked a lad!
His heart was sad! His head was bad!
His language was still badder!
And he who once had lived on shad
Soon faded to a shadder.

To be a man he vowed to try;
He left that town of woe;
He went out West to do or die;
He met an Indian six feet high—
Of course it was not Lo!

The Indian saw the Yankee small;
The Yankee saw the Sioux:
At once they knew that one must fall,
At once they both fell to.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S COURTSHIP.

(Illustration).

SIR Isaac, we are told, was once persuaded by his friends to entertain some thoughts of marriage, and a suitable young lady was selected by them.

Though considerably engaged with celestial bodies at the time, he liked the terrestrial luminary very well, but, in the honest way of courtship, he informed the girl that he had many odd habits.

Complaisant and good-natured, as most young ladies are under the circumstances, the fair one promised to be indulgent; and so pleased was Sir Isaac with her kind-heartedness, that he resorted to his favourite pipe immediately. Enjoying it whiff after whiff, he entered into conversation with his sweet partner, held her hand in his, squeezing it occasionally as a lover ought. At length he sank into one of his abstracted reveries, and whether he was thinking of the apple and its fall, of squaring the circle, or of what else, never has been determined, but his pipe becoming dull, he, in the absence of his mind, unwittingly raised the yielding damsel's hand towards it and used her little finger as a tobacco-stopper. Her screams aroused him, and looking innocently in her face, the philosopher exclaimed, "Ah, my dear madam, I beg your pardon! I see it won't do! I see, I see that I am doomed to remain a bachelor."



George Cruikshank

Sir Isaac Newton's Courtship.

THE STORY OF MY LEGAL EXAMINATION AND MY AUNT'S POLICE CASE.

[FRANCIS COWLEY BURNAND was born in London in 1837, and educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, was called to the bar in 1862. Burnand has, since the death of Shirley Brooks in 1874, been the editor of *Punch*. Mr. Burnand became known to the public as the author of "Happy Thoughts," about 1868, and is to-day one of England's most popular Humorists. He is the author of about a hundred dramatic pieces. The burlesque of Douglas Jerrold's "Black-Eyed Susan" achieved a "run" of 400 consecutive nights at the Royal Theatre, Dean Street, Soho, London. We give one of his more recent books.]

My Aunt paid a Conveyancer a hundred pounds to teach me all he knew, or, at all events, so much of his knowledge as he could spare, without inconvenience to himself.

The implicit confidence reposed in me, subsequently, by my Aunt, seems to render a sort of Apologia necessary, in order to "show cause" *why* my legal knowledge was never of any great service either to her or myself.

On reviewing the commencement of my career, I find that we were all three mistaken in our views of the future. By all three, I mean, my Aunt, my Uncle (her brother), and their Nephew, myself. One mistake I made at a very early period, namely, at Camford, where I astonished my uncle by being unable to point out my name to him in the Honour List of the Little-Go examination. However, I proved to him, that it was only owing to my having taken up a line of study totally different from that expected by the Examiners, that I had been, to speak technically, "plucked."

I had disdained to attempt the ordinary line, and, therefore, I neither came out with honours, nor without them. In short, I didn't come out at all, except out of the Senate House before the examination had concluded.

After this mistake, I thought that the best thing I could do, to prevent a recurrence of that accident, was to go away and read. I chose Brown of Corpus for my tutor, or "coach," as the word is, and of course discovered afterwards that I ought to have gone to Smith of Sidney. I had a narrow squeak of it with Brown,

who had invented a favourite formula for polishing off the most difficult equations. It was apparently so easy that I left it to the last, and then found that any attempt at *memoria technica* was utterly unsuited to my peculiar faculties.

When the time for my degree came, I went in for mathematical honours, and came out in the "*Pol.*" However, I was able to write B. A., at the end of my name, which I dare say I *have* done once or twice since, to see how it looked, but without any definite object.

The last examination I found myself obliged to undergo was for the law. It had been determined by my uncle and a couple of aunts, that as two of my cousins were in the army, another in the navy (always going to join his ship, and perpetually being somewhere else on leave, as far as I could make out), a fourth in the City at Lloyd's (where he is always ready for luncheon with a friend) and a fifth in Liverpool, where he is making a colossal fortune out of something which requires him to be for the greater part of his time at the London club—it was decided, I say, by them, that I should become a banker.

[I made a mistake in mentioning my law examination first; there's the banking to come.]

The question was put to me, would I like to go into Buller, Fobbes and Grumbury's Bank? I said I thought I should: my notion of my employment at Buller, Fobbes and Grumbury's being that I should stand behind a counter with a copper coal shovel, and dabble in sovereigns. Everyone said that I was a lucky fellow, and would be a partner with Buller, Fobbes and Grumbury, or, Buller deceased and only Fobbes and Grumbury left, I should succeed to Grumbury's vacant place, or Grumbury being gone, I should come into Fobbes' place, or both defunct, I should be all alone as Myself, late Buller, Fobbes and Grumbury. There was the opening, said my uncle, encouraging me as if I were a ferret going in to work my way up, and hunt out poor old Fobbes and Grumbury.

In I went. The partners were very particular about their clerks being at the office at nine, and not leaving until the last figure had been scored, and all work done, which often didn't happen till half-past five. At midday I would rush over

to my cousin at Lloyd's, who could always spare an hour to my five minutes, and ask him to give me luncheon. I have come to the conclusion that turtle-soup and punch is not the best thing to take in the middle of the day, if you want to add up accounts. Birch's punch is A 1, and soon became A 2, and A 3. I believe my cousin went back ready to write risks for fabulous sums to the coast of the undiscovered islands, if anyone had suggested such speculations then. For myself, after one of these midday repasts, I nodded to Buller, smiled on Fobbes through the glass door, and winked at Grumbury when he came out to know whose eye it was: and on my tenth day in the bank I went wrong to the extent of thirty-thousand pounds in my account. I forget now how it was that I had to enter it, or what took me into the cashier's department: probably Birch's punch did it. At all events the cashier's clerks, with Fobbes and Grumbury into the bargain, were all kept at the bank long after office hours, utterly unable to make out where the money was lost, and I have a sort of notion that in consequence of this little error of mine, something "went up" that ought to have gone down, and something "went down," that ought to have gone up, and the Stock Exchange was, somehow, visibly affected.

I was cautioned, and went on for more than a week at this sort of drudgery (for drudgery it was to a B.A.), when my cousin at Lloyd's suddenly discovered a wonderful beverage concocted by the head waiter of the Marine Insurance establishment. There was plenty of ice in it, I know that, and you sucked it through a straw, like sherry cobbler: it wasn't sherry cobbler, and it wasn't any other cobbler; but it was one of those drinks that you go on sipping and wondering what it is, and how it's made, and whether half-a-glass more would hurt you, and finally decide that there isn't a headache in half a hogshead of it. I did all this, without arriving at the half hogshead point, and the half-glass more *did* hurt me. I have been since informed that I offered to fight one of the customers, who, I pointed out, had insulted me, across the counter, and whose proffered cheque I scorned. Fobbes and Grumbury agreed to look over this (Grumbury was somewhat obstinate, in Buller's absence

from town), and I remained in the bank; but I avoided luncheons. My evenings in town were given up to relaxation, and my mornings I, with difficulty, devoted to Buller, Fobbes and Grumbury. In fact, I may say, that, after a time, finding refreshing sleep at night incompatible with going to bed late and getting to Grumbury's at nine A.M., I devoted my evenings to the serious work of amusement, and the day time to refreshing myself with as much sleep as I could get at my desk behind the counter at Fobbes and Grumbury's.

Summer and cricket came; once I stayed away with leave and missed the train: another time I stayed away, without leave, and missed two trains. Buller frowned, Fobbes shook his head, and Grumbury observed, "It wouldn't do." Fobbes told me that "when he was a young man, he came into the City with a crust, and had to work for his daily bread. *He* had no cricket or amusements." I didn't know if this was meant for an argument; if it was, I had nothing to say. I pitied poor Fobbes. Grumbury chimed in that "*he* had been *made* to work; had not known what it was to have a holiday for years," which (I am sorry to say it of Grumbury), was not the strict truth, as he never came to the bank on Saturdays and had stopped away on Mondays and Wednesdays (having a country farm) for the last twenty years. Buller only sighed. But all three partners thought I had made a mistake in coming into the bank, and so I retired, leaving the victory in the hands of Buller, Fobbes and Grumbury.

"Now," said my uncle, who was very angry at the partnership prospect being obliterated: "You *must* do something."

We were at dessert at the time, and being thus addressed, I began peeling an apple: not because I wanted it, but to convey an idea that I had no wish to be idle.

"The Army?" said I, inquiringly.

"You're too old," was my uncle's reply; surlily.

I murmured vaguely, "the Mounted Rifles," having some indistinct notion that you could enter this corps (if such an one existed, of which I had my secret doubts) up to any age: perhaps be a raw recruit at seventy.

"Mounted Fiddlesticks!" said my uncle, who thought I was treating the sub-

ject with levity, and did not want to be, as he expressed it, "kicking my heels about at home."

I couldn't help laughing at his saying "Mounted Fiddlesticks," whereupon he begged me not to play the fool at *his* table, whatever I might do at Fobbes and Grumbury's. From which you may gather that my uncle did not possess the best of tempers: he was also, as you may have seen from his view of the future partnership at Fobbes's, a very sanguine man.

"The law?" I suggested experimentally.

"Yes," said he superciliously, "that's all very well: but what do you mean by the Law?"

I did not know *what* I meant, having indeed spoken at haphazard: but I had a general idea of a long wig, bands, a gown, and being a judge, somehow. I was silent.

"The Bar," asked my uncle, "or a solicitor?"

Never having considered this before, I thought the dutiful course would be to refer it to him. He chose the Bar. The prospect he held out was a brilliant one. "Make a speech," said he, rising with the occasion, for he was of a sanguine temperament. "Everyone says 'clever, very clever: who is he?'" Then they all want to know you. Some question arises, of importance; you make another speech. Judges immediately point you out as the man; then you get into the House, make a hit there, your fortune's made, and you're Lord Chancellor—the highest dignity in the kingdom."

As he had evidently made up his mind as to my future position, I could only try to see it in the same light, and reply, "Yes," though I felt that unless there should be a great change in the British Constitution, some considerable time might elapse before he would see *me* on the woolsack. This, however, I kept to myself, and admitted to my uncle that my elevation to the chancellorship was not such a *very* improbable thing after all. He then began to tell me stories of chancellors who had begun life by sweeping out offices, or as errand-boys, or by holding horses, until I secretly regretted not having chosen the sweeping profession as the true road to legal preferment.

Being upon the subject, he pointed to

the example of Lord Chancellor Somebody, who was at the bar for ten years without getting a brief, and was one day about to throw up the profession in disgust, and enlist, when a brief came, he spoke splendidly, and his fortune was made. I realised myself in that portion of the history where he hadn't any business; but this I kept to myself.

It was decided that I should go to the bar. The entrance being obtained by either passing an examination, or attending a course of lectures, I chose the latter, having lost confidence in myself from experience in the former method. I had nearly completed the appointed number, when I made a mistake in the day. This I explained to the lecturer, and it was overlooked. But in the following week for the first time I mistook the hour, and arrived when the door was shut, the last lecture given, and the Professor gone into the country for his vacation.

A friend said "Oh, go in for the Exam. Easy as possible."

I suggested that there were legal difficulties which would pose me. His answer was confidently, "Not a bit. All law is founded upon the principles of common sense. Reduce any apparent legal difficulty to first principles, and there you are." (I subsequently tried this; and certainly there I was, but didn't get any farther.) "But technical terms one must get up," I objected. He was quite indignant.

"Technical terms," he replied, "can be mastered in a week's reading."

His theory was that hardly any lawyers know anything of law: that the men who get on best know the least; which is, to the beginner, encouraging as a theory, but fails when reduced to practice, or, more strictly speaking, when you, as a barrister, are reduced to *no* practice. However, what man dared I dared, and in I went. I read my paper through carefully: it didn't seem to contain much law that I was acquainted with; but remembering my friend's advice about "first principles" and "common sense," I settled down to one question. It was this:

"Why is notice of a prior incumbrance, &c., which ought to be, but is not, registered in a County Registry, effectual to observe priority?"

I tried to reduce this to principles of

common sense. After much thought, it struck me that perhaps if I commenced the answer on paper it would come right of itself somehow. So I began slowly on a large sheet and with a big B up in one corner, "Because——"—yes, exactly, *because why?* It looked like the answer to a riddle. I glanced round at my neighbours; they were all scribbling away at various rates, heads down, well at their work. The examiner had his eye on me, so I made a feint to be thinking deeply, and scratched out "Because," slowly, and then wrote it again, in a different character, on another sheet of paper. After a few minutes I found that I had only been sketching fancy portraits of little examiners with big heads all about the page, with an occasional reminiscence of the lineaments of Buller, Fobbes & Grumbury. This I felt wouldn't pass me, so I made a bold jump to number seven, in consequence of recognising the word "mortgage."

"No. VII.—Why is a person taking a mortgage of property and knowing that it was subject to an equitable mortgage, postponed to the latter?"

It was necessary to write something, so I commenced by saying that "By the word mortgage we must understand——" this I scratched out, and on reconsideration began again thus:—"To enter into this subject as fully as it deserves, we must reduce the technical question to the first principles of common sense." There I stopped. It was no good. An attempt to hit off an original definition of "Constructive Fraud" was also, I have reason to believe, a failure.

As an example of Constructive Fraud I ventured upon the instance of a builder who had undertaken to erect an habitable and solid house and who had "scamped" his work. I have since ascertained that this is not what the examiners meant by "Constructive Fraud."

A short-pointed question, evidently framed by a brisk examiner, caught my eye. "No. X.—What is Replevin?" I did not like to reply on paper that it was made up of the words "*Re*" and "*plevin*," which was the only answer that suggested itself to me after looking at it for five minutes; so I put this on one side, and, like a Mazeppa among the examination questions, again I urged on my wild career.

Page 3. On the second paper: Criminal Law. "If a prisoner has received judgment, and the sentence be afterwards reversed by a Court of Error, can he be again indicted for the same offence?"

Here I was at home at last. "No," I wrote boldly. "He could not be indicted for the same offence, because,"—now came an opportunity for a specimen of my *style*; the examiners could judge from this what an acquisition I should be to the bar as an advocate,—"because it is the glorious privilege of a native Englishman, of one whose birthright is to call himself free and never to know slavery,"—this was, I felt, a too evident paraphrase on the chorus of "Rule Britannia;" but it looked well, and would succeed admirably if declaimed,—"to be charged only once with the same offence; and being convicted, or unconvicted, it mattered not, he could never, never,"—"Rule Britannia" again: I ought to have given my attention to maritime law—"be again placed at the bar before twelve of his fellow-countrymen, ready to take his stand for the offence once committed, and"—here I felt I was getting weak, and might lapse into unconscious verbiage, so pulled up with—"in fact it was totally against the principles of English law, and English common sense, on which *all* law was founded,"—this came in well,—"to try a man twice for only one offence." After this effort I paused. What was the next question? The next was a pendant to the former, and ran thus:—

"Give the reason for your answer."

This took me aback. It involved reading my answer over again. I could see no reason for it. The more I thought of it the less reason I could see. In fact the whole case came gradually to assume a totally different complexion. Why shouldn't a man be tried twice if he deserved it, or could be caught again? "Caught again!" That suggested a new train of thought. Perhaps the question turned upon this supposition. Yet, if so, it was absurdly like the receipt attributed to Glasse in her cookery book, of "First catch your hare," and I couldn't very well write *that* down, as it might look like impertinence towards the examiner or benchers, or whoever they were who had to read these papers. "Give the reason for your answer," No, I could not see any. There was no reason for it, except

that I "didn't know any other." I'd leave it, and pretend I hadn't seen it.

Here was a simple one, almost pretty in its simplicity, "What constitutes the crime of larceny?"

"Taking a pocket-handkerchief," was the first answer that arose to my lips. But why only a pocket-handkerchief? That wouldn't do. "To take *anything*." That sounded like an invitation to luncheon—Would I take anything? 'Pon my word, I say to myself, one ought to know what larceny is. It was mere quibbling to say it was theft. No. The *viva voce* portion commenced.

"Could I," I was asked, "state some cases in which an indictment would lie for words spoken?"

Could I? No, I couldn't, but I would try. "An indictment would lie," I began, sticking closely to the form of the question, "for words spoken when"—here I considered. The examiner waited. *He* didn't suggest anything, so I began again—"words spoken,—that is,—in words spoken, an indictment would lie"—a sudden inspiration. I had mistaken the sense of the word *lie*. I had it, and finished brilliantly, "An indictment, in fact, would *lie*, if it said, for instance, that such and such words"—I lengthened it out on purpose to give a legal tone to my explanation—"said to have been spoken had *not* been spoken." The examiner looked up and asked me if I had understood his question. On my replying perfectly, he thanked me, and told me I might go. He had had enough of me. But I was beginning to take rather a fancy to him. I should have liked to have engaged him in general conversation. We should have understood one another then. He made a note of my name, and it was intimated to me the next morning that further attendance on my part in Lincoln's Inn Hall would, for the present, be dispensed with.

I subsequently ascertained that, in addition to giving this inspired answer, I had sent up my papers with my only answer mixed by mistake with two sheets full of grotesque examiners, admirably drawn by me with large heads and little legs. This was my mistake at Lincoln's Inn. Subsequently I completed my attendance on the lectures and at the dinners, was called to the bar, sat down by mistake (on that occasion) next to one of

the judges of the land at the benchers' table, and was politely removed by the butler.

After this I went to a conveyancer's. . . with what advantage to myself and my Aunt will be shown in the following history of

MY AUNT'S GREAT POLICE CASE.

MY AUNT'S GREAT POLICE CASE.

CHAPTER I.

HER LEGACY—ITS DUTIES—COMPLICATIONS—MY LEGAL TRAINING—THE CONVEYANCER'S CHAMBERS—MY AUNT'S HUNDRED—HER RECENT IMPROVEMENT—A VISIT—A CONSULTATION—PUTTING UP—RESULT—THE CABMAN—DIFFICULTIES—RESCUE—NIGHT AND MORNING—AN INTERVAL—SECOND APPEARANCE OF MY AUNT—STARTLING INTELLIGENCE.

My Aunt had something left her by Somebody. She was under the impression that she had only to mention the fact to another Somebody somewhere in the City, and she would get it.

On making the application to this Somebody in the City, who turned out to be a Company, and Limited, she was informed that she couldn't get her money for at least three months. Whereupon she sent to her banker, and informed *him* that she couldn't have the money for three months. At the end of three months she wrote to the banker, who wrote to the Company Limited, and the Company Limited, in the politest manner possible, wrote to *him*, and asked for the necessary papers.

Then the banker referred the question to my Aunt. "Goodness!" said my Aunt, who began to see difficulties, "Do they take me for a swindler?"

It then struck her that the Limited was pretending to forget her claim; so she found the papers. Having sent these to her banker, and her banker having forwarded them to the Company Limited, the politest possible message was returned, to the effect, that, though the papers were perfectly satisfactory *as far as they went* ("Do they think I'm a forger?" exclaimed my Aunt indignantly), yet it was *absolutely necessary* that she should take out Letters of Administration.

"Now, what Letters of Administration

are, or how you take them out, or where you take them out to, I know no more," said my Aunt, helplessly, "than the Man in the Moon."

Hitherto my Aunt had always received her dividends regularly, had not entered into investments, nor into speculations, and had never been an Administratrix. Being suddenly placed in this position, the ordinary calm of her life seemed to have vanished.

On receiving this fresh advice from the City concerning the Letters of Administration, she thought over the matter all the morning, made nothing of it, came to a decision, and telling her maid (she now lives in lodgings with Doddridge) to get a cab, she drove down to see me.

I am her resort in difficulties. She is under the impression that, because I happen to have been called to the Bar, and to have "read" in a Conveyancer's chambers, I must be thoroughly acquainted with the Law, and, as a relation, will give her good sound advice, thus obviating a consultation with a solicitor, which she associates, indistinctly and generally, with the Police Courts, Old Bailey, and witness boxes.

"I don't want to have anything to do with Law, my dear," my Aunt says to me. "But I don't mind coming to *you*," which, seeing that I am a barrister, is scarcely complimentary to my legal knowledge. Perhaps she little knows,—in fact I am sure she little knows what a very small amount of Law I managed to bring away from the Temple Lecture rooms and Lincoln's Inn Hall, in exchange for regular payments for dinners (which, after the first few indispensable ones, I never ate), attendance on Lecturers (where I had made some very pleasant acquaintances, and got through a deal of light literature), a wig, a gown (sold afterwards, at a loss, to a friend), some law books, enormous precedent books (which subsequently became account-books, scrap-books, odds-and-ends books), and a hundred pounds to a Conveyancing Barrister for the privilege of having a place to sit in, when I visited Lincoln's Inn, in the company of four pleasant young gentlemen of more or less studious habits, but with very clear ideas on the subject of luncheon at one o'clock daily.

If that Conveyancer had ever called me into his room, and in a fit of remorse had

said, "You paid a hundred pounds to learn something; you have learnt nothing. Here is your hundred pounds," I should have looked upon him as a man doing nothing more than his duty. By what legal quibble he ever justified himself, to himself, for keeping my money is a puzzle to me. But I suppose he went by precedent, that being his rule in all possible cases.

So my Aunt (who, by the way, is the real sufferer in this case, as it was *her* hundred pounds) comes to me on every occasion when she requires legal advice, taking this as a sort of interest for her money invested. She has lately become less nervous than when we were together at Ramsgate, and her tears no longer flow upon the slightest provocation. She is in appearance less of the Lady Abbess than formerly, and exhibits, except in this particular instance, more self-reliance. From which I gather that something has happened; but as to what that something is, I am profoundly ignorant. It can't be (at least I should imagine it impossible that she has been on the verge of bankruptcy, and that this Legacy has saved her. One of these days, perhaps, she will admit me to her confidence.

She drives down in a Hansom cab ("Four-wheelers and Fevers begin with F," she says—from which it may be inferred that my Aunt has become quite sprightly) to my retired cottage, about ten miles out of town, and the driver "puts up" during the consultation.

The consultation lasts for four hours, including the dinner hour, and the result is that "she must consult a solicitor."

The consultation (with me) consists of her showing me the banker's letters, the Company's replies, her letters, then her written suspicions of the Company, then her explanations as to her fear that the banker wasn't taking much trouble about the matter, then of her anxiety lest some other claimant, some other Administrator, might step in (this was her great dread), and claim the whole sum, whatever it was. "In which case," she continues, "you know there would be law proceedings; and," she adds, with some amount of family pride, and with a view to the interest on the aforesaid Conveyancer's hundred pounds, "*you* could appear for me." We then get out a Law Dictionary (date 1720), and she is much impressed

by an article headed "Administrators," extracts from which she takes to be the part of the results of my vast legal erudition, and consequently as so much interest on her capital to which she is entitled.

The consultation being finished, the cab is sent for.

The process of "putting up" for several hours has had a considerable effect on the driver, who, on being asked if he recollects the address he had driven from in the afternoon (it is now past ten at night), replies, hazily, "Rightchar," meaning, it is supposed, "Right you are;" adding an exhortation to my Aunt to "Step up, will yer?"

"That man is drunk," I say, judicially, to the servant. The servant is uncertain. A friend stopping with me agrees with me, but is inclined to give him a chance. My Aunt doesn't believe in his inebriety, but proposes some theory about the night-air and the uncertain light. The man himself denies the imputation warmly.

Not wishing for a row (which means, in a general way, "having my head punched") I assist my Aunt into the cab.

We wish her good-bye, but wait to see the start.

This is difficult, owing to the driver being unsettled in his mind as to where the road lies. First he pulls the reins so as to back the cab against the palings; then (still explaining to us from his perch that he was only "trying to take the best turning") he pulls the horse round with the right rein, which resulting in no progress at all, he changes for the left.

Upon this, we beseech my Aunt to get out, the man being, unquestionably, drunk.

The driver, hearing this, vehemently contradicts us, and attempts to explain that the horse couldn't go on straight because the reins were twisted.

"Untwist them then, you idiot," says my friend. I wish at the moment he wouldn't call the man names, or if he does that he wouldn't stand safely inside our gate and do it, where the man couldn't see him, and would think the voice came from me. The driver, however, doesn't notice this; but descends from his seat (a dangerous and perfectly unnecessary operation), in order to adopt my friend's advice and untwist the reins.

All he does is to tug at the horse's head and swear a little, which probably re-

lieves his brain considerably, as he is able to climb up again, after not more than three false slips. Again on his box, his pulling at the unfortunate animal's head becomes more violent, when, seeing him about to back into the ditch, we rush towards the cab and receive my Aunt in our arms, anyhow, like a parcel out of a van at a luggage office.

Then we shut the gate on the man, and leave him. He rings the bell at intervals for an hour afterwards; but, attracting no attention, he, it is supposed, drives off. How far he got, or if he ever reached London at all that night, is to this day a matter of great uncertainty. My Aunt has the spare room, and next morning goes to her solicitor.

* * * * *

Some days afterwards she comes down again, this time in a fly.

"Letters of Administration?" I ask.

"No, my dear!" she cries, in an almost fainting state, "*I'm summoned!*"

"Summoned!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she replies, "to a Police Court. *That Cabman!* To-morrow I shall be a prisoner. Tell me what they can do to me."

CHAPTER II.

PROSECUTOR.—PRISONER.—DEFENDANT.
QUESTIONS OF CRIMINAL LAW.—COMFORT.
—A POSER.—CHANGE OF CHARACTER.—
STRANGE.—MISS SOMEBODY.—CASE FOR
THE CHANCELLOR.—OR JURY.—QUESTION
OF COSTUME.—THE MARTYR.—TOUCHING
FAREWELL.—A DEMAIN.

I TOLD her that being "summoned" only meant that she was to attend at a police-court.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed my Aunt; "and be in the papers next day, with only my Christian name, and nothing before it! Besides," she added, as if seeing it in a totally new light, "one doesn't know what sort of account they'll give of it."

I informed her that there were twenty or thirty ordinary summons cases occurring every day which were never reported.

I don't think she liked this mode of summarily dismissing a matter of all-absorbing interest.

"Which am I," she asked, "the Prosecutor or the—the—what is it?—Prisoner?"

"No, not exactly Prisoner," I said. "She was," I explained, putting it as palatably as possible, "the Defendant."

This seemed to alter her opinion of the importance of the summons, as her next question was, "I suppose I must attend at the Court?"

It appeared that she had some idea of being represented by her maid. This, I informed her, was impossible.

"Perhaps, then, I'd better have a Barrister." I foresaw that she had in view, as usual, the interest for her hundred pounds paid to my legal tutor, the Conveyancer, and was firmly determined to resist any such proposal as that of *my going* into court on her account.

"Barristers, my dear Aunt, are not required in such a case as this."

"But," she argues, evidently considering my information as merely given evasively, and for a selfish consideration, "but some nice points of law might arise, you know; and then if I wasn't prepared, you know, the Cabman might win, merely on a quibble. Such things *do* happen," she added seriously, seeing me smile. "I'm sure you read of them every day in the papers, and goodness knows I don't want to argue the case myself, and perhaps be carried up to higher Courts, and go over it all again before a Lord Chancellor, merely for the sake of thirty shillings, for that's what he claims."

I assured her that her fears were perfectly groundless.

"Indeed!" she returned, triumphantly. "Then why do we read of Mr. Somebody, the Magistrate, reserving a point, and sending it up to a higher Court?"

I began an explanation of "why the Magistrate"—but, failing to make it intelligible, in consequence, I admit, of not myself distinctly knowing why he did anything of the sort, I fell back upon my old position, that this was one of those cases in which no point of law was likely to be raised.

My Aunt could not see this. This police case had given a new impetus to her placid existence; she had no time for tears, or hysterics, and, indeed, appeared to be so bitten with a sort of Law fever, that, had there been a chance offered her, she would, I believe, have then and there gone down to the first Police-Court, and requested to be heard, *ex parte*, on the

merits of her own personal and private view of the case.

"Ladies *do* conduct their own cases," she observed, with dignity; "because I know there's a Miss Somebody who's always coming up, over and over again, and speaking for years in the House of Lords; but I think," my Aunt added more to herself than to me, "that at the end of every four days she's generally put out of Court by the Usher."

This reminiscence came opportunely, as my Aunt had no fancy for figuring in such a scene as being "put out of Court" represented to *her* mind. Struggling with the Usher, and hitting him over the head with a blue bag, full of legal papers and red tape, was the least that could be done (so she evidently thought) in defence of her right, in the event of such an "ungentlemanly order being made by the Lord Chancellor."

"It will take place," she informed me, alluding to her case at the Police-Court, "to-morrow: and I'm to be there about twelve. Talking of 'twelve,' I suppose," she said, as if rather proud of her legal knowledge, "that I shall be able to object to the jury if I don't like them?"

Once more she was disappointed at hearing from me that at a Police-Court there was no jury. She had always thought that *all* trials were by jury. After a silence, during which she was considering this extraordinary defect in the British Constitution, she startled me by exclaiming, suddenly,—

"And no wigs?"

My shaking my head depressed her immensely; it brought home to her the fact of "no wigs" in the liveliest manner. She was getting more and more astonished at every revelation concerning the administration of justice.

"But,"—she asked, in a tone of remonstrance, as much as to say, "Come, this won't do, you know; I can't really believe you if you deny this"—"surely the Magistrate wears a wig?"

I really wished he did, for her sake. She looked so utterly aghast on my replying, "No, Aunt, he doesn't. No one wears a wig."

"No one?"

"No one."

"It's very extraordinary," she observed, in a musing tone, after a pause; "I always till now thought they wore wigs,

I fancy I've seen pictures of them in wigs."

Not finding me in a humour to question this effort of her imagination, she looked at her watch, and reminding me that I had to come and fetch her *punctually* at eleven ("so as to be in time, for one may have to push through a tremendous crush, and Doddridge is no sort of use in a crowd," she said), she walked down the garden, with the step of an early martyr going to the stake in the cause of Truth; and shaking my hand solemnly (still in the same sort of character as some historical personage bidding some other historical personage farewell the night before the execution) she entered her fly (driver quite sober this time), and drove off, viewing herself as Marie Antoinette taken to her doom, in a tumbrel, at the instance of a Revolutionary Cabman.

CHAPTER III.

TO-MORROW ARRIVES.—THE PALAIS DE JUSTICE.—THE CROWD.—FEARS.—INQUIRIES.—OFFICIALS.—UNFORTUNATE SIMILE.—A PROSPECT.—THE OFFICE.—THE CLERKS.—THE INSPECTOR.—MORE OFFICIALS.—INFORMATION.—UNCERTAINTY.—THE POLICE COURT.—INTERIOR.—SEATS.—THE RUM LADY.—CONFIDENCES.—INTERESTING CASE. OLD PURKISS.—THE ARRIVAL.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK. We drive up to the Police-Court, and get as near as we can to it; that is, the cab stops at the entrance of an alley, and down the alley, among a number of squalid dwellings and opposite a flaring public-house, is the Police-Court.

"It's a shame," exclaims my Aunt, "that they don't build finer places for Police-Courts!"

She would have had a Palace of Justice specially erected for this occasion.

We came upon a crowd of unwashed people herding about the entrance: women who have been having their eyes blacked with a few strong touches, a little blue being artistically thrown in, and dissipated, unshaven ruffians lounging against the walls, with the air of *habitues*, as no doubt they are. A sort of dirty parody on fops' alley on an opera night.

We struggle into the passage.

"I wonder if my Cabman's here?"

my Aunt says. We have, both, a sort of feeling that he may dart out upon us vindictively, from somewhere, and that the police will side with him.

"Where's the Court?" says my Aunt to me. She is very nervous about being on the spot at the exact time, because she has heard that a summoned person, not appearing, is immediately committed for contempt of Court."

"Is this," I ask, addressing a Policeman, who, I suppose, hears me, though he doesn't show any signs of doing so, "Is this the way to the Court?"

The official, without altering his position (he is leaning against, and, as it were, across the door, so as to make a slanting barrier of himself, and perhaps is suspicious of treachery on my Aunt's or my part) replies "Yes."

I inform my Aunt that this *is* the way into the Court. She wishes me to inquire if the Magistrate is in.

I think over this for a minute, and consider how to put the question pleasantly, and yet so as not to induce the Policeman to think I'm laughing at him. I propose (to myself) to put it thus: "Is the Magistrate in?" but that looks as if we were merely making a morning call, and is, on the whole, too familiar. The same objection applies to "Is the Magistrate at home?" I begin, "Is the Magistrate —" and am going to say "sitting?" but it occurs to me that this treats the Magistrate like a hen.

The Policeman helps me out. Without yielding an inch of his vantage ground, so as to be prepared against any attempt at a surprise on the part of my Aunt or myself, he says, austere, "He ain't come yet."

"O, indeed! When will he come?"

"Don't know."

The oracle shuts his mouth, and is silent.

"And we shall have to wait ever so long." This my Aunt whispers to me, nervously indignant, "Among these people! Good gracious! I'm sure we shall catch something horrid!"

I fear at this minute that there will be a return of her Ramsgate hysterical state. I feel too that the atmosphere and the excitement are beginning to tell upon me. If this case should be adjourned, and then indefinitely prolonged (I don't see how it could be, but once in a law case one never

knows the result), I foresee a return of all my old symptoms, and the necessity of taking myself to some medicinal course in order to restore "My Health."

A door is open on our left, and within I see a desk, two Clerks, and a Police-sergeant, or some official higher than an ordinary Policeman, engaged in looking over a large ledger.

As an ingenious way of getting out of the crowd, I suggest our stepping into this office.

"Tell them you're a Barrister," my Aunt whispers. I don't see what good this would do; and if I did tell them, in a place like a Police-Court where everybody is suspected and suspicious, how am I to prove it?

We step in. Nobody takes any notice of us, so I propose taking notice of somebody, just to account for our being there.

I address the man, who looks like a clerk, affably, wondering what office he holds, and whether he is a Clerk or not. My Aunt impresses me strongly with the necessity of being civil—very civil—to these officials, as she whispers (she does nothing but whisper mysteriously in my ear), this may be of use to us, and perhaps (this is her leading idea), this young man may be the Magistrate's nephew. (It turns out afterwards that she once knew a Judge who made his nephew the Clerk of Arraignment, and she considers it the usual thing.) I say "good-morning" to the Clerk. I feel instinctively that my Aunt behind me is smiling on him, and I despise myself, and her, for fawning upon creatures in power: but I do it.

The Clerk nods.

"I suppose we may step in here till the Magistrate comes?" I inquire, still pleasantly. Fawning, both of us.

"Yes," answers the Clerk, carelessly.

"Thank you, Sir," says my Aunt gratefully.

I am not sorry for this, as if the Cabman is outside in the passage, he may be attended by his sympathising friends, and the meeting might be unpleasant. We remain in the office, and we converse about nothing particular in whispers, until I begin to foresee a difficulty in regaining our natural tones.

A stout man buttoned up to the chin (an inspector probably), walks in.

"Tomkins and Barker down?" asks the last-comer of the Sergeant.

"Same as before," answers the latter, writing on a bit of paper, and handing it across to the Clerk, who inspects it, and observes that "It's all right."

Then the Inspector looks at the Clerk, and remarks that "Time's getting on;" then the Sergeant closes his ledger, locks it up, and putting a bunch of keys in his pocket, also remarks that "It is getting late;" whereupon the Clerk, shutting up his book, and coming out from behind his enclosure, caps the other two observations by saying forcibly that "It will be later afore we've done;" at which witticism we, in our character of sycophants, feel bound to smile, and do so accordingly.

The ice being thus broken, I ask, on behalf of my Aunt, when our case will come on; at least, I explain (so as not to lead to future complications), "Not *my* case, but this lady's, my Aunt's;" this I add as if the Clerk had been my bosom friend for years, and I were introducing my relative to him.

"Name?" says he. I give the name. "It's down for No. two on the list."

"It'll be taken after the night cases."

"When," ventures my Aunt, timidly, "do you think it will be heard?"

"Ah! can't say," returns the Clerk. "You see a message has just come down about Mr. Wigginthorpe's having met with an accident, and so Mr. Sharply will run up from t'other Court, when he's heard the cases down there."

"Good gracious!" exclaims my Aunt, "then if there are many cases at the other Court, mine mayn't be heard for hours."

"P'raps not," replies the Clerk, carelessly, and turns to speak to a friend who has dropped in to have a chat by the fire.

The Inspector corroborates the Clerk's statement. Mr. Sharply will be quick enough when he *does* come, but that may be in a quarter of an hour, or that very minute, or not for two hours yet.

The glorious uncertainty of the Law is on this occasion represented by Mr. Sharply.

"Perhaps," my Aunt thinks, "the Cabman will get tired of waiting, and then won't appear, after all."

This idea of tiring out the Cabman is a congenial one to my Aunt's mind, and if we could only have some luncheon, the morning would not hang so heavily on our hands, as, at present, it most certainly does.

We are becoming quite accustomed to the Police-Office, and almost attached to its fire, when the Sergeant intimates, *sotto voce*, that if we like to sit down inside the Court until the Magistrate comes, he can let us in.

He puts this as a favour, in the same sort of confidential manner that a Railway Guard offers to keep a carriage for you for "the through journey." I discover, subsequently, that we could have walked in without this permission.

I put my hand in my waistcoat pocket, hinting at a shilling (which I subsequently give him, and feel I am suborning a probable witness), and we are passed in, the official, forming the slanting barrier afore-mentioned, withdrawing himself to let us pass. I fancy the Sergeant and that official will share my shilling.

In Court. Small room. Dirty representatives of the general public behind a wooden railing. In front of them the dock. In the centre, at a table covered with green baize, are seated elderly respectable gentlemen, looking as if they'd all had their black waistcoats cut out of the same piece of satin. They have papers before them, and are (we hit upon it at once) the Solicitors. On their left is a something between a pew and a school-desk. One man sits there. "A reporter," I suggest, and he becomes immediately an object of intense interest to my Aunt. On the right is a Policeman in a private box, reading a newspaper. At the other end of the room is a raised stage, as if for a performance. It is fitted with a table-desk, a chair, and a screen to conceal a door in the wall. Quite gives one the idea of an entertainment. Magistrate suddenly to appear from behind screen, taking every one by surprise, and then going through a round of favourite characters, changing his dress and wigs under his table, and popping up as somebody else. Solicitors in front to represent stalls, or orchestra.

Clerk sits just below and in front of the table-desk. He is placed sideways, and appears to be peculiarly uncomfortable, having evidently insufficient room for his legs, which, if stretched, would, as it were, stand out by themselves, and spoil the picture.

"Where are we to go?" my Aunt asks, nervously.

As we can't join the public behind the

rail, and will be certainly out of place with the Policeman in his private box (only licensed to hold one), I choose the pew where the Reporter is.

We seat ourselves, and listen to the Solicitors, who are laughing and chatting loudly, chiefly (it appears from the conversation, which is almost unintelligible to us) on professional matters.

A lady, smelling strongly of rum, joins us in the pew. She is much interested in what we may be here for.

"Is it an assault case?" she asks my Aunt.

"O dear no," replies my Aunt; "it's only a summons."

She says this as if there was nothing out of the way in her being here for such an ordinary affair.

"Summons for assault," persists the Rum Lady, eyeing my Aunt as if contrasting her muscular power with her own.

I come to her relief. I explain, "A summons for a cab-fare."

"O!" says the Rum Lady, her interest evidently considerably diminished; adding proudly, "Mine's assault."

We both say "Indeed!" and my Aunt edges away from her towards the Reporter. The Rum Lady, being once started, proceeds to inform us that her landlady (whom she points out in the crowd behind the rail—a villainous-looking one-eyed hag) had accused her of stealing the counterpane and sheets.

"But you didn't?" I say, compassionately.

"Didn't!" she exclaims, in an energetic under-tone. "I soon showed her I didn't." She is a big powerful woman, and, *with rum*, a decidedly awkward customer. I apologise; "I mean," I explain, "that she is here wrongfully accused." Upon this she winks slowly at me first, and then nudges my Aunt to enjoy the joke. This freemasonry being finished, she assumes an air of great caution, and whispers to us to take care, as Old Purkiss is looking, adding, "I 'ate that Purkiss."

We ascertained that Purkiss, the object of her detestation, is one of the respectable-looking elderly gentlemen at the table. "He's often been against me, he has," she continues, always in a whisper, and avoiding the eye of old Purkiss, who is, it seems, on this memorable occasion also, engaged by the opposite side.

An hour passes in this lively manner. I think we all take to watching Old Purkiss; if we flag at all in this interesting occupation, the Rum Lady nudges me, and nodding towards him, whispers, "That Purkiss!" fiercely. "Well," says my Aunt, who is beginning to feel faint, "I'd sooner have paid the man twice over than have gone through this." The clock strikes two; there is a slight stir among the Solicitors and their papers. The Policeman folds up his newspaper, and evidently means business. Two other Policemen come in, the clerk sits upright in his chair and poises a pen. In another second there is a bang and a slam, the screen shakes, and a little gentleman bounds from behind it (quite in keeping with my first idea of an entertainment), and brings himself up with a jerk behind the desk-table, on which he places both hands.

The Reporter informs us, in an undertone, that this is Mr. Sharply, the Magistrate.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAGISTRATE.—HIS ADDRESS.—FIRST SOLICITOR.—AN IMPORTANT CASE.—THE WAVERER.—AN ASSAULT CASE.—A WANDERING WITNESS.—NEXT CASE.—MAN WITH THE BAG.—AN APPLICATION.—PERSISTENCE.—IMPATIENCE.—TIME.—LUCID STORY.—REMOVAL.—NEXT CASE.—THE VAGRANT.—A DECISION.—NEXT CASE.—ON WE GO AGAIN.

MR. SHARPLY I notice has a quick eye and a surprised head of hair, which gives one the idea of his having been interrupted in the process of being brushed by machinery.

He has a brisk, crisp manner, and is evidently inclined to be what people call "short" with everyone present—specially the Clerk and the Solicitors.

He stands up with the air of a man who is not to be badgered or put down, and places his hands on the table-desk in such a springy and elastic way as to suggest, that, on the slightest provocation, he will vault over, dash in among the papers and inkstands on the Solicitors' table, "scatter his enemies, and make them fall."

Everybody's breath is quite taken away by his sudden and unexpected appearance. We are all, so to speak, staggered.

While animation, as it were, is being restored, Mr. Sharply observes, rapidly, "Gentlemen, I regret the accident that brings me here—I have a great deal of business in the other Court which I haven't got through, and to which I must return—Therefore, I am sure I may rely upon *you*, Gentlemen, to assist in pushing on the business *here* as quickly as possible—Now, what is it?"

This sudden interrogation is addressed to a Solicitor who has risen in front of the Magistrate.

The Solicitor will not, he says, detain the Magistrate one second longer than he can help—

Here Mr. Sharply cuts him short with, "Well, well, what is it? What's the case?"

"The fact is," says the Solicitor, evidently not accustomed to this way of doing business, "the fact is"—here he puts on his spectacles—"that I have an application to make to you, Sir,"—here he produces some papers, and Mr. Sharply, who has been leaning forward on his elbows, as if to give him every attention, now sets himself bolt upright again, as if determined to do nothing of the sort.

The Solicitor continues, "It arises, Sir, out of an ejectionment—"

This word sets Mr. Sharply off.

"We really haven't any time for this. It must go to another Court. Call the next case?"

A Wavering Policeman, whose duty it is to call the next case, looks from the Solicitor to the Magistrate, helplessly.

The Solicitor persists. "An assault, Sir, arising out of an ejectionment." The word "assault" catches Mr. Sharply's ear, and, with considerable asperity, he says, "Well, where is he?"

"He?" says the Solicitor, astonished.

"Yes," repeats the Magistrate, "where is he—the complainant? Now, my dear Sir, *do* make haste!"

The Solicitor explains that the complainant is a "she."

"Well," says the irascible Mr. Sharply, in a tone that means anything but "well"—"Where is she? *Do* get on." And here he looks at his watch.

Mrs. Somebody is thereupon called, and comes into the witness-box. She is rather vague, to commence with, on the subject of her name, but having succeeded in making the Clerk understand it

(Mr. Sharply, to expedite matters, positively invents a name, which the complainant repudiates), she waits to be asked a question.

The Solicitor commences—"You were, I believe, in——"

"Now," interrupts Mr. Sharply, "*Do* let her tell her own story! We *must* get on."

This, however, turns out to be about the worst way of "getting on" that could have been hit upon, as the complainant's story is chiefly about what Somebody else said (which the Magistrate won't hear), and what she told Somebody else to tell a third person not present (which the Magistrate won't receive as evidence).

"I really can't listen to this," says Mr. Sharply, frowning at the Solicitor, as much as to say "You ought to know better." Then, to the Policeman, "Call the next case."

The unfortunate complainant leaves the box, and disappears, utterly bewildered. The Wavering Policeman is about to call the next case, when the next case, as it seems, calls itself, for a short man advances between the dock and the Solicitor's bench with a bagful of papers, and addresses his Worship.

The Magistrate places himself on his elbows, and bends towards him with both hands up to his ears.

"Now then, sir," he says, as briskly as ever (always on a sort of "one down, t'other come on" principle), "Who are you? What do you want? Go on, Sir."

The Gentleman with the Bag commences. It appears that he wants a great deal. It also appears that he has been before that Court several times before, and has an application to make. The word "application" settles *his* business at once.

"I really can't take up the public time," said Mr. Sharply, "with applications. Stand down, Sir."

But the Man with a Bag hasn't come there to stand down. He insists upon the Magistrate hearing him.

"A case, Sir," the Man with the Bag goes on persistently, while Mr. Sharply stands aghast at his audacity, and looks round the court at the people and police with the kind of air with which Henry must have said of Archbishop Thomas-à-Becket, "Have I no one who will rid me of this utter bore?" I think the Waver-

ing Policeman has some passing idea of removing the Man with a Bag, but he can't make up his mind to any decisive step.

The man proceeds—"A case, Sir, has arisen out of a matter of trespass——" Mr. Sharply frowns, and resumes his attitude of attention, as much as to intimate that he'll just give him one more chance, and see what he's driving at—"of trespass, which is of great immediate interest to the person concerned, and to the public in general"—movement of impatience on the part of Mr. Sharply—"and I should say that in this case,"—Mr. Sharply refers to his watch—"I am the complainant and the solicitor." Mr. Sharply all attention again. Man with Bag continues, evidently aware that the thread of his discourse may be snipped at any moment—"The ground landlord of Number Two, Fuller's Gardens, received the sum of ten shillings and sixpence previous to his bankruptcy, and"—here he warms with his subjects, and addresses the Magistrate with that air of forcible conviction which should characterise a man who has thoroughly mastered the dates and facts of his case "on the second of June, in the year *eighteen hundred and sixty-seven*——"

"O, can't listen to this," exclaims Mr. Sharply, shaking his head, as energetically as if he had just come up again after a dive. "Call the next case."

"But, Sir," says the Man with the Bag, appealingly. Mr. Sharply is down on him, furiously. "Don't bawl at me, Sir. Good gracious! it is to be a question whether *you* are to be heard, or I? No, Sir," seeing the man beginning again, "I *won't* have it. Go away, Sir. Here!" (to Wavering Policeman.) "Remove that person. Now, call the next case."

The "person" doesn't wait to be removed, but removes himself, bag and all, and retires, explaining his case to the Wavering Policeman, who evidently does his best to comfort him, without committing himself to any view which may compromise him in his official character.

A vagrant, all dirt, rags, and tatters, has stepped into the dock.

"Poor fellow!" says my Aunt.

They are the first words she has uttered since the advent of Mr. Sharply, whose abrupt manner has utterly disarranged all her ideas. She is gradually recovering herself. But I perceive that she is more

or less hysterical, and I begin to prepare myself for a scene.

A Policeman is in the witness-box, and takes his oath on a Testament with the greatest ease.

"Now, then," says Mr. Sharply.

The Policeman deposes that he was on duty, &c., &c., and saw, &c., &c., and warned, &c., &c. And it all rolls off his tongue as pleasantly as possible, and the Vagrant is asked if he has anything to say to Mr. Sharply on the subject; and it appearing that the Vagrant has nothing to say to *him*, after giving him one second to think it over, he (Mr. Sharply) has something to say to the Vagrant, which is, that he is committed for a month with hard labour; and this being all done, settled, and dismissed at high-steam pressure, the Vagrant is taken away by a Policeman, and justice being satisfied, Mr. Sharply darts a look at his watch, and calls for "the next case."

We have all along been expecting that ours is the next case, and my Aunt is in a frightfully nervous state, and very pale. The Rum Lady too, is becoming excited, and has her eye still fixed on "that Purkiss."

CHAPTER V.

STOUT *v.* THIN.—AN INTERFERENCE.—THE CLERK SQUASHED.—A LAUGH IN THE WRONG PLACE.—CALL NEXT CASE.—THOMAS MUDDOCK.—EXCITEMENT.—HENRY.—COMING TO THE POINT.—EXAMINATION.—PREVARICATION.—ULTIMATE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT.—DEFEAT OF WRONG.—END OF MY AUNT'S GREAT POLICE CASE.

However, the next case (though my Aunt is thoroughly prepared to jump up at a minute's notice, and, indeed, can hardly be said to be sitting down) is that of a stout man, without collars, against a thin man in high collars.

"Now, Sir," says Mr. Sharply, so suddenly that the stout man looks as if he were going to have a fit, and would want his neck-tie loosened, "what is it?"

The stout man (much to the thin man's delight) seems to have some difficulty in stating his case. Whereupon the Clerk, underneath the desk, and therefore out of the Magistrate's eye, attempts to help him.

"You charge," says the Clerk, con-

siderately, "Mr. Sniggs with refusing to allow——"

For one instant the Magistrate is puzzled over the quarter whence the voice proceeds, but it suddenly occurring to him that it is the Clerk's, he reaches over the desk to look at him (if he had a stick it would be exactly like *Punch* with "Joey" the *Clown*, when the latter appears at an unexpected part of the Show), and says, with cutting irony, "I don't know what may be your custom *here*, but I always conduct the cases in my own Court *myself*."

"But, Sir," says the Clerk, "I——"

"I don't care, Sir. I must beg you won't interfere. Now then, Sir." This last to the complainant.

But whatever matter the stout man might have had, originally, against Sniggs—the thin man, the altercation has quite put it out of his head. He looks helplessly at the Clerk, then at the Solicitors (who despise him for not having employed one of *them*), then at the Policeman, and finally at the thin man, Sniggs, who laughs contemptuously.

"Put that man out of Court!" says Mr. Sharply, nodding his head angrily at the thin man in a way which quite takes the laugh out of *him*, "I won't have it," meaning the thin man's laughing. "If you can't behave yourself, Sir, you'd better go out."

The Wavering Policeman eyes the thin man imploringly, as much as to say, "*Do* mind what he says. *Do* behave yourself. Don't *compel* me to take you up."

"Now, Sir," says the Magistrate, for the third time, to the stout complainant, "Are you going to keep us here all day? What do you charge him with?"

I believe it to be quite a chance that the stout man, being utterly confused and muddled, didn't answer "*Burglary*" on the spur of the moment. His lips move, but he is silent.

"Stand down, Sir," says Mr. Sharply, utterly disgusted with the man's imbecility. "Now, next case."

The stout man is led from the box in a wandering state, and is joined by the thin man and the Wavering Policeman, who shows them out; and on the other side of the door, I suppose, they will forgive one another, and weep in each other's arms.

The next case is my Aunt's.

Thomas Muddock, the Cabman, is

called. He steps into the witness-box, looking very respectable, and totally unlike the drunken man who couldn't drive my Aunt on the memorable night of her visit to my cottage.

Thomas Muddock takes his oath, and tells his story. He drove the lady from Jummin Street to the Hole, Squedgely, ten miles out of town, where he waited for her five hours, and he claims thirty-two shillings.

Which is all clear enough.

So far the Cabman has it entirely his own way. My Aunt has come out of the pew, and is clutching me by the elbow. "Where shall I go?" she asks, shaking all over.

I am hot and excited. I beg of her to keep cool. She is called. The Clerk says, "Henrietta!" and then adds the surname.

Mr. Sharply only catches half, and asks, abruptly,

"Where is he? Where is Henry? Why doesn't he——"

My Aunt is beckoned by the Clerk. She has heard of people "being accommodated with a seat on the bench," and she thinks she is to go and sit by the Magistrate, out of consideration for her sex, and tell her plain unvarnished tale confidentially. She is shaking her head, and explaining in dumb show, with her parasol, to the Clerk that she doesn't see how to get there, without climbing over the Solicitors' bench, and crossing the table, when—

"Now, then," says the Magistrate, impatiently, "where is Henry—" he can't catch the other name—"I can't wait. We must call the next case."

And the "next case" would have been called there and then, but for my Aunt trying to get into the dock, from which she is taken by a policeman, who informs her that she can stand behind the Solicitors.

She has a sort of reticule on her left arm, she has given me her parasol to hold, and she places her right hand on the back of the seat.

Seeing this figure before him, the Magistrate arrives at the conclusion that Henry is a surname, and addresses her with—

"Now, Miss Henry, what have you got to say to this?"

Up to this moment she has had a great

deal to say, but it appears to have suddenly gone from her, like King Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and she can only admit that Thomas Muddock *did* drive her, *did* wait for her about five hours, and that she has *not* paid him.

"Why not?" asks Mr. Sharply. Then, while my Aunt is looking piteously at me (I studiously avoid catching her eye, not wishing to appear before I am absolutely required), he turns to the Cabman,

"Did you agree for a certain sum for the job?"

The Cabman reflects.

"Did you, or did you not?" asks Mr. Sharply, who can't wait for thoughts.

"Yes," says the Cabman, with such an air of uncertainty as to the statement that Mr. Sharply eyes him distrustfully, and then wants to know "How much?"

"Well," answers Mr. Thomas Muddock, recovering himself a little, "the lady said fifteen shillings."

"For the job?" says Mr. Sharply, suggestively.

"For the job," replies the Cabman, not clearly seeing what the result of his answer may be.

"But," says my Aunt, now beginning to be quite at home, "I said distinctly that he might have to wait."

"Not five hours," says Mr. Thomas Muddock.

Mr. Sharply looks from one to the other.

"Yes," says my Aunt, "I said it might be one hour or five."

"Did you agree as to the time?" asks Mr. Sharply of the Cabman.

"No," says the Cabman, "I didn't—that is—in a way—yes."

"I don't believe a word you're saying," says Mr. Sharply; whereat my Aunt, plucking up, and addressing the Magistrate, says, "I didn't pay him, your Worship," (she is very near saying "My Lord"), "because when I wanted him at night, he was so intoxicated that he couldn't drive me."

Mr. Sharply looks fiercely at the Cabman, and wishes to know what he has to say to *that*.

Mr. Thomas Muddock has *not* much to say to *that*, but he is understood to deny the charge in an undertone. The Magistrate eyes him suspiciously, and is about to make an observation when my Aunt lugs me into it.

"Here's my nephew, Sir, a barrister,

saw him; he'll tell you, Sir." Whereat I feel that the eyes of Europe (specially unwashed Europe) are upon me, and become very hot and uncomfortable in consequence.

"Oh!" says Mr. Sharply, "there are witnesses. Now, Sir!" to me.

The Cabman comes out of the box, and I go in. A stout Policeman hands me a Testament, and I take my oath to what I am going to say.

I notice that, if not badgered, it is surprising how very soon one's nervousness wears off in a witness-box, and what a strong temptation there is to become confidential with the Magistrate, or with anyone who "wishes to ask this witness a question."

"Now, Sir, tell us what happened."

I detail the facts of the Cabman's being unable to find the road, and attempt some pathos about my fear for my Aunt's safety. Having finished my facts, and got quite pleasant with Mr. Sharply, I should now like to romance a little, and introduce a joke or two, just by way of lightening the entertainment. I have a sort of latent idea that Mr. Sharply will ask me to step into his private room, or send me, by a policeman, an invitation to dinner that night. I fancy that with the second bottle of port, or the first cigar, he would say, "And now, old fellow, what *was* the truth about that Cabman, eh? I suppose he really *was* drunk, eh?" But this is an ideal Sharply at home, and not Sharply the real on the bench.

This occurs to me in the few seconds that Mr. Sharply takes to consider the case, and he interrupts my reflections with—

"What do you consider the right fare to your house?"

I answer boldly, "Eight shillings," this being rather a fancy price of my own than what I am obliged to give when I take a cab from town to my Cottage near a Wood, known as "The Hole," near Squedgely, Middlesex.

"Twelve shillings there and back, you would consider quite sufficient?" asks Mr. Sharply, giving the finishing touches to the case. I reply, that this sum would be, in my opinion, Munificent. [What a row there would have been at my gate had I ever offered a cabman this sum as his fare "there" from town, let alone "and back."]

Mr. Sharply decides in a rapid, off-hand manner. "You'll" (to my Aunt) "pay him twelve shillings. Cabman pay his own costs. Now, then, call the next case."

I think the next case must be that of our friend the Rum Lady, as I see the dreaded Purkiss rising to address the Magistrate as we are leaving the Court.

I look back once, tenderly, at Mr. Sharply, with a sort of lingering idea that he will yet send me the invitation to dinner, or, at all events, wave his hand to me genially from the bench. Nothing of the sort. I and my Aunt's case have gone clean out of his head, and he is telling Mr. Purkiss "that he really can't listen to this; that he hasn't got time for these details;" and becoming once more so irritable that even the dreaded Purkiss will be quenched, and the Rum Lady remain unheard.

On mature reflection, it occurs to me that Mr. Sharply is *the* right man in the right place, and his brisk method of sifting the Wheat from the intolerable amount of Chaff, is, on the whole, beneficial to the public.

The following day my Aunt comes down to see me. She brings with her all the day's newspapers. The Case has not been reported in any one of them. She is in consequence very much disappointed. "If," she says, "I had lost it, you may depend upon it all London would have been reading about it now."

She begs me to take up the study of the Law, and has the happiness to announce that her solicitor has written to her to say that the Legacy will be duly paid on a certain day, but that he must request the favour of an interview.

"If," she adds, as she steps into her fly, "this leads to any Chancery suit, I will tell my solicitor that he had better come to you."

I thank her, and determine to look up the subject, generally, in the interim. However, so ends my Aunt's great Police Case, and I have as yet had no intimation of an impending Chancery suit.

THE Boston *Post* says: "The person who sent us a copy of the Boston *Post*, with 'Jackass' written upon the margin, is requested to inform us at what stable he can be found."

SURE CURE FOR PRIDE.

An old man who had for years been a strict church member, and had done much effective work for the cause of temperance, was found lying by the roadside the other day in a state of intoxication. He was drawn up before a committee of the church, and asked to show cause why he should not be excommunicated.

"I acknowledge that I was drunk, brethren, and I've a mighty good reason for it."

"Family trouble?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"No, sir; I've no trouble. It was pride."

"Pride!" exclaimed the chairman.

"Yes, pride. As I went along to town I met a drunken fellow, and I began to think well of myself because I had never been drunk. Pretty soon I began to feel proud about it. A little further on I met an ordinary-lookin' feller, and wouldn't speak to him. My neck was so stiff with my pride that I wouldn't even nod to people. I reflected that my pride was wicked, and I tried and tried but could'n't throw it off. I tried to pray, but was a good deal too proud to pray with fervor. 'This won't do,' I mused. 'I am getting to be a regular Pharisee.' After walking round a while I met an old negro, and asked:

"Uncle, can you tell me how to throw off my pride?"

"Dat I ken, dat I ken."

"Well, I wish you would, for to continue in this proud way will be dangerous to my soul."

"Wall, dar's one thing that never fails to knock down a man's pride, boss, and dat is whiskey. Get drunk, and when yer gets sober yer'll feel mighty 'miliated."

"I acted on this suggestion, and got as drunk as a—well, as an owl, though I never saw an owl drunk. When I got sober I was the most humiliated man in the world, and I prayed with an earnestness I never felt before. I am now willing to leave my case in your hands."

"Brethren," said the chairman, "what do you think?"

"Well," said one old fellow, "I feel sorter proud. How is it with yourself?"

"Sorter Pharisee. How do you feel, Brother Jenks?"

"Proud as a Peacock. Brother Larkins, how do you feel?"

"Mighty proud. Let us go down to the still-house and humiliate ourselves!"

NEAL MALONE.

[WILLIAM CARLETON, one of the most popular writers of tales illustrative of Irish life and manners, was born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, in 1798 and died there in 1869. With only a "Hedge School" education he achieved a distinction among the literary men of the 19th Century, that places him, according to an able authority, as "The true historian of the Irish people." His principal works are "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," "The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan," "Valentine McClutchy," "The Tithe Proctor," "Willy Reilly," &c.

Although the majority of his Tales were written with a view to influence the repeal of the Union, the English government in recognition of his literary services, bestowed on him, in 1865, a pension of £200 per annum. On his death the Queen gave his widow a pension of £100 per annum.]

THERE never was a greater-souled or doughtier tailor than little Neal Malone. Though but four feet in height, he paced the earth with the courage and confidence of a giant; nay, one would have imagined that he walked as if he feared the world itself was about to give way under him. Let no one dare to say in future that a tailor is but the ninth part of a man. That reproach has been gloriously taken away from the character of the cross-legged corporation by Neal Malone. He has wiped it off like a stain from the collar of a second-hand coat; he has pressed this wrinkle out of the lying front of antiquity; he has drawn together this rent in the respectability of his profession. No. By him who was breeches-maker to the gods,—that is, unless, like Highlanders, they eschewed inexpressibles,—by him who cut Jupiter's frieze jocks for winter, and eke by the bottom of his thimble, we swear that Neal Malone was *more* than the ninth part of a man.

Setting aside the Patagonians, we maintain that two-thirds of mortal humanity were comprised in Neal; and perhaps we might venture to assert that two-thirds of Neal's humanity were equal to six-thirds of another man's. It is right well known that Alexander the Great

was a little man, and we doubt whether, had Alexander the Great been bred to the tailoring business, he would have exhibited so much of the hero as Neal Malone. Neal was descended from a fighting family, who had signalized themselves in as many battles as ever any single hero of antiquity fought. His father, his grandfather, and his great-grandfather were all fighting men, and his ancestors in general, up, probably, to Con of the Hundred Battles himself. No wonder, therefore, that Neal's blood should cry out against the cowardice of his calling; no wonder that he should be an epitome of all that was valorous and heroic in a peaceable man, for we neglected to inform the reader that Neal, though "bearing no base mind," never fought any man in his own person. That, however, deducted nothing from his courage. If he did not fight, it was simply because he found cowardice universal. No man would engage him; his spirit blazed in vain; his thirst for battle was doomed to remain unquenched, except by whiskey, and this only increased it. In short, he could find no foe. He has often been known to challenge the first cudgel-players and pugilists of the parish, to provoke men of fourteen stone weight, and to bid mortal defiance to faction heroes of all grades,—but in vain. There was that in him which told them that an encounter with Neal would strip them of their laurels. Neal saw all this with a lofty indignation; he deplored the degeneracy of the times, and thought it hard that the descendant of such a fighting family should be doomed to pass through life peaceably, whilst so many excellent rows and riots took place around him. It was a calamity to see every man's head broken but his own; a dismal thing to observe his neighbors go about with their bones in bandages, yet his untouched; and his friends beat black and blue, whilst his own cuticle remained undiscolored.

"Blur-an'-agers!" exclaimed Neal one day, when half tipsy in the fair, "am I never to get a bit of fightin'? Is there no cowardly spalpeen to stand afore Neal Malone? Be this an' be that, I'm blue-mowlded for want of a batin'! I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm ladin'! Will none o' ye fight me aither for love, money, or whiskey, frind or inimy, an' bad luck to ye? I don't care

a traneeen which, only out o' pure frindship, let us have a morsel o' the rale kick-up, 'tany rate. Frind or inimy, I say agin, if you regard me; sure *that* makes no differ, only let us have the fight."

This excellent heroism was all wasted; Neal could not find a single adversary. Except he divided himself like Hotspur, and went to buffets one hand against the other, there was no chance of a fight; no person to be found sufficiently magnanimous to encounter the tailor. On the contrary, every one of his friends—or, in other words, every man in the parish—was ready to support him. He was clapped on the back until his bones were nearly dislocated in his body, and his hand shaken until his arm lost its cunning at the needle for half a week afterwards. This, to be sure, was a bitter business, a state of being past endurance. Every man was his friend,—no man was his enemy. A desperate position for any person to find himself in, but doubly calamitous to a martial tailor.

Many a dolorous complaint did Neal make upon the misfortune of having none to wish him ill; and what rendered this hardship doubly oppressive, was the unlucky fact that no exertions of his, however offensive, could procure him a single foe. In vain did he insult, abuse, and malign all his acquaintances. In vain did he father upon them all the rascality and villany he could think of; he lied against them with a force and originality that would have made many a modern novelist blush for want of invention,—but all to no purpose. The world for once became astonishingly Christian; it paid back all his efforts to excite its resentment with the purest of charity; when Neal struck it on the one cheek, it meekly turned unto him the other. It could scarcely be expected that Neal would bear this. To have the whole world in friendship with a man is beyond doubt an affliction. Not to have the face of a single enemy to look upon, would decidedly be considered a deprivation of many agreeable sensations by most people, as well as by Neal Malone. Let who might sustain a loss, or experience a calamity, it was a matter of indifference to Neal. They were only his friends, and he troubled neither his head nor his heart about them.

Heaven help us! There is no man

without his trials; and Neal, the reader perceives, was not exempt from his. What did it avail him that he carried a cudgel ready for all hostile contingencies, or knit his brows and shook his kippeen at the fiercest of his fighting friends? The moment he appeared, they softened into downright cordiality. His presence was the signal of peace; for, notwithstanding his unconquerable propensity to warfare, he went abroad as the genius of unanimity, though carrying in his bosom the redoubtable disposition of a warrior; just as the sun, though the source of light himself, is said to be dark enough at bottom.

It could not be expected that Neal, with whatever fortitude he might bear his other afflictions, could bear such tranquillity like a hero. To say that he bore it as one, would be basely to surrender his character; for what hero ever bore a state of tranquillity with courage? It affected his cutting out! It produced what Burton calls "a windie melancholie," which was nothing else than an accumulation of courage that had no means of escaping, if courage can, without indignity, be ever said to escape. He sat uneasy on his lap-board. Instead of cutting out soberly, he flourished his scissors as if he were heading a faction; he wasted much chalk by scoring his cloth in wrong places, and even caught his hot goose without a holder. These symptoms alarmed his friends, who persuaded him to go to a doctor. Neal went, to satisfy them; but he knew that no prescription could drive the courage out of him,—that he was too far gone in heroism to be made a coward of by apothecary stuff. Nothing in the pharmacopœia could physic him into a pacific state. His disease was simply the want of an enemy, and an unaccountable superabundance of friendship on the part of his acquaintances. How could a doctor remedy this by a prescription? Impossible. The doctor, indeed, recommended blood-letting; but to lose blood in a peaceable manner was not only cowardly, but a bad cure for courage. Neal declined it; he would lose no blood for any man until he could not help it; which was giving the character of a hero at a single touch. His blood was not to be thrown away in this manner; the only lancet ever applied to his relations was the cudgel, and Neal scorned to abandon the principles of his family.

His friends, finding that he reserved his blood for more heroic purposes than dastardly phlebotomy, knew not what to do with him. His perpetual exclamation was, as we have already stated, "I'm blue-mowlded for want of a batin'!" They did everything in their power to cheer him with the hope of a drubbing; told him he lived in an excellent country for a man afflicted with his malady; and promised, if it were at all possible, to create him a private enemy or two, who, they hoped in heaven, might trounce him to some purpose.

This sustained him for a while; but as day after day passed, and no appearance of action presented itself, he could not choose but increase in courage. His soul, like a sword-blade too long in the scabbard, was beginning to get fuliginous by inactivity. He looked upon the point of his own needle, and the bright edge of his scissors, with a bitter pang, when he thought of the spirit rusting within him: he meditated fresh insults, studied new plans, and hunted out cunning devices for provoking his acquaintances to battle, until by degrees he began to confound his own brain, and to commit more grievous oversights in the business than ever. Sometimes he sent home to one person a coat, with the legs of a pair of trousers attached to it for sleeves, and despatched to another the arms of the afore-said coat tacked together as a pair of trousers. Sometimes the coat was made to button behind instead of before; and he frequently placed the pockets in the lower part of the skirts, as if he had been in league with cut-purses.

This was a melancholy situation, and his friends pitied him accordingly.

"Don't be cast down, Neal," said they; "your friends feel for you, poor fellow."

"Divil carry my frinds," replied Neal; "sure there's no one o' yez frindly enough to be my inimy. Tare-an'-ounze! what'll I do? I'm blue-mowlded for want of a batin'!"

Seeing that their consolation was thrown away upon him, they resolved to leave him to his fate; which they had no sooner done than Neal had thoughts of taking to the *Skionachia* as a last remedy. In this mood he looked with considerable antipathy at his own shadow for several nights; and it is not to be questioned but that some hard battles would have taken

place between them, had it not been for the cunning of the shadow, which declined to fight him in any other position than with its back to the wall. This occasioned him to pause, for the wall was a fearful antagonist, inasmuch as it knew not when it was beaten; but there was still an alternative left. He went to the garden one clear day about noon, and hoped to have a bout with the shade, free from interruption. Both approached, apparently eager for the combat, and resolved to conquer or die, when a villanous cloud, happening to intercept the light, gave the shadow an opportunity of disappearing; and Neal found himself once more without an opponent.

"It's aisy known," said Neal, "you have n't the *blood* in you, or you'd come to the scratch like a man."

He now saw that fate was against him, and that any further hostility towards the shadow was only a tempting of Providence. He lost his health, spirits, and everything but his courage. His countenance became pale and peaceful looking; the bluster departed from him; his body shrunk up like a withered parsnip. Thrice was he compelled to take in his clothes, and thrice did he ascertain that much of his time would be necessarily spent in pursuing his retreating person through the solitude of his almost deserted garments.

God knows it is difficult to form a correct opinion upon a situation so paradoxical as Neal's was. To be reduced to skin and bone by the downright friendship of the world was, as the sagacious reader will admit, next to a miracle. We appeal to the conscience of any man who finds himself without an enemy, whether he be not a greater skeleton than the tailor; we will give him fifty guineas, provided he can show a calf to his leg. We know he could not; for the tailor had none, and that was because he had not an enemy. No man in friendship with the world ever has calves to his legs. To sum up all in a paradox of our own invention, for which we claim the full credit of originality, we now assert that more men have risen in the world by the injury of their enemies, than have risen by the kindness of their friends. You may take this, reader, in any sense; apply it to hanging if you like; it is still immutably and immovably true.

One day Neal sat cross-legged, as tailors usually sit, in the act of pressing a pair of breeches; his hands were placed, backs up, upon the handle of his goose, and his chin rested upon the back of his hands. To judge from his sorrowful complexion, one would suppose that he sat rather to be sketched as a picture of misery, or of heroism in distress, than for the industrious purpose of pressing the seams of a garment. There was a great deal of New Burlington Street pathos in his countenance; his face, like the times, was rather out of joint; "the sun was just setting, and his golden beams fell, with a saddened splendor, athwart the tailor's—" The reader may fill up the picture.

In this position sat Neal when Mr. O'Connor, the schoolmaster, whose inexpressibles he was turning for the third time, entered the workshop. Mr. O'Connor himself was as finished a picture of misery as the tailor. There was a patient, subdued kind of expression in his face which indicated a very fair portion of calamity; his eye seemed charged with affliction of the first water; on each side of his nose might be traced two dry channels which, no doubt, were full enough while the tropical rains of his countenance lasted. Altogether, to conclude from appearances, it was a dead match in affliction between him and the tailor; both seemed sad, fleshless, and unthriving.

"Misther O'Connor," said the tailor, when the schoolmaster entered, "won't you be pleased to sit down?"

Mr. O'Connor sat; and, after wiping his forehead, laid his hat upon the lap-board, put his half-handkerchief in his pocket, and looked upon the tailor. The tailor, in return, looked upon Mr. O'Connor; but neither of them spoke for some minutes. Neal, in fact, appeared to be wrapped up in his own misery, and Mr. O'Connor in his; or, as we often have much gratuitous sympathy for the distresses of our friends, we question but the tailor was wrapped up in Mr. O'Connor's misery, and Mr. O'Connor in the tailor's.

Mr. O'Connor at length said, "Neal, are my inexpressibles finished?"

"I am now pressin' your inexpressibles," replied Neal; "but, be my sowl, Mr. O'Connor, it's not your inexpressibles I'm thinkin' of. I'm not the ninth part of what I was. I'd hardly make paddin' for a collar now."

"Are you able to carry a staff still, Neal?"

"I've a light hazel one that's handy," said the tailor; "but where's the use of carryin' it, when I can get no one to fight wid? Sure I'm disgracin' my relations by the life I'm ladin'. I'll go to my grave widout ever batin' a man, or bein' bate myself; that's the vexation. Devil the row ever I was able to kick up in my life; so that I'm fairly blue-mowlded for want of a batin'. But if you have patience—"

"Patience!" said Mr. O'Connor, with a shake of the head that was perfectly disastrous even to look at,—“patience, did you say, Neal?”

"Ay," said Neal, "an' be my sowl, if you deny that I said patience, I'll break your head!"

"Ah, Neal," returned the other, "I don't deny it; for, though I'm teaching philosophy, knowledge, and mathematics every day in my life, yet I'm learning patience myself both night and day. No, Neal; I have forgotten to deny anything. I have not been guilty of a contradiction, out of my own school, for the last fourteen years. I once expressed the shadow of a doubt about twelve years ago, and ever since I have abandoned even doubting. That doubt was the last expiring effort at maintaining my domestic authority,—but I suffered for it."

"Well," said Neal, "if you have patience, I'll tell you what afflicts me from beginnin' to endin'."

"I will have patience," said Mr. O'Connor; and he accordingly heard a dismal and indignant tale from the tailor.

"You have told me that fifty times over," said Mr. O'Connor, after hearing the story. "Your spirit is too martial for a pacific life. If you follow my advice, I will teach you how to ripple the calm current of your existence to some purpose. *Marry a wife*. For twenty-five years I have given instruction in three branches, namely, philosophy, knowledge, and mathematics. I am also well versed in matrimony, and I declare that, upon my misery, and by the contents of all my afflictions, it is my solemn and melancholy opinion that, if you marry a wife, you will, before three months pass over your concatenated state, not have a single complaint to make touching a superabundance of peace or tranquillity, or a love of fighting."

"Do you mane to say that any woman would make me afeard?" said the tailor, deliberately rising up and getting his cudgel. "I'll thank you merely to go over the words agin, till I thrash you widin an inch of your life. That's all."

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, meekly, "I won't fight; I have been too often subdued ever to presume on the hope of a single victory. My spirit is long since evaporated; I am like one of your own shreds, a mere selvage. Do you not know how much my habiliments have shrank in, even within the last five years? Hear me, Neal; and venerate my words as if they proceeded from the lips of a prophet. If you wish to taste the luxury of being subdued,—if you are, as you say, blue-moulded for want of a beating, and sick at heart of a peaceful existence,—why, marry a wife. Neal, send my breeches home with all haste, for they are wanted, you understand. Farewell."

Mr. O'Connor, having thus expressed himself, departed, and Neal stood, with the cudgel in his hand, looking at the door out of which he passed, with an expression of fierceness, contempt, and reflection strongly blended on the ruins of his once heroic visage.

Many a man has happiness within his reach if he but knew it. The tailor had been hitherto miserable, because he pursued a wrong object. The schoolmaster, however, suggested a train of thought upon which Neal now fastened with all the ardor of a chivalrous temperament. Nay, he wondered that the family spirit should have so completely seized upon the fighting side of his heart as to preclude all thoughts of matrimony; for he could not but remember that his relations were as ready for marriage as for a fighting. To doubt this would have been to throw a blot upon his own escutcheon. He therefore very prudently asked himself to whom, if he did not marry, should he transmit his courage. He was a single man, and, dying as such, he would be the sole depository of his own valor, which, like Junius's secret, must perish with him. If he could have left it as a legacy to such of his friends as were most remarkable for cowardice, why, the case would be altered: but this was impossible,—and he had now no other means of preserving it to posterity than by creating a posterity to inherit it. He

saw, too, that the world was likely to become convulsed. Wars, as everybody knew, were certain to break out; and would it not be an excellent opportunity for being father to a colonel, or, perhaps, a general, that might astonish the world?

The change visible in Neal, after the schoolmaster's last visit, absolutely thunderstruck all who knew him. The clothes, which he had rashly taken in to fit his shrivelled limbs, were once more let out. The tailor expanded with a new spirit; his joints ceased to be supple, as in the days of his valor; his eyes became less fiery, but more brilliant. From being martial, he got desperately gallant, but, somehow, he could not afford to act the hero and lover both at the same time. This, perhaps, would be too much to expect from a tailor. His policy was better. He resolved to bring all his available energy to bear upon the charms of whatever fair nymph he should select for the honor of matrimony; to waste his spirit in fighting would, therefore, be a deduction from the single purpose in view.

The transition from war to love is by no means so remarkable as we might at first imagine. We quote Jack Falstaff in proof of this; or, if the reader be disposed to reject our authority, then we quote Ancient Pistol himself,—both of whom we consider as the most finished specimens of heroism that ever carried a safe skin. Acres would have been a hero had he worn gloves to prevent the courage from oozing out at his palms, or not felt such an unlucky antipathy to the “snug lying in the Abbey”; and as for Captain Bobadil, he never had an opportunity of putting his plan for vanquishing an army into practice. We fear, indeed, that neither his character, nor Ben Jonson's knowledge of human nature, is properly understood; for it certainly could not be expected that a man whose spirit glowed to encounter a whole host, could, without tarnishing his dignity, if closely pressed, condescend to fight an individual. But as these remarks on courage may be felt by the reader as an invidious introduction of a subject disagreeable to him, we beg to hush it for the present and return to the tailor.

No sooner had Neal begun to feel an inclination to matrimony, than his friends knew that his principles had veered, by the change now visible in his person and

deportment. They saw he had ratted from courage, and joined love. Heretofore his life had been all winter, darkened by storm and hurricane. The fiercer virtues had played the devil with him; every word was thunder, every look lightning; but now all that had passed away: before, he was the *fortiter in re*; at present, he was the *suaviter in modo*. His existence was perfect spring,—beautifully vernal. All the amiable and softer qualities began to bud about his heart; a genial warmth was diffused over him; his soul got green within him; every day was serene, and if a cloud happened to become visible, there was a roguish rainbow astride of it, on which sat a beautiful Iris that laughed down at him, and seemed to say, “Why the dickens, Neal, don't you marry a wife?”

Neal could not resist the afflatus which descended on him; an ethereal light dwelled, he thought, upon the face of nature; the color of the cloth which he cut out from day to day was, to his enraptured eye, like the color of Cupid's wings,—all purple; his visions were worth their weight in gold; his dreams, a credit to the bed he slept on; and his feelings, like blind puppies, young and alive to the milk of love and kindness which they drew from his heart. Most of this delight escaped the observation of the world, for Neal, like your true lover, became shy and mysterious. It is difficult to say what he resembled; no dark-lantern ever had more light shut up within itself than Neal had in his soul, although his friends were not aware of it. They knew, indeed, that he had turned his back upon valor; but beyond this their knowledge did not extend.

Neal was shrewd enough to know that what he felt must be love; nothing else could distend him with happiness until his soul felt light and bladder-like, but love. As an oyster opens, when expecting the tide, so did his soul expand at the contemplation of matrimony. Labor ceased to be a trouble to him; he sang and sewed from morning to night; his hot goose no longer burned him, for his heart was as hot as his goose; the vibrations of his head, at each successive stitch, were no longer sad and melancholy. There was a buoyant shake of exultation in them which showed that his soul was placid and happy within him.

Endless honor be to Neal Malone for

the originality with which he managed the tender sentiment! He did not, like your commonplace lovers, first discover a pretty girl, and afterwards become enamored of her. No such thing; he had the passion prepared beforehand,—cut out and made up, as it were, ready for any girl whom it might fit. This was falling in love in the abstract, and let no man condemn it without a trial; for many a long-winded argument could be urged in its defence. It is always wrong to commence business without capital, and Neal had a good stock to begin with. All we beg is, that the reader will not confound it with Platonism, which never marries; but he is at full liberty to call it Socratism, which takes unto itself a wife, and suffers accordingly.

Let no one suppose that Neal forgot the schoolmaster's kindness, or failed to be duly grateful for it. Mr. O'Connor was the first person whom he consulted touching his passion. With a cheerful soul he waited on that melancholy and gentleman-like man, and in the very luxury of his heart told him that he was in love.

"In love, Neal!" said the schoolmaster. "May I inquire with whom?"

"Wid nobody in particular yet," replied Neal; "but of late I'm got divilish fond o' the girls in general."

"And do you call that being in love, Neal?" said Mr. O'Connor.

"Why, what else would I call it?" returned the tailor. "Am n't I fond of them?"

"Then it must be what is termed the Universal Passion, Neal," observed Mr. O'Connor, "although it is the first time I have seen such an illustration of it as you present in your own person."

"I wish you would advise me how to act," said Neal; "I'm as happy as a prince since I began to get fond o' them, an' to think of marriage."

The schoolmaster shook his head again, and looked rather miserable. Neal rubbed his hands with glee, and looked perfectly happy. The schoolmaster shook his head again, and looked more miserable than before. Neal's happiness also increased on the second rubbing.

Now, to tell the secret at once, Mr. O'Connor would not have appeared so miserable, were it not for Neal's happiness; nor Neal so happy, were it not for Mr. O'Connor's misery. It was all the result of contrast; but this you will not

understand unless you be deeply read in modern novels.

Mr. O'Connor, however, was a man of sense, who knew, upon this principle, that the longer he continued to shake his head, the more miserable he must become, and the more also would he increase Neal's happiness; but he had no intention of increasing Neal's happiness at his own expense,—for, upon the same hypothesis, it would have been for Neal's interest had he remained shaking his head there, and getting miserable until the day of judgment. He consequently declined giving the third shake, for he thought that plain conversation was, after all, more significant and forcible than the most eloquent nod, however ably translated.

"Neal," said he, "could you, by stretching your imagination, contrive to rest contented with nursing your passion in solitude, and love the sex at a distance?"

"How could I nurse and mind my business?" replied the tailor. "I'll never nurse so long as I'll have the wife; and as for 'magination, it depends upon the grain of it whether I can stretch it or not. I don't know that I ever made a coat of it in my life."

"You don't understand me, Neal," said the schoolmaster. "In recommending marriage, I was only driving one evil out of you by introducing another. Do you think that, if you abandoned all thoughts of a wife, you would get heroic again; that is, would you take once more to the love of fighting?"

"There is no doubt but I would," said the tailor: "if I miss the wife, I'll kick up such a dust as never was seen in the parish, an' you're the first man that I'll lick. But now that I'm in love," he continued, "sure I ought to look out for the wife."

"Ah! Neal," said the schoolmaster, "you are tempting destiny; your temerity be, with all its melancholy consequences, upon your own head."

"Come," said the tailor, "it wasn't to hear you groaning to the tune of 'Dhrim-mindhoo,' or 'The old woman rockin' her cradle,' that I came; but to know if you could help me in makin' out the wife. That's the discourse."

"Look at me, Neal," said the schoolmaster, solemnly; "I am at this moment, and have been any time for the last fifteen years, a living *caveato* against matrimo-

ny. I do not think that earth possesses such a luxury as a single solitary life. Neal, the monks of old were happy men; they were all fat and had double chins; and, Neal, I tell you, that all fat men are in general happy. Care cannot come at them so readily as at a thin man; before it gets through the strong outworks of flesh and blood with which they are surrounded, it becomes treacherous to its original purpose, joins the cheerful spirits it meets in the system, and dances about the heart in all the madness of mirth; just like a sincere ecclesiastic, who comes to lecture a good fellow against drinking, but who forgets his lecture over his cups, and is laid under the table with such success, that he either never comes to finish his lecture, or comes often to be laid under the table. Look at me, Neal, how wasted, fleshless, and miserable I am. You know how my garments have shrunk in, and what a solid man I was before marriage. Neal, pause, I beseech you; otherwise you stand a strong chance of becoming a nonentity like myself."

"I don't care what I become," said the tailor; "I can't think that you'd be so unreasonable as to expect that any of the Malones should pass out of the world without either bein' bate or marrid. Have reason, Mr. O'Connor, an' if you can help me to the wife, I promise to take in your coat the next time for nothin'."

"Well, then," said Mr. O'Connor, "what would you think of the butcher's daughter, Biddy Neil? You have always had a thirst for blood, and here you may have it gratified in an innocent manner, should you ever become sanguinary again. 'Tis true, Neal, she is twice your size, and possesses three times your strength; but for that very reason, Neal, marry her if you can. Large animals are placid; and Heaven preserve those bachelors whom I wish well, from a small wife; 'tis such who always wield the sceptre of domestic life, and rule their husbands with a rod of iron."

"Say no more, Mr. O'Connor," replied the tailor; "she's the very girl I'm in love wid, an' never fear but I'll overcome her heart if it can be done by man. Now, step over the way to my house, an' we'll have a sup on the head of it. Who's that calling?"

"Ah! Neal, I know the tones,—there's a shrillness in them not to be mistaken.

Farewell! I must depart; you have heard the proverb, 'those who are bound must obey.' Young Jack, I presume, is squalling, and I must either nurse him, rock the cradle, or sing comic tunes for him, though Heaven knows with what a disastrous heart I often sing, 'Begone, dull care,' the 'Rakes of Newcastle,' or, 'Peas upon a Trencher.' Neal, I say again, pause before you take this leap in the dark. Pause, Neal, I entreat you. Farewell!"

Neal, however, was gifted with the heart of an Irishman, and scorned caution as the characteristic of a coward; he had, as it appeared, abandoned all design of fighting, but the courage still adhered to him even in making love. He consequently conducted the siege of Biddy Neil's heart with a degree of skill and valor which would not have come amiss to Marshal Gerald at the siege of Antwerp. Locke or Dugald Stewart, indeed, had they been cognizant of the tailor's triumph, might have illustrated the principle on which he succeeded; as to ourselves, we can only conjecture it. Our own opinion is, that they were both animated with a congenial spirit. Biddy was the very pink of pugnacity, and could throw in a body-blow, or plant a facer, with singular energy and science. Her prowess hitherto had, we confess, been displayed only within the limited range of domestic life; but should she ever find it necessary to exercise it upon a larger scale, there was no doubt whatsoever, in the opinion of her mother, brothers, and sisters, every one of whom she had successively subdued, that she must undoubtedly distinguish herself. There was certainly one difficulty which the tailor had *not* to encounter in the progress of his courtship; the field was his own; he had not a rival to dispute his claim. Neither was there any opposition given by her friends; they were, on the contrary, all anxious for the match; and when the arrangements were concluded, Neal felt his hand squeezed by them in succession, with an expression more resembling condolence than joy. Neal, however, had been bred to tailoring, and not to metaphysics; he could cut out a coat very well, but we do not say that he could trace a principle,—as what tailor, except Jeremy Taylor, could?

There was nothing particular in the

wedding. Mr. O'Connor was asked by Neal to be present at it, but he shook his head, and told him that he had not courage to attend it, or inclination to witness any man's sorrows but his own. He met the wedding party by accident, and was heard to exclaim with a sigh as they flaunted past him in gay exuberance of spirits, "Ah, poor Neal! he is going like one of her father's cattle to the shambles! Woe is me for having suggested matrimony to the tailor! He will not long be under the necessity of saying that he is 'blue-moulded for want of a beating.' The butcheress will fell him like a Kerry ox, and I may have his blood to answer for, and his discomfiture to feel for, in addition to my own miseries."

On the evening of the wedding day, about the hour of ten o'clock, Neal, whose spirits were uncommonly exalted, for his heart luxuriated within him, danced with his bridesmaid; after the dance he sat beside her, and got eloquent in praise of her beauty; and it is said, too, that he whispered to her, and chucked her chin with considerable gallantry. The *tête-à-tête* continued for some time without exciting particular attention with one exception; but *that* exception was worth a whole chapter of general rules. Mrs. Malone rose up, then sat down again, and took off a glass of the native; she got up a second time,—all the wife rushed upon her heart,—she approached them, and, in a fit of the most exquisite sensibility, knocked the bridesmaid down, and gave the tailor a kick of affecting pathos upon the inexpressibles. The whole scene was a touching one on both sides. The tailor was sent on all fours to the floor! but Mrs. Malone took him quietly up, put him under her arm, as one would a lap-dog, and with stately step marched away to the connubial apartment, in which everything remained very quiet for the rest of the night.

The next morning Mr. O'Connor presented himself to congratulate the tailor on his happiness. Neal, as his friend shook hands with him, gave the schoolmaster's fingers a slight squeeze, such as a man gives who would gently entreat your sympathy. The schoolmaster looked at him, and thought he shook his head. Of this, however, he could not be certain; for, as he shook his own during the moment of observation, he concluded that it

might be a mere mistake of the eye, or, perhaps, the result of a mind predisposed to be credulous on the subject of shaking heads.

We wish it were in our power to draw a veil, or curtain, or blind of some description over the remnant of the tailor's narrative that is to follow; but as it is the duty of every faithful historian to give the secret causes of appearances which the world in general do not understand, so we think it but honest to go on, impartially and faithfully, without shrinking from the responsibility that is frequently annexed to truth.

For the first three days after matrimony, Neal felt like a man who had been translated to a new and more lively state of existence. He had expected and flattered himself, that the moment that this event should take place, he would once more resume his heroism, and experience the pleasure of a drubbing. This determination he kept a profound secret; nor was it known until a future period when he disclosed it to Mr. O'Connor.

On the first week after his marriage there chanced to be a fair in the next market-town. Neal, after breakfast, brought forward a bunch of shillelahs, in order to select the best; the wife inquired the purpose of the selection, and Neal declared that he was resolved to have a fight that day, if it were to be had, he said, for "love or money." "The truth is," he exclaimed, strutting with fortitude about the house—"the truth is, that I've *done* the whole of yez,—I'm as blue-moulded as ever for want of a batin'."

"Don't go," said the wife.

"I *will* go," said Neal, with vehemence; "I'll go, if the whole parish was to go to prevent me."

In about another half-hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the fair!

Much ingenious speculation might be indulged in upon this abrupt termination to the tailor's most formidable resolution; but, for our own part, we will prefer going on with the narrative, leaving the reader at liberty to solve the mystery as he pleases. In the meantime, we say this much,—let those who cannot make it out, carry it to their tailor; it is a tailor's mystery, and no one has so good a right to understand it,—except, perhaps, a tailor's wife.

At the period of his matrimony, Neal had become as plump and as stout as he ever was known to be in his plumpest and stoutest days. He and the schoolmaster had been very intimate about this time; but we know not how it happened that soon afterwards he felt a modest, bride-like reluctance in meeting with that afflicted gentleman. As the eve of his union approached, he was in the habit, during the schoolmaster's visits to his workshop, of alluding, in rather a sarcastic tone, considering the unthriving appearance of his friend, to the increasing lustiness of his person. Nay, he has often leaped up from his lap-board, and, in the strong spirit of exultation, thrust out his leg in attestation of his assertion, slapping it, moreover, with a loud laugh of triumph, that sounded like a knell to the happiness of his emaciated acquaintance. The schoolmaster's philosophy, however, unlike his flesh, never departed from him; his usual observation was, "Neal, we are both receding from the same point; you increase in flesh, whilst I, Heaven help me, am fast diminishing."

The tailor received these remarks with very boisterous mirth, whilst Mr. O'Connor simply shook his head, and looked sadly upon his limbs, now shrouded in a superfluity of garments, somewhat resembling a slender thread of water in a shallow summer stream, nearly wasted away, and surrounded by an unproportionate extent of channel.

The fourth month after the marriage arrived, and Neal, one day, near its close, began to dress himself in his best apparel. Even then, when buttoning his waistcoat, he shook his head after the manner of Mr. O'Connor, and made observations upon the great extent to which it overfolded him.

"Well," thought he with a sigh, "this waistcoat certainly *did* fit me to a T; but it's wonderful to think how — cloth stretches!"

"Neal," said the wife, on perceiving him dressed, "where are you bound for?"

"Faith, *for life*," replied Neal, with a mitigated swagger; "and I'd as soon, if it had been the will of Provid—"

He paused.

"Where are you going?" asked the wife a second time.

"Why," he answered, "only to dance at Jammy Connolly's; I'll be back early."

"Don't go," said the wife.

"I'll go," said Neal, "if the whole country was to prevent me. Thunder an' lightnin', woman, who am I?" he exclaimed, in a loud, but rather infirm voice; "am n't I Neal Malone, that never met a *man* who'd fight him! Neal Malone, that was never beat by *man*! Why, tare-an-ounze, woman! Whoo! I'll get enraged some time, an' play the devil! Who's afeard, I say?"

"Don't go," added the wife, a third time, giving Neal a significant look in the face.

In about another half-hour Neal sat down quietly to his business, instead of going to the dance!

Neal now turned himself, like many a sage in similar circumstances, to philosophy; that is to say, he began to shake his head upon principle, after the manner of the schoolmaster. He would, indeed, have preferred the bottle upon principle; but there was no getting at the bottle, except through the wife; and so it happened that by the time it reached him, there was little consolation left in it. Neal bore all in silence; for silence, his friend had often told him, was a proof of wisdom.

Soon after this, Neal one evening met Mr. O'Connor by chance upon a plank which crossed a river. This plank was only a foot in breadth, so that no two individuals could pass each other upon it. We cannot find words in which to express the dismay of both, on finding that they absolutely glided past one another without collision.

Both paused, and surveyed each other solemnly; but the astonishment was all on the side of Mr. O'Connor.

"Neal," said the schoolmaster, "by all the household gods, I conjure you to speak, that I may be assured you live!"

The ghost of a blush crossed the churchyard visage of the tailor.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "why the devil did you tempt me to marry a wife?"

"Neal," said his friend, "answer me in the most solemn manner possible; throw into your countenance all the gravity you can assume; speak as if you were under the hands of the hangman, with the rope about your neck, for the question is indeed a trying one which I am about to put. Are you still 'blue-moulded' for want of a beating?"

The tailor collected himself to make a reply; he put one leg out,—the very leg which he used to show in triumph to his friend; but, alas, how dwindled! He opened his waistcoat and lapped it round him, until he looked like a weasel on its hind legs. He then raised himself up on his tiptoes, and, in an awful whisper, replied, "No!!! the devil a bit I'm blue-moulded for want of a batin'!"

The schoolmaster shook his head in his own miserable manner; but, alas! he soon perceived that the tailor was as great an adept at shaking the head as himself. Nay, he saw that there was a calamitous refinement, a delicacy of shake in the tailor's vibrations which gave to his own nod a very commonplace character.

The next day the tailor took in his clothes; and from time to time continued to adjust them to the dimensions of his shrinking person. The schoolmaster and he, whenever they could steal a moment, met and sympathized together. Mr. O'Connor, however, bore up somewhat better than Neal. The latter was subdued in heart and in spirit; thoroughly, completely, and intensely vanquished. His features became sharpened by misery, for a termagant wife is the whetstone on which all the calamities of a henpecked husband are painted by the Devil. He no longer strutted as he was wont to do; he no longer carried a cudgel as if he wished to wage a universal battle with mankind. He was now a married man. Sneakingly, and with a cowardly crawl, did he creep along as if every step brought him nearer to the gallows. The schoolmaster's march of misery was far slower than Neal's: the latter distanced him. Before three years passed he had shrunk up so much, that he could not walk abroad of a windy day without carrying weights in his pockets to keep him firm on the earth which he once trod with the step of a giant. He again sought the schoolmaster, with whom, indeed, he associated as much as possible. Here he felt certain of receiving sympathy; nor was he disappointed. That worthy but miserable man and Neal often retired beyond the hearing of their respective wives, and supported each other by every argument in their power. Often have they been heard in the dusk of evening singing behind a remote hedge that melancholy ditty, "Let us *both* be unhappy together;" which rose upon the twilight

breeze with a cautious quaver of sorrow truly heart-rending and lugubrious.

"Neal," said Mr. O'Connor, on one of those occasions, "here is a book which I recommend to your perusal; it is called 'The Afflicted Man's Companion'; try if you cannot glean some consolation out of it."

"Faith," said Neal, "I'm forever obliged to you, but I don't want it. I've had 'The Afflicted Man's Companion' too long, and not an atom of consolation I can get out of it. I have *one* o' them, I tell you; but, be me sowl, I'll not undertake a *pair* o' them. The very name's enough for me." They then separated.

The tailor's *vis vitæ* must have been powerful, or he would have died. In two years more his friends could not distinguish him from his own shadow; a circumstance which was of great inconvenience to him. Several grasped at the hand of the shadow instead of his; and one man was near paying it five and sixpence for making a pair of small-clothes. Neal, it is true, undecieved him with some trouble, but candidly admitted that he was not able to carry home the money. It was difficult, indeed, for the poor tailor to bear what he felt; it is true he bore it as long as he could; but at length he became suicidal, and often had thoughts of "making his own *quietus* with his bare bodkin." After many deliberations and afflictions, he ultimately made the attempt; but, alas! he found that the blood of the Malones refused to flow upon so ignominious an occasion. So *he* solved the phenomenon; although the truth was, that his blood was not "i' the vein" for it; none was to be had. What then was to be done? He resolved to get rid of life by some process; and the next that occurred to him was hanging. In a solemn spirit he prepared a selvage, and suspended himself from the rafter of his workshop; but here another disappointment awaited him; he would not hang. Such was his want of gravity that his own weight proved insufficient to occasion his death by mere suspension. His third attempt was at drowning; but he was too light to sink; all the elements, all his own energies, joined themselves, he thought, in a wicked conspiracy to save his life. Having thus tried every avenue to destruction, and failed in all, he felt like a man doomed to live forever. Henceforward he shrunk and shriv-

elled by slow degrees, until in the course of time he became so attenuated that the grossness of human vision could no longer reach him.

This, however, could not last always. Though still alive, he was to all intents and purposes imperceptible. He could only now be heard. By and by Neal's voice lessened, got fainter and more indistinct, until at length nothing but a doubtful murmur could be heard, which ultimately could scarcely be distinguished from a ringing in the ears.

Such was the awful and mysterious fate of the tailor, who, as a hero, could not of course die; he merely dissolved like an icicle, wasted into immateriality, and finally melted away beyond the perception of mortal sense. Mr. O'Connor is still living, and once more in the fulness of perfect health and strength. *His* wife, however, we may as well hint, has been dead more than two years.

THE GRIFFIN.

THE subjoined story relative to a griffin, or newly arrived cadet in India, may have charms for those who like a practical joke. It is an extract from an article on Indian literature in Alexander's East Indian Magazine, in which the writer quotes the following humorous account, by Dr. Grant, of Calcutta, of the trick played upon a griffin and novice on his first arrival in the east:

"Breakfast over, Captain Radcliffe took the griffin with him to his agent's, Mr. Anchises Macpherson, from whom he had a most kind reception, and an invitation to take up his quarters in his house. This was the more acceptable, as Major Scarp and Captain Radcliffe, were also his guests; and during our griff's stay, nothing could exceed the truly gentlemanlike hospitality he experienced, and that, too, from one on whom he had no claim whatever; nevertheless, at first, the griff had some difficulty how to act.

"I am really extremely obliged to you, sir, but as Lord M—— recommended my taking up my quarters in the Lugger Hotel, Bow-Bazar street, I——"

"Lord M—— recommended your taking up your quarters in the Lugger Hotel,

Bow-Bazar street?" exclaimed Mr. Macpherson, in a tone of unfeigned surprise.

"Yes, sir, you can ask Captain Radcliffe."

"Oh!" said Mr. Macpherson, with a smile, 'Radcliffe is just the same wild fellow he was at Barasut; he has been griffing you.'

"Griffing me! what's that?"

"Depend upon it, my dear sir, you will soon, by the friendly assistance of Radcliffe, be initiated into the mysteries of griffing and various other mysteries."

"Major Scarp, after an absence of a week, spent with a friend at Barrackpore, returned to Mr. Macpherson's. Addressing himself to our hero, he asked him if he had been to the governor-general yet; to which he of course answered in the negative.

"Why, how is this, Radcliffe; has he not been to see his lordship?"

"And have you not been to see his lordship?" asked Captain Radcliffe too, with a look of surprise,—'I deemed *that* so notoriously understood a thing, that I supposed you must of course have done so.'

"Lud," said the cadet, alarmed, 'I was not at all aware such a thing was expected or necessary.'

"Necessary!" continued the captain, 'why, my goodness! I fear you have got into a bad scrape by having neglected the observance of etiquette so long. What! have you so soon forgot the melancholy fate of cadets Beadle, Wheedle, and Tweedle, whose mortal remains are whistling in the wind on Melancholy Point? Remember, my boy, that you are not now in Derbyshire. No, no, men in power have a summary way of managing matters in this country.'

"Yes," said Major Scarp, 'and you must immediately write to the aid-de-camp in waiting, to solicit an audience of the lord, and, as usual on such occasions, to ask for an appointment.'

"True," said Captain Radcliffe, 'and as the appointment of resident at Lucknow is just become vacant, and as it is the only tolerable thing going, you should at once apply for it; and should his lordship demur to your request, you can claim it as your undoubted right, under regulation 542, of the Sudder Dewanny and Nizamut Adawlut.'

This was all Hebrew to poor Abel Peters, who took notes of what he was advised to

do, and wrote immediately for an audience, his friends instructing him how to comport himself towards the great man.

"In half an hour a note came back from the aid-de-camp, to say, that his lordship would be glad to see Mr. Peters the next day, at one o'clock, P.M. 'But,' observed Captain Radcliffe, 'there is one thing we had like to have forgotten; you cannot present yourself before the governor-general in plain clothes: have you your uniform ready?' "No,' responded the griff, 'but I have in my chest fifteen yards of scarlet cloth, provided for the purpose, by Stalkin, Walsh, and Milburn, of Leadenhall street.' 'Whew! but there is no time to make a coat of the cloth: what *can* be done? Oh! now I have it!' exclaimed the major, 'true, I am stouter than our young friend, but my regimentals will answer very well for all that.' 'A most happy thought, indeed,' observed the captain.

"Next day, accordingly, be-booted and be-spurred rather grotesquely, in a suit of the major's regimentals, a world too large for him, the cadet prepared, with palpitating heart, to visit the governor-general. When the major saw him, he screwed up his face as if he had an attack of the toothache, and could only prevent an explosion of laughter by cramming his pocket handkerchief into his mouth. Captain Radcliffe gravely said, that everything was *comme il faut*, and that the old peer could not fail to be much struck with his appearance, which unquestionably turned out to be the fact.

"But it's drawing nearly the time,' observed Major Scarp, taking out his watch, 'we must get your *sewarrie* ready.'

"My what?"

"You griff, do you think you could proceed to government house, without a proper retinue.' On this, two Kitmutghars, the cook, the musaulchy, and the bhisty, were called, and told to march before our hero's palanquin. This ridiculous cortege proceeded towards the great northern entrance of the government house, and when the palanquin reached the portico, our hero, perspiring at every pore, issued out of his wooden vehicle, and marched up the steps, with as much dignity as he could assume, to the no small admiration of some of the inmates, who saw him from the windows. At length he found himself in the ante-chamber, where

the presence of such an apparition caused a general sensation: some tittered, and others wondered 'who it could possibly be.' At a distance he looked like a field officer; on a near approach his was, indeed, 'a most questionable shape.' The aid-de-camp, who was very short-sighted, after ushering in several persons, at length came to our hero. 'Will you be good enough, sir, to say what your name is?'—'Peters, sir, Abel Peters.' 'Major Abel Peters, have the goodness to walk this way.' And to his consternation, our griff, in ten seconds more, found himself, for the first time, in the presence of a lord, and that lord the governor-general of India.

"As previously instructed, he made a most profound bow at the door; he repeated his elaborate *congé* in the middle of the room, and at length coming close up to his lordship, he dropped on one knee, and suiting the action to the word, said, in an agitated and flattering tone, 'I kiss your lordship's hands!' Oh, for the pencil of Cruikshank to portray his lordship's look of amazement, and the smile that played over his singularly benign and expressive countenance! He was, however, too polite a man to keep even a griff in any degree of painful suspense, by a display of emotion at such a ludicrous exhibition, more especially as he observed the poor *major* looked exceedingly embarrassed and heated. Outré and absurd too, as the exhibition he had just made was, his lordship, at a single glance at the man, (or rather hobbledehoy) felt quite satisfied that no disrespect, but quite the reverse, was intended. He pointed to a chair, and asked the *major* how long he had been in India.

"About ten days, my lord.'—'You belong to the infantry, I believe, major?'—'I do, my lord.'

"And a fine service it is, sir, that ever teems with openings and contingencies for conduct and gallantry to win their way to renown.' Here his lordship paused, and our griff began to feel an indefinable uneasiness creep over him, on observing his lordship's eyes scanning his habiliments with a glance of keen but smiling inquiry. At length, the pause became so oppressive to him, that he gasped out the words, 'I hope, my lord, that there is nothing in my dress or appearance that your lordship deems improper!'

"Oh, by no manner of means, *major*; I was only thinking how fortunate you have been in your rapid promotion!"

"Rapid promotion, my lord! I observe too, that your lordship has been pleased to call me *major*: why, my lord, I am only a cadet."

"Indeed! by your dress, my dear sir, I considered you to be a field officer."

"Why, my lord, I was informed that I ought not to present myself before your lordship in colored clothes, and having no uniform of my own made, Major Scarp kindly offered me his." Here his lordship turned aside, apparently to indulge in a little fit of sudden coughing, but really to prevent his laughing outright. He then again addressed our griff.

"Is there anything, Mr. Peters, in which it is in my power to serve you?"

"I have a small favor to submit to your lordship,——"

"What is it, Mr. Peters?"

"That your lordship would kindly appoint me Resident at Lucknow, that situation being, I am informed, vacant."

"His lordship here gave a look and gesture of most unfeigned astonishment, and his eye, resting for a moment on the youth, to see if he was in possession of his right senses or not, at length was lighted up with a slightly sarcastic smile, as he said—"Why really, Mr. Peters, I am not quite prepared for this request, I must confess. But will not any thing else suit you? What say you to getting into council at once? Mr.——is now going out, and if I am not mistaken you are as well fitted for the one situation as the other!"

"I am much obliged to your lordship, but I prefer what I have said; besides, my lord, I believe I can claim it under the usual regulation."

"The usual!" "Yes, my lord, said our griff, who deemed that he had now clenched the peer, 'yes, my lord, No. 542 of the *Sudder Dewanny* and *Nizamut Adawlut*."

"His lordship was now fairly overpowered, and laughed outright, until the tears rolled down his cheeks. Our griff was much disconcerted at first, but he rallied, and, according to the instructions he had previously received, proceeded. 'If your lordship should not deem it proper to grant this my request, perhaps you will do me the favor to appoint me to the *Rhinoceros Corps*?'"

"The *Rhinoceros Corps*! Mr. Peters. Perhaps you mean the *Dromedary Corps*!"

"No, my lord, I was told the *Rhinoceros Corps*."

"Well, well, Mr. Peters, we shall not dispute about the point, but pray oblige me by saying where you picked up your extraordinarily correct information about the *Nizamut Adawlut* regulation and the *Rhinoceros Corps*?"

"From Captain Radcliffe and Major Scarp, my lord."

"Ah, my young friend," said his lordship, rising, "Major Scarp and Captain Radcliffe are great wags; but as they appear to be old acquaintances of yours, and they dine with me to-morrow evening, perhaps, Mr. Peters, you will give us the pleasure of your company at half-past——o'clock?"

"Our griff respectfully accepted the invitation, but in taking leave of his lordship, contented himself with a low bow, having some misgivings respecting the excess of ceremonial with which he had graced his entrée into the great man's presence."

DOING HER PART.

AUNT PHOEBE lived and flourished about the time our grandmothers were young. She had her idiosyncrasies like the rest of us. She filled the situation of housekeeper, cook, and maid of all work for the magnificent sum of seventy-five cents per week.

Ethan Sheppard had the name of being a *near* man—it was said of him, while keeping store in Tattletown, that he bit a nail in two, because the whole of it would more than make the scales balance. He seemed to be afraid that, "Satan would find some mischief still" for Aunt Phoebe if her hands were idle, so it was his practice to take himself and men off to work without leaving enough wood to cook the dinner; of course Auntie was expected to have all things ready at noon.

So she added wood chopping to the rest of her accomplishments—till it entered her head that she was being imposed upon, then, like a true American, she resisted. And Ethan Sheppard was informed, to his great astonishment, that it was not a woman's place to provide the fuel, and that hereafter he would have to

see to it. Nevertheless, he went the next day to his work as usual, and left nothing for the fire. At half-past nine Phœbe swung on the dinner-pot, and put into it the pork, cabbage, and potatoes. At twelve o'clock she took them out and placed them on the table, and called the men in to dinner.

Imagine the faces of those hungry laborers as they took in the state of affairs.

"What does this mean?" roared out old Ethan.

"You know as well as I do," retorted Phœbe. "I put the dinner on in *plenty of time*; the pork's been in the pot since half-past nine, it was on in *plenty of time*, *plenty of time*."

It is needless to state that next day there was wood enough prepared to do the cooking, and Aunt Phœbe was not the one who cut it.

OLD HOBSON.¹

I.

HERE lies old Hobson; Death has broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt;
Or else the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown.
'T was such a shifter, that, if the truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time these ten years full,
Dodged with him betwixt Cambridge and The Bull,
And surely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly course of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him so long at home,
And thinking now his journey's end was come,
And that he had ta'en up his latest inn,
In the kind office of a chamberlain
Show'd him his room where he must lodge that night,
Pull'd off his boots, and took away the light:

¹ On the University carrier, who sickened in the time of his holiday: being forbid to go to London, by reason of the plague. It was he who established "Hobson's Choice."

If any ask for him, it shall be said,
"Hobson has supp'd and 's newly gone to bed."

II.

Here lieth one, who did most truly prove
That he could never die while he could move:

So hung his destiny, never to rot
While he might still jog on and keep his trot;
Made of sphere-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at stay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time:

And, like an engine moved with wheel and weight,
His principles being ceased, he ended straight.
Rest, that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath:

Nor were it contradiction to affirm,
Too long vacation hastened on his term.
Merely to drive away the time he sicken'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quicken'd;

"Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed
out-stretch'd,

"If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetch'd,
But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,

For one carrier put down to make six bearers."

Ease was his chief disease; and, to judge right,

He died for heaviness that his cart went light.

His leisure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load made his life burdensome,

That even to his last breath (there be that say't),

As he were press'd to death, he cried,
"More weight;"

But, had his doings lasted as they were,
He had been an immortal carrier.

Obedient to the moon he spent his date
In course reciprocal, and had his fate
Link'd to the mutual flowing of the seas,
Yet (strange to think) his *wain* was his *increase*:

His letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this superscription.

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674.

HOW PROFESSOR PEPSINE LECTURED THE GHOST.

THE little French clock in the mottled walnut-wood case that stood on the mantel-piece of the professor's laboratory, No. 90, Great Decoram Street, had just chimed out midnight in a silvery and musical way, when the professor opened his front door, with a latch-key, and burglariously entered his own house on his early return from an evening party.

Now, the professor was a popular lecturer on Food, Electricity, and other kindred subjects; and being, moreover, a jovial, fat, clever little man, was rather an acquisition at De Beauvoir Town, or any other parties; for he sang a little, played a little, danced a little, flirted a little, and made a fool of himself a little, yet was by no means a bore; but, on the contrary, a decidedly useful old bachelor, and would waltz with ugly girls, chat with talkative old fogies, and take gorgeous dowagers down to the supper-room. And as the professor did not care about being joked at, but, on the contrary, rather liked it; and, when smiled at, laughed, and twinkled, and beamed through his silvery spectacles, like a merry old glow-worm, every one forgot his learning and celebrity, and liked the professor heartily.

On the night in question the professor was in high spirits, and with some reason. Firstly, he had made two jokes that had set the supper-table in a roar, and had made the jellies shake as if they felt the cold. Secondly, he had waltzed twice with pretty Fanny Ledger, and had received a smile that gave hopes of more intimate relationship being established some day between the houses of Ledger and Pepsine. Thirdly, a great thought had struck him, as he walked briskly and chirpily home, for his celebrated "Treatise on the Merrythought of the Dodo," which was to be read at the Royal Society on the ensuing Wednesday.

I do not wish to say that the professor had taken champagne with more people that night than he ought, at Mrs. Fitz-Jones's great annual party—though even that would only tend to show the largeness of the excellent man's benevolence—but still I must concede that somehow or other he was abnormally exhilarated, for

he danced a cavalier seul as he put his Gibus on the hall-table, and pirouetted as he took off his grey opera wrapper and shawl handkerchief, and lighted his moderator lamp at the flame of the expiring night-light.

The professor was as brave as most men, but he was that night, it must be confessed, a *little* nervous. It was, at all events, owing to this slight nervous derangement, I suppose, that the professor as he lighted his lamp, went down the two steps that led to the kitchen stairs, and peered inquisitively and suspiciously into the empty darkness: But, good soul! there was nothing to see there save one black-beetle on the wall, and nothing to hear but the watchful drudging tick of the imprisoned kitchen clock below. The bells were all up at the shutters, and the door-mats were duly removed. Trusty Mrs. Dawson had forgotten nothing.

"Pooh! what a fool I am!" thought the professor, as he turned the key of his laboratory door, opening out of the hall to the right, and stepped in. Everything was snug and trim, the stove was ruddy, the gas-lamps were just alight, and that was all; their little blue jets hoarding up the flame with due regard to the quarterly gas bill. How clear and bright the spirit-lamp looked; how crystalline were the glass bowls; how ready to go through fire and water, the rough crucibles; how red the vermilioned horse-shoes of big magnets! In the exhilaration of those after-supper moments the professor felt quite a boy again, and the old boyish delight at the sight of the chemical apparatus came over him with its old power. "Of what use was it to go to bed? He was sure not to get to sleep after that strong coffee. Why might he not sit up for an hour and work?"

"Work." But here a difficulty presented itself. What kind of work should Professor Pepsine select? There wasn't time to go into "the Dodo's Merrythought," and it wanted daylight to examine "the capillary circulation of the tadpole's tail." But the professor had a will of his own; he decided in a moment; the struggle was over; he would—yes, that was it—pursue his researches on "the gastric juice and the human digestion apparatus."

"What's that noise? Oh, only the policeman trying the front door to see if it is properly bolted." The professor sits

down at his table, which is on the door side of the stove, turns up the gas (up it flies like a willing spirit), and sits down to work for an hour at his lecture on the gastric juice. But first he goes (I should mention) to a side-table at the farthest end of the room beyond the stove, to see that that mischievous girl of Mrs. Dawson's hasn't been touching the thermo-electrical instruments. No, the wires are right. But I think she has been moving the skeleton of the Polish soldier that the doctor keeps for his anatomical lectures, else why is one of the skeleton's legs thrust out before the other, as if our bony friend with the vacant eyes, and the Russian bullet in his skull, had been promenading the laboratory in his master's absence? With a "tut-tut" of impatience the doctor puts the skeleton into its right place in the corner, and makes as he does it quite a castanet clatter with the loose leg-bones; at last it is right, hanging by the usual ring, safe on its gibbet-like frame, dry, brown, and ghastly as ever.

Now the professor settles down at last seriously to work. He carefully culls the best pen in his quiver and nibs it. He takes off the gutta-percha band that encircles his roll of lecture manuscripts, and he unscrews the top of his inkstand. Ye gods of medicine, be propitious, for the professor has mounted the tripod—I mean he has just seated himself with a plop on his red-morocco-leather-covered library chair. Now, he flattens the paper oratorically with the back of his hand, and with a slightly pompous hem! savoring somewhat of the British Institution, and with a slight hiccup, begins to read his preliminary *résumé* of the net results of stomachic digestion:—

"1. The food is churned, ground, triturated, macerated, disintegrated, and liquified."

Here the professor stopped, and seriously reflected whether those three last oyster patties that followed instead of preceding the liberal helping of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's blanc-mange, were not rather injudicious.

"2. The fats, liberated from their cellular envelope, have become oils."

"I shall suffer for this to-morrow," thought the gay professor.

"3. The sugars have not much altered, for they are crystalline bodies; but the cane-sugars have turned to grape-sugars,

and perhaps a small proportion of them have turned to lactic, or milk acid."

"I shall have a headache to-morrow," said the professor's stomachic conscience, quite indifferent to the lecture on the gastric juice.

"4. The vegetable matters have been divided and made pulpy."

Here the professor lighted a cheroot.

"The albuminous matters have been macerated (how the gas flickers!)—the whole has become a pulp."

"Excellent!" said the good little man, rubbing his plump little hands—"excellently condensed, though I say it. Such should popular science be, and would that such it were! I shall then perform my extraordinary and expensive experiments of artificial digestion. Taking a—Halloa! what's that noise? I'm rather nervous to-night—taking, I say, the stomach of a newly-killed sheep, carefully cleaned and scented, I shall desire my attendant to place into it, bit by bit, an excellent dinner: turtle soup, salmon, salad, a slice of venison, vegetables, beer, wine, salt, catchup, bread, pastry, and finally cheese. I shall then pour in two table-spoonfuls of my artificial gastric juice, and submit the whole to a gentle heat, showing by an electric light which will penetrate the tissues of the bag, the rapid solvency of the whole into one colorless pulp or chyle. This lecture will lead to tremendous discussions in the papers."

And here the professor, pausing to take breath, actually rolled about in his chair, at the images his exhilarated imagination had raised; but he suddenly drew up quite rigid and composed, as an echo of his own laugh seemed to return to him from the bookcase behind the skeleton.

Now the professor, though a vain little man, and a trifle of a humbug, had a certain sense of humor, and he was not so wise but that he could laugh at himself. I like him for it, and I think that that merry (perhaps rather champagne) laugh did him great credit. The popular lecturer looked at the clock. It was ten minutes to one.

"Stay till two," he said, "and just read short notes that have drawn up for me' Christmas lecture on 'British and Foreign Wines, their uses and abuses, with special remarks, by request, on South African Port and Betts's Brandy.' Oh that Mrs.

Fitz-Jones's champagne! there was something in it. What, four glasses of champagne? Here the professor again hiccupped. "But the cold air on February night (after supper-parties) does make one hiccup. What is that noise?"

"Let us first consider the bouquet of wines and its causes (that'll do for them). The bouquet or vinous perfume arises from the presence and involvement of a substance called ænanthic ether. (Here I must puzzle them a little; the public like to be puzzled.) Alcohol, you know, ladies and gentlemen, is a hydrate of the oxide of ethyle. Now, if we put——"

I am not prepared to say how unintelligible the learned professor might not have become, had not a certain strange shuffling stir that he heard, or fancied he heard, at this moment struck his attention. It was a sound like the walking of a very lame man, mixed up with the stir and drag of a moving chain and a sort of bony rattle, not at all pleasant at one o'clock in the morning.

The sound came from the direction of the bookcase beyond the stove, the little door of which, by-the-by, at this moment suddenly flew open with a jerk, as if frightened. The professor could not see very well into the dark corner, for the bright globe of the gas-lamp shaded it from his eyes. When, however, he turned his head slightly on one side, and thus got rid of what (without a bull) might be perhaps called the overshadowing glare, he caught sight of an extraordinary object—visible, materially visible to his optic nerves, and to the eyes which may be called their windows.

There was no doubt about it at all—he saw or thought he saw, distinctly, two skeletons sitting and warming their shins in front of the stove door. One must be his laboratory skeleton, for it had the well-known black bullet-mark on the left temple; but the other was a perfect stranger. The one sat with legs stretched foppishly out, and his long right arm hung over the chair-back; the other cowered over the fire and rubbed his knees, which the fire reflection turned crimson.

But the doctor was a brave man, and not a superstitious one, and had in his time done his best to expose the folly of table-rapping, and of the stuffed hands and lazy tongs, and all the rest of it. He did not,

therefore, believe what he saw, but attributed it at once to a natural cause. All he said was, as he rose and pointed at the skeletons, these simple words of common sense:

"Diseased state of my retina."

Here the Polish ghost rose, and introduced his friend with a wave of the hand as "the Guy's Hospital skeleton."

Now, I may as well premise here that I am not myself answerable for the exact truth of what the skeleton said, as the doctor could never make up his mind afterwards whether the skeletons actually spoke, or whether the replies apparently addressed to him by those strange apparitions were not rather replies made by his inner consciousness to his own questions.

"Binocular deception," said the doctor, occasioned by temporary vinous affection of the optic nerve—very common after dinner."

At this moment, the Polish ghost coughed in the impatient way in which people do who wish to edge a word in.

The professor continued in a contemptuous tone, feeling his pulse deliberately as he spoke, and making a note on his blotting pad of its condition "at five minutes to one, Thursday, February 15, 1862."

"The blood heated; the nervous system by some subtle cause partly thrown off its balance—brain locally excited in the organs of caution—it's all that infernal champagne of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's—that's it—a species of waking nightmare." Here the professor threw himself unconsciously into a lecturing attitude, and struck the table with a heavy ruler.

The ghost, getting rather impatient and a little nettled, advanced to the table, and putting one hand on his hips oratorically, stretched the other deprecatingly towards the professor, whose courage increased every minute, the more scientifically heated he got.

"Just one moment," said the ghost, "if I may be permitted by my friend from Guy's."

"I have devoted much time to these cases," said the professor (he was one of those men you constantly meet, who have always "devoted much time" to whatever subject you are discussing), "and I know all the precedents; they are all classified: there was Dr. Ferriar, and Monsieur Nicolai, the celebrated bookseller of Berlin."

"I often meet him," said the ghost.

"About the year 1791," said the professor, treading down all interruptions, "Nicolai began to be visited by crowds of ghosts."

"I was one of them," said the Polish ghost. The skeleton from Guy's nodded, and bleared through a quite superfluous eye-glass, to indicate that he was another.

"Crowds of phantasmata," continued Pepsine, "who moved and acted before him, who addressed him, and to whom he spoke without fear; knowing that they were mere symptoms of a certain derangement of health, such as suicidal feelings, and indeed all melancholy, arises from."

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the ghost, entreating silence, and actually winking silyly at the professor.

"Silence, sir! You are a mere phantom, the result of hectic symptoms, febrile and inflammatory disorders, inflammation of the brain, nervous irritability, and only fools and sceptics have any belief in you!"

"But one word."

"Not a word; I know all your relations; there is Dr. Gregory's old hag, who used to strike people with her crutch."

"My grandmother on my father's side," said the ghost, consequently. "Mother Shipton was my aunt."

"Sorry for it, for she was no great things. I've seen too many ghosts, sir, as some great person once said, ever to believe in them—a pack of rubbish. The man who believes in a ghost, I tell you, ought to be sent to an hospital."

The quiet dittoing ghost suggested "Guy's," and smiled.

"I know the ghost in the tamboured waistcoat, and the skeleton that looked between the bed-curtains and frightened the doctor," said the professor.

"Dare n't look behind you, though!" said the Polish ghost, in a nagging and malicious way.

At this sneer the ghost from Guy's rubbed his knees harder than ever, and laughed till he rocked again.

"Dare n't I?" said the doctor, and turned quietly round; then snapping back again, and catching the gentleman from Poland sliding forward to try and pull his coat and frighten him, he deliberately snatched up his ruler, and hit the Pole a rattling blow on his bare skull;

at which the Pole grew angry, and the friend from Guy's laughed more than ever.

"How about Nicolai's ghost? That's a settler, I think," said the Pole, stepping back to a safe distance from the table, and thrusting in the remark spitefully.

"The mere fancy of a possible event. Remember the ghost that the captain sat down upon in the arm-chair, and then followed into bed—eh? Halloo! what, not a word to fling at a dog—what, quite chapfallen! Sir, I shall put you in my next lecture."

"Don't, don't!" said both ghosts, in a whining voice: "we'll go quietly away if you promise not to."

"Miserable impostors, begone! I know all your petty tricks—the voice that called Doctor Johnson—the young ensign who died of over-smoking at Kitchemegar, and that same night went and terrified his poor sister, for no reason in the world, at 999 Gower Street. Bah!"

"But, my dear sir, a moment's patience; let me put one argument before you. Look at the haunted houses in Great Britain, the rooms where no one can be induced to sleep; look at the clashing of our chains, the white shrouds, the groans, the——"

As the Polish skeleton here got out of breath, his lungs being evidently out of order, the professor slipped in, and continued his honest tirade.

"Stuff about your haunted houses—noises, all rats and draughts—unnatural deaths, bad sewers—rattling chains, rusty weathercocks—and all the rest, the tricks of deceiving servants, smugglers, or thieves."

Here the ghost from Poland shrugged his shoulders, and looked piteously at the ghost from Guy's; then both shrugged their shoulders noisily.

"But the wet ensign who comes and tells his sister he is drowned at Cutchemabobbery, in the Madras Presidency?"

"Ah! what about the wet ensign?" said the ghost from Guy's, backing up his friend's query in a posing and rather hurt sort of way.

"Hang the wet ensign! An idiotic sister nervous with incessant late hours, too much eau de Cologne, and the perusal of a sensation novel, has apprehensions about her brother in India, eventually goes to sleep over the piano, and dreams she sees him dripping."

"But she did n't dream," said Poland.

"No, she *did n't* dream," said Guy's, resorting again to his eye-glass.

"But I say she did," said the professor.

"She did n't."

"She did."

"She did n't."

The skeleton from Guy's here clenched his fist, but the ghost from Poland groaned.

"It's no use," said the latter.

"Not a bit," said the former.

"On my word of honor, my dear sir," said the ghost from Poland, trying once more, and laying his hand on the vacuity where his heart ought to have been, "it was not a dream."

"It was not a dream, on my conscience," said Guy's.

"Now look you here, gentlemen," said the doctor, getting red in the face, and seriously angry, "I have borne this, I think, long enough. I have proved to you both that you don't exist; why don't you go away civilly like gentlemen?" (The doctor rather slurred the pronunciation of this word). "You are impostors, scarecrows, mere bubbles; air, vapor, thought. Begone, or, I give you fair notice, if you are not off in five minutes by that clock, I will ring the bell, fire off a double-barrel gun, spring a rattle, throw open the front door, and alarm the street!"

This threat seemed to have a great effect on the two skeletons. Guy's sat down and warmed his shin-bones again in a desponding manner, but on Poland touching his shoulder, they both got up and began to whisper together in a violent and agitated way. They were evidently going.

* * * * *

The doctor fell suddenly into a deep sleep. He did not awake until Betsy Jane, the housemaid, came in to "do" the room at seven A.M. That fair vestal found the gas burning, and the doctor fast asleep in his arm-chair.

In alluding to the event afterwards, Dr. Pepsine's friends always called the vision and sleep the result of "over-study;" but his enemies (and what great man is not troubled with such vermin?) called it "too much of Mrs. Fitz-Jones's champagne."

WALTER THORNBURY, b. 1828.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT.

AN ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King
John;
And he ruled England with maine and with
might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd
little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrie,
Concerning the Abbot of Canterburye;
How for his house-keeping, and high re-
nowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London
towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt.
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keapest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my
crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were
knowne,
I never spend nothing but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will doe me no deere
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere.

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must
dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions
three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this
stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my
head,
Among all my liege-men, so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am
worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world
about;
And at the third question thou must not
shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow
witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
But if you will give me but three weekes
space,
He do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to
live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions
three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee.

Away rode the abbot, all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;
But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer de-
vise.

Then home rode the abbot, of comfort so
cold,
And he mett his shepheard agoing to fold;
How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome
home,
What newes do you bring us from good
King John?

Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must
give:
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege-men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world
about;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke.

Now cheare up, sire abbot! did you never
hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your
apparel,
And I'll ride to London to answeere your
quarrel.

Nay, frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us in fair London
town.

Now horses and serving-men thou shalt
have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and
brave;
With crozier and miter, and rochet, and
cope,
Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did
say,
'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
For and if thou canst answer my questions
three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seeth me here in this
stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth.

For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than
hee.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
I did not think I had been worth so little!
Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world
about.

You must rise with the sun, and ride with
the same,
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any
doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think it could be gone so soone!
Now from the third question thou must not
shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke.

Yes, that I shall do, and make your grace
merry:
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbury;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you
may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and
for mee.

The king he laughed, and swore by the
masse,
He make thee lord abbot this day in his
place!

Now naye, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alacke I can neither write ne reade.

Four nobles a week, then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto
mee:
And tell the old abbot, when thou comest
home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good
King John.

THE PERCY RELIQUES.

COMPLIMENTS.

THE Marquis of Santerre who was blind, went to hear the opera of "Enlinda," which caused a *furor* at Paris, in the reign of Louis XV., and being very much pleased, asked his attendant who wrote it.

"Monsieur Poinsinet," was the reply.

"I should like to speak to him," said the Marquis.

So, afterward, in the crush room, Monsieur Poinsinet was introduced to the blind nobleman, who embraced him with effusion and said: "My dear sir, accept my warmest thanks for the pleasure you have afforded me. Your opera is full of beauty, the music is delicious. Oh, what a misfortune that you had to set it to such trashy words!"

Now, unfortunately, it was the *libretto*, and not the music, of which poor Monsieur Poinsinet was the author.

Louis XIV., who, like many humble rhymesters, somewhat overrated his poetical powers, showed a copy of verses to Boileau, and asked his candid opinion of them.

"Ah, sire," says the poet, "I am more convinced than ever that nothing is impossible to your majesty; you desired to write some poor rhymes, and you have succeeded in making them positively detestable!"

A DESIRABLE HORSE.

"YES," said the driver of the car to the man who stood on the steps, "she's a mighty nice mare for car work—least ways to look at. Kick? Well, you bet. Since I've had her she's removed the insides from two horses hitched in

with her; she's caved in her stall times enough to make one carpenter rich, and livened up more'n one passenger. Remember one case in particular: Nice old gent with youngsters, goin' out for a Sunday picnic, had a basket of lunch covered up with a table-cloth. Jest as he was gettin' off, the mare worked round when I wasn't lookin', and she fetched that basket one clatter with both feet—I don't rightly know but she got in all four—anyways there was lunch for everybody within ten rods, whether he wanted or not; the paper boys mostly did. Think the old man saved the handle of a ham and the cork of one bottle. Such a nice-lookin' beast as she is, too. Why, that mare has been bought not less'n three times, 'cause she was sech a gentle-lookin' lady's horse. Well, it's good for doctors and wagon-makers, anyhow. Always staves up the family and gets back into the team in less'n a week. Never was broke, she wasn't, and never will be until she falls off a house."

AT THE PIANO.

It was a young woman, with as many white flounces around her as the planet Saturn has rings. She gave the music-stool a whirl or two, and fluffed down in it like a twirl of soap-suds in a hand basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and hands—to limber 'em, I suppose—and spread out her fingers until they looked as though they would pretty much cover the key-board, from the growling end down to the little squeaky one. Then these two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down upon a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl, as if its tail had been trod upon. Dead stop—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another howl, as if the cow had two tails, and you had trodden on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other like a stampede of rats and mice more than anything I call music.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

BY THE SPECTATOR.

[JOSEPH ADDISON, the eldest son of Lancelot Addison, D.D., Dean of Lichfield, was born at Milston, near Ambros-Bury, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672. On finishing his preliminary studies at Amesbury and Salisbury, he became an inmate of the Charterhouse, where he made the acquaintance of Richard Steele, afterwards his associate in literary work and fame. At the age of fifteen he entered King's College, Oxford, where by his diligent study of the classics he is said to have "acquired an elegant Latin style before he arrived at that age in which lads usually begin to write good English." Some verses addressed by him at the age of twenty-two years, to Dryden, elicited the praise of the great poet himself. His growing reputation was advanced by a translation of a part of Virgil's *Georgics*; by a critical preface to Dryden's version of the *Georgics*; and by a versified criticism on some of the principal English poets, addressed to Sacheverell. In 1695 a poem addressed to King William, and dedicated to Lord Keeper Somers, secured for him a pension of £300 per annum. The publication about this time of his Latin poems, inscribed to Mr. Montague (afterwards Lord Halifax), Chancellor of the Exchequer, procured him another influential friend. The question of his life-career now pressed for a decision. His original intention had been to take holy orders, but, partly owing to the counsel of Lord Halifax, this purpose was abandoned. It is an undetermined question whether ambition, kindled by the brilliant political prospects opening before him, or a conscientious shrinking from a sacred office for whose proper exercise he felt disqualified, had most to do with this grave decision. In 1699, Addison visited Italy. The death of King William in 1702 brought a new set of statesmen into power, and the enthusiastic young traveller was obliged, by the loss of his pension, suddenly to return to England and to consider how he might best secure a livelihood. After the battle of Blenheim, the Lord Treasurer Godolphin inquired for a poet to celebrate the event. Lord Halifax named Addison, who being invited, accepted the task and discharged it so satisfactorily that he was appointed Com-

missioner of Appeals, and, in 1706, Under-Secretary of State. His able pen was of great value to the ministry. In 1709, he accompanied the Marquis of Wharton to Ireland as Secretary.

To the *Tatler*, which was started by Steele in 1709, Addison soon became an important contributor. He also wrote five articles for *The Whig Examiner*, the first number of which appeared Sept. 14, 1710. The *Tatler* was discontinued Jan. 2, 1711, and on the first of the ensuing March the *Spectator* made its appearance. With this famous periodical, which is still read with delight, Addison's name is inseparably linked. His contributions are signed "C. L. I," or "O,"—the letters together forming the word "Clio." Addison also contributed freely to *The Guardian*, begun Mar. 12, 1713. His tragedy of *Cato*, which was acted for thirty-five consecutive nights, appeared in 1713; and in the same year he published his political squib, "The Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff." His verses to Sir Godfrey Kneller, and some minor pieces, were printed in 1714. In 1716 Addison married the dowager Countess of Warwick, a union which by no means increased his happiness. He died June 17, 1719, aged 47 years. "Before he expired, he sent for his step-son, the Earl of Warwick, then in his 21st year, and while the young nobleman stood at his bedside to receive his commands, grasping his hand, he said he had called him that he might see with what peace a Christian could die. He left an only daughter by the Countess."

Dr. Johnson pays this lofty tribute to Addison: "He not only made the proper use of wit himself, but taught it to others, and from his time it has been generally subservient to the cause of reason and of truth. No greater felicity can genius attain than that of having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness; of having taught a succession of writers to bring elegance and gayety to the aid of goodness; and, if I may use expressions yet more awful, of having 'turned many to righteousness.'"

Macaulay says: "As a moral satirist, he [Addison] stands unrivalled. . . In wit, properly so called, Addison was not inferior to Cowley or Butler. . . The still higher faculty of invention, Addison possessed in still larger measure. . . But what shall we say of Addison's humor? . . . We own

that it is in our opinion of a more delicious flavor than that of either Swift or Voltaire." Macaulay regards him, moreover, "not only as the greatest of the English essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English novelists." "In refined and delicate humor," says Prof. C. D. Cleveland, "Addison has no superior, if he has any equal, in English prose literature."

By common consent, the most delightful and original of all Addison's productions is that series of sketches in the *Spectator*, of which Sir Roger de Coverley is the central figure. "Sir Roger is an absolute creation; the gentle yet vivid imagination, the gay and cheerful spirit of humor, the keen, shrewd observation, and fine raillery of foibles which Addison has displayed in this felicitous characterization, render it a work of pure genius."

SIR RICHARD STEELE was born in Dublin in the year 1671. He was educated at the Charter-house school, and afterwards at Merton College, Oxford. Leaving college without taking a degree, he became an ensign in the horse guards. He rose to the rank of a captain, but his military life was gay and dissipated. In the midst of this profligate course he wrote *The Christian Hero*, a religious treatise composed partly with the view of checking his own irregularities, which it failed to do. His next literary productions were comedies: *The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode*, appeared in 1702; *The Tender Husband*, in 1703; and *The Lying Lover*, in 1704. About this time he married a rich West Indian lady who survived the union only a few months; and in 1706 he received the appointment of Gazetteer, with a salary of £300, and the post of gentleman usher to prince George, with a salary of £100. In 1707 he married a Welsh lady, Mary Scurlock, who had a fortune of £400 a year; but extravagant living soon involved the pair in financial difficulties which became chronic. In 1709 Steele began *The Tatler*, which was issued thrice a week, and in March, 1711 (two months after the discontinuance of *The Tatler*), he launched the *Spectator*, a daily journal, which had an extraordinary success, and whose brilliant contents now form a part of the English classics. In 1713 he started the *Guardian*. To each of these periodicals Addison was a leading contributor. *The Lover, The Reader*, and other similar periodical ventures were short-lived. Steele took an active part in the political

affairs of his day, being an ardent Whig. He was a member of the House of Commons, but was expelled from that body on account of his pamphlets, *The Crisis* and *The Englishman*. When his party returned to power, after the death of Queen Anne, Steele obtained an appointment in the king's household and was again elected to Parliament. In 1717 he was named one of the Commissioners for the forfeited estates in Scotland. In 1722 his successful comedy of *The Conscious Lovers* was produced. His health began to decline about this time, and he spent the last three years of his life in retirement in Wales, where he died Sept. 21, 1729. Steele's literary fame rests chiefly on his essays. Of the contents of *The Tatler*, *The Spectator* and of *The Guardian*, he contributed, respectively 188, 240, and 82 papers. It is Steele's misfortune to be almost invariably put in comparison with Addison; and yet it has been truly remarked that if in taste and delicate humor he was Addison's inferior, he was fully his equal in invention and insight into human character and motives. Hazlitt says: "I am far from wishing to depreciate Addison's talents, but I am anxious to do justice to Steele, who was, I think, upon the whole, a less artificial and more original writer. The humorous descriptions of Steele resemble loose sketches or fragments of a comedy; those of Addison are rather comments or ingenious paraphrases on the original text." "The great and appropriate praise of Steele," says Dr. Drake, "is to have been the first who, after the licentious age of Charles the Second, endeavored to introduce the Virtues on the stage." "Steele's *Conscious Lovers*," adds Hallam, "is the first comedy which can be called moral."

EUSTACE BUDGELL, a son of Gilbert Budgell, D. D., was born at St. Thomas, near Exeter, England, in 1685, and was educated at Christ Church, Oxford. Although destined by his father for the bar, Budgell's taste for literature overruled that intention. On removing to London, he sought an intimacy with Addison, who was a first cousin of his mother, and Addison, being then Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, gave him a clerkship in his office. His talents made him other influential friends, but a captious and quarrelsome temper and an inordinate vanity marred alike the success and the happiness of his life. Budgell contributed several papers to *The Tatler* before he had attained his

majority; and was the author of no less than thirty-seven papers in *The Spectator*, and of two in *The Guardian*. He was a prominent contributor to *The Craftsman*, and, towards the end of 1732, he started *The Bee*, a weekly magazine, which was continued two years. His translation, from the Greek, of Theophrastus's Characters was warmly commended. His humorous epilogue to Ambrose Philips's Distressed Mother was one of the most popular productions of the day; but, as in the case of his illustrious associates, Addison and Steele, Budgell's fame is due to his essays—especially to those in *The Spectator*. He died by his own hand, under a cloud, in 1736. Budgell is justly praised for "entering with perfect accuracy into the conception and keeping of a character so original as that of Sir Roger de Coverley." Good examples of his felicity in this regard are afforded by Chapters X. and XXV., below.

The larger number of the papers of which Sir Roger de Coverley is made up, are by Addison, and his authorship may be assumed, wherever special credit is not given to another.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE aim of the Spectator, as defined by Dr. Johnson, was "to teach the minuter decencies and inferior duties; to regulate the practice of daily conversation; to correct those depravities which are rather ridiculous than criminal, and remove those grievances which if they produce no lasting calamities, impress hourly vexation." The machinery adopted by the Spectator to accomplish this object—to soften the harshness of his censures, to disarm the sharpest strictures of the smallest offence—was a club; the members of which—after the grave, taciturn, ubiquitous, keen, but kindly, Spectator himself—were representatives of the various classes of society whose faults and absurdities rendered them most in need of pertinent admonition. To the coarse, intemperate, ignorant and arrogant country esquires of that day, the gentle mentor spoke through Sir Roger de Coverley; no model magistrate, or self-righteous censor; but a hearty, humorous, plain old gentleman—one of themselves—with enough of their foibles, tastes and prejudices to win their sympathies and to charm them into reformation.

None of the characters were elaborated with so much care—to none was imparted such thorough completeness, as that of Sir Roger de Coverley; between which (to quote a saying of Horace Walpole) and Sir John Falstaff—though a wide interval—nothing like it exists in literature for truthfulness and finish. Sir Roger's eccentricities do not, as some have written, disturb the consistency of the character: on the contrary they strengthen its individuality. If they be discords, instead of jarring, they enrich the harmony. They are precisely the humors of an honest, elderly, sensitive bachelor, whose early history had been dashed with the romance of his having been jilted. Sir Roger does nothing and says nothing which might not have been said and done, in his day, by any warm-hearted rustic gentleman who had been irredeemably crossed in love. Indeed, turning thus from Nature to the consummate Art which copied her, it can scarcely be denied that the character owes its immortality to the quaint traits of extravagance which have been stigmatized as blemishes: without impairing the efficacy of Sir Roger as a special admonitory example to the country esquire of the reign of Queen Anne, his oddities were destined to rivet the interest and excite the affectionate smile of all readers in all time.

The essays which separate the Coverley papers from one another, however exquisite in themselves, break the spell which binds the reader while lingering over the benevolence or humor of the Worcestershire baronet. Even when arranged more conveniently in a sequence, as in this book, it is not pleasing to remember that so captivating an identity was originated and wrought out by "several hands." Every fresh lineament of the good Sir Roger so strengthens the sense of Unity, that we rather love to be deluded with the notion that the whole was the work of one mind. With an art so perfect that it conceals art, we prefer the ignorance which is our bliss, to the knowledge that reveals the companionships, contrivances, or agonies of authorcraft. Though curiosity is gratified, sentiment is hurt, when we are told that the outlines of Sir Roger de Coverley were imagined and partly traced by Sir Richard Steele; that the coloring and more prominent lineaments were elaborated by Joseph Addi-

son; that some of the back-ground was put in by Eustace Budgell; and, that the portrait was defaced by either Steele or Thomas Tickell with a deformity which Addison repudiated, and which is not here reproduced.

The sum of the account in hard figures stands thus:—Sir Roger de Coverley's adventures, opinions, and conversations occur in thirty of the *Spectator's* papers. Of these, Addison wrote twenty, Budgell two, and Steele eight; if it be certain that he was the author of the obnoxious portion of No. 410; which has also been attributed to Tickell.

But over this divided labor, all evidence proves that Addison exercised a rigid and harmonising editorial vigilance. In the words of an accurate critic, "Addison took the rude outlines into his own hands, retouched them, colored them; and is, in truth, the creator of the Sir Roger de Coverley and the Will Honeycomb with whom we are all familiar." The habits of Addison and Steele were those of a close literary partnership. What Steele's quick impatient genius planned, Addison's rich taste and thoughtful industry executed: what were, and would perhaps have ever remained, dreams in Steele's brain, came out distinct realities from under Addison's hand. Between them Pope's maxim was fully obeyed:—

"To write with fervor and correct with phlegm."

Steele supplied some of the fervor: Addison all the finish, all the phlegm.

But, it must be repeated, those who love Sir Roger de Coverley love not these ungenial revelations. They like to feel that the fine-hearted creation comes from a single source;—from those nicely-balanced stores of touching pathos and refined humor; of sound common-sense and polished wit; of keen satire and kind words; of sharp observation and genial description which exist in the single gentleman who paints his own portrait in the first pages, and who is known wherever English letters can be read, as

"THE SPECTATOR."

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.*—HOR.

I HAVE observed, that a reader seldom

peruses a book with pleasure, until he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been delivered down from father to son whole and entire without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that my mother dreamt that she had brought forth a judge: Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my very first appearance in the world, seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that *my parts were solid, and would wear well*. I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I ap-

piled myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university, with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe, in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a Pyramid: And as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort, wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and whilst I seem attentive to nothing but the postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's Coffee-house,¹ and sometimes join the

little committee of politics in the inner-room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-Tree, and in the Theatres both of Drury-Lane and the Hay-Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's: In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind, than as one of the species; by which means, I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artizan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them; as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the whigs and tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name,

¹ THE COFFEE-HOUSE. The chief places of resort were coffee and chocolate houses, in which some men almost lived, insomuch that whoever wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not where he resided, but which coffee-house he frequented? Here the proud nobleman or country squire were not to be distinguished from the genteel thief and daring highwayman. "Pray Sir," says Aimwell to Gibbet, in Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem*, "ha'n't I seen your face at Will's coffee-house?" The robber's reply is:—"Yes, Sir; and at White's too."

The coffee-houses, from the time of their commencement in 1652, served instead of newspapers:—they were *arenæ* for political discussion. Journalism was then in its infancy; the first daily newspaper (*The Daily Courant*) was scarcely two years old, and was too small to contain much news; as were the other journals then extant. Hence the fiercely contested polemics of the period were either waged in single pamphlets or in periodicals started to advocate or to oppose some particular ques-

tion, and laid down when that was settled. The peaceful leading article and mild letter "to the Editor" had not come into vogue as safety valves for the escape of overboiling party zeal; and the hot blood, roused in public rooms to quarrelling pitch, was too often cooled by the rapier's point.

Each coffee-house had its political or literary specialty; and of those enumerated in the present paper, Will's was the rendezvous for the wits and poets. It was named after William Urwin, its proprietor, and was situated at No. 1 Bow Street, at the corner of Great Russell Street, Covent Garden; the coffee-room was on the first floor, the lower part having been occupied as a retail shop. Dryden's patronage and frequent appearance made the reputation of the house, which was afterwards maintained by other celebrated characters. It was from Will's coffee-house that the Tatler dated his poetry.

Child's was in St. Paul's Churchyard. Its vicinity to the Cathedral and Doctor's Commons, made it the resort

my age, and my lodgings. I must confess, I would gratify my reader in any thing that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer, is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason likewise, that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible, but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work; for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in

the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me, may direct their letters to the *Spectator*, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal.

THE SPECTATOR.

London, Thursday, March 1, 1710-11.

CHAPTER I.—SIR ROGER AND THE CLUB.¹

Ast altii sex

Et plures uno conclamant ore.—JUV.

THE first of our Society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger.² He is a gentleman

of the clergy and other ecclesiastical loungers. In one respect Child's was superseded by the Chapter in Pater-noster Row.

The St. James's was the Spectator's head-quarters. It stood at the end of Pall Mall—of which it commanded a perspective view—near to, if not upon the site of what is now No. 87 St. James's Street, and close to Ozinda's chocolate house. These were the great party rallying places; “a Whig,” says de Foe, “would no more go to the Cocoa Tree or Ozinda's than a Tory would be seen at St. James's.” Swift, however, frequented the latter during his sojourn in London, 1710-13; till fighting in the van of the Tory ranks, he could no longer show face there, and was obliged to relinquish the society of those literary friends, whom, though Whigs, he cherished.

The Grecian, in Devereux Court, derived its name from a Greek named Constantine, who introduced a new and improved method of making coffee, from the land of Epicurus. Perhaps from this cause, or from having set up his apparatus close to the Temple, he drew the learned to his rooms. “All accounts of learning,” saith the Tatler, “shall be under the title of the Grecian.” The glory of the Grecian outlasted that of the rest, and it remained a tavern till 1843.

Jonathan's, in Change Alley, the general mart for stock-jobbers, was the precursor of the present Stock Exchange in Capel Court. The hero of Mrs. Centlivre's comedy, “A Bold Stroke for a Wife,” performed at Jonathan's his most successful deception on the city guardian of his mistress.

The word Club as applied to convivial meetings, is de-

rived from the Saxon *cleafan*, to divide, “because,” says Skinner, “the expenses are divided into shares or portions.” Clubs were more general in the days of the Spectator than perhaps at any other period of our history. Throughout the previous half-century public discord had dissevered private society; and, at the restoration, men yearned for fellowship; but as, even yet, political danger lurked under an unguarded expression or a rash toast, companions could not be too carefully chosen. Persons therefore whose political opinions and private tastes coincided, made a practice of meeting in clubs. This principle of congeniality took all manner of odd turns, but the political clubs of the time played an important part in history.

¹ This chapter is by Steele.

² The account of the *Spectator* and each member of his club was most likely fictitious; for the *Tatler* having been betrayed into personalities, gave such grave offence, that Steele determined not to fall again into a like error. Had indeed the originals of Sir Roger and his club-companions existed among, as Budgell asserts, the “conspicuous” characters of the day, literary history would assuredly have revealed them. But a better witness than Budgell testifies to the reverse. The *Spectator* emphatically disclaims personality in various passages:—In 262 he says, “When I place an imaginary name at the head of a character, I examine every syllable, every letter of it, that it may not bear any resemblance to one that is real.” In another place, “I would not make myself merry over a piece of paste-board that is invested with a public character.”

that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho-Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a Justice of the Quorum; that he fills the chair at a Quarter-Session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us, is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner-Temple; a man of great probity, wit and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is

the most learned of any of the House in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage articles, leases and tenures in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: As few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russell-Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London.¹ A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is

¹ To Sir Roger, who as a country gentleman appears to be a Tory, or, as it is generally expressed, an adherent to the landed interest, is opposed Sir Andrew Freeport, a new man and a wealthy merchant, zealous for the moneyed interest, and a Whig. Of this contrariety of opinions more consequences were at first intended than could be produced when the resolution was taken to exclude party from the paper.—*Dr. Johnson's Life of Addison.*

acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "a penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself; and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself, the favor of a commander. He will however in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or enquiring into it: for, says he, that great man who

has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: Therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from an habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb,¹ a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of

¹ The attentive reader of the *Tatler* will find in it the germ of many of the characters in the *Spectator*—an additional argument against their having been drawn from actual individuals. The honorable Mr. Thomas Gules, who indicted Peter Plum in the Court of Honor for taking the wall of him (*Tatler*, No. 256), will at once be recognized as the prototype of Will Wimble. "The prosecutor alleged that he was the cadet of a very ancient family; and that according to the principles of all the younger brothers of the said family, he had never sullied himself with business; but had chosen rather to starve like a man of honor, than do anything beneath his quality. He produced several witnesses that he had never employed himself beyond the twisting of a whip, or the making of a pair of nut-crackers, in which he only worked for his diversion, in order to make a present now and then to his friends."

every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world: as other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or the blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present lord such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the house, he starts up, "He has good blood in his veins, Tom Mirabell, the rogue, cheated me in that affair: that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of, as one of our company; for he visits us but seldom, but when he does it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to: He is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which

he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions.

CHAPTER II.—COVERLEY HALL.

*Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.*—HOR.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the county come to see him, he only shows me at a distance: as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is greyheaded, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old

master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the old Knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good-nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: On the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a standerby to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer told me, That he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than

much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper; and, if possible a man that understood a little of back gammon. My friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it: I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them: if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity.

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Sanderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper, to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

CHAPTER III.—THE COVERLEY HOUSEHOLD.¹

*Æsopo ingentem statuum posuere Attici,
Servumque collostrant æterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.*—PHÆDR.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing: on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the human and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate, with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know, what road he took that he came so

readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground, if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect, founded on his benevolence to his dependents, lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favors, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants: he has ever been of opinion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine, when a tene-ment falls, and give the settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons

¹ By Steele.

who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes; and shown to their undone patrons, that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw but in Sir Roger's family, and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger, and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great

bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant told me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

CHAPTER IV.—THE COVERLEY GUEST.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.—PHEDR.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country-fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"SIR ROGER,
"I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the Bowling-Green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eaton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to learning hugely. I am,

"Sir, your humble Servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with

his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: He makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them how they wear? These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazle-twigs in his hand that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge Jack, he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or a merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though incapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family: Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce.

CHAPTER V.—THE COVERLEY LINEAGE.¹*Abnormis sapiens* ——— *Hob.*

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We are now arrived at the upper-end of the gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things, as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and a half broader: besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot; he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that shewed he did it rather

to perform the rule of the lists, than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals), and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honor, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands the next picture. You see, Sir, my great great great grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart.¹ For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife, she brought ten children, and when I show you the library, you shall see in her own hand, (allowing for the difference of the language) the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to walk back a little, because 'tis necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid: the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families: the theft of this romp and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there: Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in (which to be

¹ The hooped petticoat was revived, not long before the date of this paper, by a mantua-maker named Selby. Against it keen war was waged in the *Spectator*

¹ By Steele.

sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer: he was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds of debt upon it: but however by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back, that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner. "This man" (pointing to him I looked at), "I take to be the honor of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which are incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to

lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message, the day before the battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above-mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

CHAPTER VI.—THE COVERLEY GHOST.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.—VIRG.

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late

that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbors of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the association of ideas, has very curious remarks to show how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head: and I daresay the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a good deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified by the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the report of all historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless: could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion.

CHAPTER VII.—THE COVERLEY SABBATH.

**Θάνατος μὲν πρῶτα θεός, νόμος ὡς διακρίνεται, Τίμω.*—PYTHAG.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It

is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church yard, as a citizen does upon the change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing: He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common-prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions; sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same

prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to church. The 'Squire has made all his tenants

atheists and tithe-stealers; while the Parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the Squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

CHAPTER VIII.—SIR ROGER IN LOVE.¹

Hærent infici pectore vultus.—VIRG.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard, that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men

in love, to attempt the removing of their passions by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I have ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance of his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before: and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before he received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's cap sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court, with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her

¹ By Steele.

cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, Make way for the defendant's witnesses. This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the Sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as everyone besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures, that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship: she is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good

sense, than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country-gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began to discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her says, I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak. They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with such a creature—But, after all,

you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that he might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow¹ is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial which one knows not how to render into English, *Dum tacet, hanc*

¹ Both Addison and Steele had suffered from perverse widows; and who knows but this "confluence of congenial sentiment" springing from a like source was one cause of these differently constituted men being long united in friendship?

The tantalising dominion under which Addison suffered when the Coverley papers were in progress, was exercised by the Countess Dowager of Warwick, whom he was anxiously courting; "perhaps," says Dr. Johnson, "with behaviour not very unlike that of Sir Roger to his disdainful widow." The result, though different, was not happier than Sir Roger's destiny. Not till four years after the Coverley papers had been finished did Addison succeed in his suit. "On the 2d August, 1716," continues the biographer of the poets, "he married the Countess, on terms much like those on which a Turkish Princess is espoused; to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce 'Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave.'" This marriage was only a change from one sort of unhappiness to another,—from the intermittent vexations of a slighted lover, to the chronic miseries of an ill-matched husband.

loquitur. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition:

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævïa
Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, innuit, ana
est
Nævïa; Si non sit Nævïa, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternâ patri cùm luce saluter:
Nævïa lux, inquit, Nævïa, numen, ave.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævïa talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævïa, or be mute.
He writ his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely Nævïa, ever thine.

CHAPTER IX.—THE COVERLEY ECONOMY.¹

Paupertatis pudor et fuga.—HOR.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good-breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behaviour in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him: and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor

Probability, however, rejects Lady Warwick as the model we seek. To find it we must, it is said, turn to Steele's tormentress, Addison's sufferings were in full force when the sketch was made; Steele's were past. Addison's tortures were too real and operative for the unchecked flow of that genial humor—for that fine tolerance of the widow's cruelty—which pervades every allusion to her: Steele's pains had, on the contrary, been first assuaged by time, and then, let us hope, extinguished by matrimony with another—and another. While, therefore, experience had made him master of a widow's arts, the retrospect of what he had suffered from them was too remote to darken the shadows, or to sour the expressions of the portrait. Hence it is his signature that appears to this paper, and his widow who is said to have inspired them. The original of the character is believed to have been Mrs. Boevey, of Flagley Abbey, near Worcestershire.

¹ By Steele.

than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every thing that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humor grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit, is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty; but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine-way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonor. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name, which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year; which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince

him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbors, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessities, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his laborers, and be himself a laborer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion and oppression, have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot and prodigality, from the shame of it; but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant, than the neglect of necessities would have been before.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if according to that ancestor of Sir Roger, whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities.

It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbor surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley,

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
With any wish so mean as to be great;
Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love!

CHAPTER X.—THE COVERLEY HUNT.

Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.—JUV.

HAD not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honor, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be labored before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use? Manufactures, trade and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labors.

The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.¹

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers, that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighborhood always attended him, on account of

¹ The remainder of the chapter is by Budgell.

his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year, than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting-horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts; his tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for fox hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed, he endeavors to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete consort. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the Knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master, that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flushed, so sanded; and their heads are hung

With ears that sweep away the morning dew.
Crook-kneed and dew-lapped like Thessalian
bulls.

Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouths like
bells,

Each under each: A cry more tuneable
Was never bellowed to, nor cheered with horn.

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the

general benevolence of all the neighborhood towards my friend. The farmer's sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavored to make the company sensible of by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me "if puss was gone that way?" Upon my answering "yes," he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country fellows muttering to his companion, "That 't was a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying 'stole away.'"

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or in hunter's language, "flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: if they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one that was a noted "liar," might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two

or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five and twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us followed by the full cry "in view." I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing around me, the "chiding" of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighboring hills, with the hollowing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman getting forward threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

For my own part I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden :

The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than see the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend.

CHAPTER XI.—THE COVERLEY WITCH.

Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.—VIRG.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions; or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is,

and has been such a thing as witchcraft ; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway :

In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown
double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to her-
self.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled
and red ;
Cold palsy shook her head ; her hands
seemed withered ;
And on her crooked shoulders had she
wrapped
The tattered remnants of an old striped
hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the
cold :
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely
patched
With different colored rags, black, red, white,
yellow,
And seemed to speak variety of wretched-
ness.

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried Amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy maid does not make her butter

come so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. Nay, (says Sir Roger) I have known the master of the pack upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White has been out that morning.

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which upon looking that way, I found to be an old broom staff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself ; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbor's cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me, that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare ; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir Roger was several times staggered by the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the County Sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins

to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers and terrifying dreams. In the meantime, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frightened at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

CHAPTER XII.—A COVERLEY LOVE MATCH.¹

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.—VIRG.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down to the earth, or turned on the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow. This woman, says he, is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all, is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are con-

stantly built upon so agreeable an object, must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem: I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her: how often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her? and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her confidant.

Of all persons under the sun (continued he, calling me by my name) be sure to set a mark upon confidants: they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favorite-woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidant shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behavior of her friend and patroness.

Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer: and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general, and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidant. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that——

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when he heard the voice of one

¹ By Steele.

speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, "What, not one smile?"

We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, "Hist, these are lovers." The huntsman looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream, "Oh thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with: but alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish.—Yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her William: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without one smile.—It is too much to bear—" He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water: at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake."

Look you there, quoth Sir Roger, do you see there, all mischief comes from confidants! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father; I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate

Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighborhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself: however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, "Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved:" the hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her: whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers.

I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain: for I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh; however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE COVERLEY ETIQUETTE.

*Urben quam dicunt Romam, Meliboe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostrae similem.—VIRG.*

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behavior and good-breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so encumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present, therefore, an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior, are the height of good-breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us: nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good-breeding shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world by his excess of good breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an

hour, as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedence in a meeting of justices' wives, than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down, and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me, and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it; and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express every thing that had the most remote appearance of being obscene, in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard behavior and conversation, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this too the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaux are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head dresses.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE COVERLEY DUCKS.

*Equidem credo, quia sit Divinitus illis
Ingenium.*—VIRG.

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near an hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favorite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: The arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

It is astonishing to consider the different

degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them; as the serpent, the crocodile and the ostrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and direct all the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance? When she has laid her eggs in such a manner, that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal? In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigor of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attend-

ance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the fore-mentioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner: she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays: she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the first mover and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of instinct in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the step-mother,

with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed reason, so when we call it instinct, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of providence, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his learned Dissertation on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est Anima Brutorum*, God himself is the Soul of Brutes. Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? Tully has observed, that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of his own accord applies itself to the teat. Dampier, in his Travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America, they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

CHAPTER XV.—SIR ROGER ON THE BENCH.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.—PUBL.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world: If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public: A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all

about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good will, which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes: As we were upon the road Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

The first of them, says he, that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man: He is just within the game act,¹ and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant: He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges: in short, he is a very sensible man; shoots flying; and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages and ejectments: He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution.

¹ The 3d of James the First, chap. 44, clause v. provides that if any person who has not real property producing forty pounds per ann.: or who has not two hundred pounds worth of goods and chattels, shall presume to shoot game: "Then any person having lands, tenements, or hereditaments, of the clear yearly value of one hundred pounds a year, may take from the person or possession of such malefactor or malefactors and to his own use for ever keep, such guns, bows, cross-bows, buckstalls, engine-hays, nets, ferrets, and coney dogs, &c." This amiable enactment, which permitted a one-hundred-pound-freeholder to become in his single person, accuser, witness, judge, jury, and executioner; and which made an equally respectable but poorer man who shot a hare a "malefactor," was the law of the land even so lately as 1827.

His father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree.

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will it seems had been giving his fellow-travellers an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story told him that Mr. such a one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and after having paused some time told them, with an air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that "much might be said on both sides." They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it: upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear, "That he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit." I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose, that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the court, as to

give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most; at the same time that the ordinary people gazed upon him from a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident; which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had it seems been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door; so that the Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and goodwill, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment; and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time, that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter by the Knight's directions to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the innkeeper, on Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing, that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my friend with his usual cheerfulness related the particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner. I could still discover a distant resemblance of my

old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence: but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied, *that much might be said on both sides.*

These several adventures, with the Knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels.

CHAPTER XVI.—A STORY OF AN HEIR.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant:
Ulcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.—HOR.*

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-colored ruddy young man who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers who either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish

thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their land and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large, under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine on the contrary sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interest of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, there is no dallying with life) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighborhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same

time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapped up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus, reflecting on the ordinary behavior of a son, who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counselor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts

of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honor and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a summons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighborhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of ac-

knowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself."

Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behavior of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

CHAPTER XVII.—SIR ROGER AND PARTY SPIRIT.

*Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
Neu patrie validas in viscera vertite vires.—VIRG.*

My worthy friend, Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was a time when the feuds ran high between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint! The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the

way to Anne's lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir Roger, I did not think fit to repeat my former question, but going into every lane in the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neighborhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that, they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the *ichneumon*, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable, because the *ichneumon* never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles; for the Egyptians

are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behavior of ordinary partisans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations, I have endeavored as much as I am able to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice, which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular, because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness, to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve towards one another an outward show of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humor fills the country with several periodical meetings of whig jockies and tory fox-hunters; not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles, the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the monied interest. This humor is so moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find however that the Knight is a much stronger tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a whig-inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last

election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn keeper; and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient, because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations; the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and an hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party humor. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighboring market-town the other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week), I observed a stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behavior than ordinary; but was much surprised that notwithstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found, that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend, Sir Roger, in his ear, if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see such a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot

but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children.

CHAPTER XVIII.—ON GIPSIES IN GENERAL.

Semperque recentes

Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.—VIRG.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop: but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge, says Sir Roger, they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his henroost is sure to pay for it: they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweet-hearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes.

Sir Roger observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a

people who were so entirely new to me, told me, that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them.

A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me, that I loved a pretty maid in a corner, that I was a woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him, that he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the Knight cried, Go, go, you are an idle baggage; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true-love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night: my old friend cried Pish, and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought: The Knight still repeated she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on. Ah, Master, says the gipsy, that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache; you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing.

The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me, that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humor, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked: that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

CHAPTER XIX.—A SUMMONS TO LONDON.

Ipsæ rursum, concedite sylvas.—VIRG.

It is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply, besides that the sport is the more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind, whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another, and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character: my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various; some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely

silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood, is what they here call a white witch.

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has it seems said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously, when he is in town, do not know but that he has brought down with him some discarded whig, that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest, among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a noise. It is true my friend Sir Roger tells them, That it is my way, and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighborhood. A man that is out of humor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance-comer; that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can in order to be alone. I

can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

"Dear Spec,

I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send us any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the Knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he don't return quickly will make every mother's son of us commonwealth's men.

Dear Spec, Thine eternally,

WILL HONEYCOMB."

CHAPTER XX.—FAREWELL TO COVERLEY HALL.¹

Qui, aut Tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.—TULL.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain in my hear-

¹ By Steele.

ing what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, Mrs. Betty Arable the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young squire Quickset, her cousin, (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's. I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports for the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the Captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the Captain's equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach: and the Captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his men to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness that he believed very graceful, told her, "that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal, I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence

of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion, who is fallen asleep, to be the brideman, and" (giving the Quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "my friend, I take it in good part, that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly: Thou art a person of a light mind: thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, Friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee: But if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, we cannot resist thee. Why didst thou flee at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee: To speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with an happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, "Faith, Friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation, fell under Ephraim: and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence.

The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: But when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good-fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to the one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim delivered himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof; but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend (continued he, turning to the officer), thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: but be advised by a plain man; modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

CHAPTER XXI.—SIR ROGER IN LONDON.

*Evo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas.—OVID.*

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me, that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's-Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the Knight always called him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's-Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hemms.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him six-pence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. I have left, says

he, all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners.

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter, in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added, that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high, that it blew down the end of one of his barns. But for my own part, says Sir Roger, I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it.

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him, that he had killed eight fat hogs for this season, that he had dealt about his chimes very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. I have often thought, says Sir Roger, it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold, if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our

friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions.

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the last Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me, with a kind of a smile, whether Sir Andrew had not taken the advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, Tell me truly, says he, don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession,¹—but, without giving me time to answer him, Well, well, says he, I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters.

The Knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place

¹ *The Pope's Procession.* Each anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's accession (Nov. 17) was for many years celebrated by the citizens of London in a manner expressive of their detestation of the Church of Rome. A procession—at times sufficiently attractive for royal spectators—paraded the principal streets, the chief figure being an effigy of the Pope, well executed in wax and expensively adorned with robes and a tiara. He was accompanied by a train of cardinals and Jesuits; and at his ear stood a buffoon in the likeness of a horned devil. After having been paraded through divers streets, His Holiness was exultingly burnt opposite to the Whig Club near the Temple Gate in Fleet Street. After the discovery of the Rye House plot, the Pope's Procession was discontinued; but was resuscitated on the acquittal of the seven bishops and dethronement of James II. Sacheverel's trial had added a new interest to the ceremony; and on the occasion referred to by Sir Roger, besides a popular dread of the Church being—from the listlessness of the ministers and the machinations of the Pretender—in danger, there was a very general opposition to the peace with France, for which the Tories were intriguing. The party cry of "No peace" was shouted in the same breath with "No Popery."

where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so much honor to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle, and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the Knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humor, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that no body else could come at a dish of tea, till the Knight had got all his conveniences about him.

CHAPTER XXII.—SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit, et Ancus.—HOB.

My friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him

the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water,¹ which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic.² When of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country: That she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people; to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; and truly, says Sir Roger, if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.

¹ One of the innumerable "strong waters" drunk, it is said (perhaps libellously) chiefly by the fair sex as an exhilarant; the excuses being the colic and "the vapors." Addison, who pretends in the text to find it unpalatable, is accused of having been a constant imbibor of the widow's distillations. Indeed, Tyers goes so far as to say on the authority of "Tacitus" Gordon, that Addison hastened his end by his indulgence in them.

² The plague which raged there in 1709, "Idleness, which has long raged in the world, destroys more in every great town than the plague has done at Dantzic." *Tatler*, Nov. 22, 1709.

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked; as I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, A brave man I warrant him! Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudsly Shovel, he flung his hand that way and cried, Sir Cloudsly Shovel! a very gallant man! As we stood before Busby's tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner: Dr. Busby, a great man, he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly of the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle.¹ Upon our

interpreter's telling us, that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, I wonder, says he, that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, what authority they had to say, that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him, that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good humor and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil; and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since:¹ Some Whig, I'll warrant you, says Sir Roger; you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.

¹ This is one of the "hundred lies" which the attendant is said to have told Goldsmith's Citizen of the World "without blushing." The monument in St. Edmund's chapel, is that of Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Lord John Russel (temp. 1584). "The figure is melancholily inclining her cheek to her right hand, and with the fore-finger of her left directing us to behold the Death's Head placed at her feet," (*Keepe Monas. Westm.*) This alone is said to have originated an unwarrantable verdict of "died from the prick of a needle."

¹ The effigy of Henry V. which was plated with silver except the head, and that was of solid metal. At the dissolution of the monasteries the figure was stripped of its plating, and the head stolen.

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the Knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our Knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

CHAPTER XXIII.—SIR ROGER AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

*Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.*—HOR.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. The last I saw, said Sir Roger, was the Committee, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good Church-of-England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad.¹

¹ *Mohocks*.—It had been for many years the favorite amusement of dissolute young men to form themselves into clubs and associations for the cowardly pleasure of fighting and sometimes maiming harmless pedestrians, and even defenceless women. They took various slang designations. At the Restoration they were Muns and Tityre-Tus; then Hectors and Scourers; later still,

I assure you, says he, I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the Knight with a smile, I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before. Sir Roger added, that if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it: for I threw them out, says he, at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However, says the Knight, if Captain Sentry will make one with us, to-morrow

Nickers (whose expensive delight it was to smash windows with showers of halfpence), Hawkabites, and lastly Mohocks. These last took their title from "a sort of cannibals in India who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. (*Spectator*, No. 324.) Nor was the designation inapt; for if there was one sort of brutality on which they prided themselves more than another, it was in tattooing, or slashing people's faces with, as Gay wrote, "new-invented wounds." Their other exploits were quite as savage as those of their predecessors, although they aimed at dashing their mischief with wit and originality. They began the evening at their clubs, by drinking to excess in order to inflame what little courage they possessed. They then sallied forth sword in hand. Some enacted the part of "dancing masters" by thrusting their rapiers between the legs of sober citizens in such a fashion as to make them cut the most grotesque capers. The Hunt spoken of by Sir Roger was commenced by a "view hallo!" and as soon as the savage pack had run down their victim, they surrounded him, to form a circle with the points of their swords. One gave him a puncture in the rear which naturally made him wheel about, then came a prick from another, and so they kept him spinning like a top till in their mercy they chose to let him go free. Another savage diversion was thrusting women into barrels and rolling them down Snow or Ludgate-hill. At the date of the present *Spectator* the outrages of the Mohocks were so intolerable that they became the subject of a Royal Proclamation issued on the 18th March, just a week before Sir Roger's visit to Drury Lane.

night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the forewheels mended.

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servant's, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master on this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure, which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the Knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, you can't imagine, sir, what't is to have to do with a widow. Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head

and muttered to himself, Ay, do if you can. This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear. These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray, says he, you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.

The fourth act very luckily begun before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. Well, says the Knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost. He then renewed his attention, and from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, on my word, a notable young baggage!

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the plays, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them, that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: And let me tell you, says he, though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them. Captain Sentry seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it told me it was such a bloody piece of

work, that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that "Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something."

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we had brought him to the play-house; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

CHAPTER XXIV.—SIR ROGER AT VAUX-HALL.

Criminibus debent hortos — Juv.

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the stair-case, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs, but we were surrounded by a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked

about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar, than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vaux-Hall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the Knight in the triumph of his heart made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple-Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger: "There is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but Church work is slow, church work is slow!"

I do not remember I have any where mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow, or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflows of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear

this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the Knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us, that "if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land."

We were now arrived at Spring-Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan Paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the Knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moon-light nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the Knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her, she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton-ale, and a slice of hung-beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

CHAPTER XXV.—SIR ROGER, THE WIDOW, WILL HONEYCOMB, AND MILTON.¹

Torva leena lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytissum sequitur lasciva capella.—VIRG.

As we were at the club last night, I observed my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his head, and heard him say, to himself, A foolish woman! I can't believe it. Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. However, says Sir Roger, I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a jauntily laugh; I thought, Knight, says he, thou hadst lived long enough in the world, not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known. Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. I am now, says he, upon the verge of fifty (though by the way we all knew he was turned of threescore). You may easily guess, continued Will, that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my

¹ By Budgell.

fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighborhood.

I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lions-Inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture, that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family: I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and tho' my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behavior. Her maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman whom I had certainly borne away with flying colors, if

her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by a hard frost.

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket-Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall.

Oh! why did God,
Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of Nature? and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then be-
fallen,

And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares
And strait conjunction with this sex: for
either

He never shall find out fit mate; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
Or, whom he wishes most, shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness; but shall see
her gained

By a far worse: or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already linked, and wedlock-
bound

To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace con-
found.

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed.

CHAPTER XXVI.—SIR ROGER PASSETH AWAY.

Hæu pretas! hæu prisca fides!—VIRG.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not

but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead.¹ He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"Honored Sir,

Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he

would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, Sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman, a black riding-hood. It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole par-

¹ Mr. Addison was so fond of this character that a little before he laid down the *Spectator* (foreseeing that some nimble gentleman would catch up his pen the moment he quitted it) he said to our intimate friend with a certain warmth in his expression, which he was not often guilty of, "I'll kill Sir Roger that nobody else may murder him." *The Bee*, p. 26.

On this Chalmers sensibly remarks that, "the killing of Sir Roger has been sufficiently accounted for, without supposing that Addison despatched him in a fit of anger; for the work was about to close, and it appeared necessary to close the club; but whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning this circumstance, it is universally agreed that it produced a paper of transcendent excellence in all the graces of simplicity and pathos. There is not in our language any assumption or character more faithful than that of the honest butler; nor a more irresistible stroke of nature than the circumstance of the book received by Sir Andrew Freeport."

ish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate.¹ When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindnesses to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcester-shire. This is all from,

"Honored Sir,

"Your most sorrowful servant,

"Edward Biscuit.

"P. S.—My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor

¹ The 544th number of the Spectator (Nov. 24th, 1712) contains a letter from the new Esquire, in which he says, "I cannot reflect upon his [Sir Roger's] character but I am confirmed in the truth which I have, I think, heard spoken at the club; to wit, that a man of a warm and well-disposed heart, with a very small capacity, is highly superior in human society to him who with the greatest talents is cold and languid in his affections. But, alas! why do I make a difficulty in speaking of my worthy ancestor's failings? His little absurdities and incapacity for the conversation of the politest men are dead with him, and his greater qualities are even now useful to him. I know not whether by naming those disabilities I do not enhance his merit, since he has left behind him a reputation in his country which would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole life to arrive at."—"I have continued all Sir Roger's servants except such as it was a relief to dismiss unto little livings within my manor; those who are in a list of the good Knight's own hand to be taken care of by me I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases of me, and added so many advantages during the lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the interest of those whom they are joined with to cherish and befriend them on all occasions."

butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of Parliament. There was in particular the act of uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points, which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs us, that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

END OF SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY.

A BANKER'S WIT.

COULD anything be wittier—for a banker—than the following neat reply of Baron Rothschild, told by Arsène Hous-saye? One of his friends, of the third degree, a sort of banker, came to borrow \$2,000. "Here it is," said the baron, "but remember, that as a rule, I only lend to crowned heads." M. de Rothschild never dreamed of seeing his money again, but, wonderful to relate, at the end of a month the borrower came back with his \$2,000. The baron could scarcely believe his eyes; but he foreboded that this was not the end. Sure enough, a month later the borrower re-appeared, asking for the loan of \$4,000. "No, no," said the baron; "you disappointed me once by paying me that money. I do not want to be disappointed again."

THE first dandy was made by Dame Nature, out of the refuse matter left from making Adam and Eve. He was con-cocted with a bouquet in one hand and a looking-glass in the other. His heart was dissected in the thirteenth century, and found to be a pincushion full of butterflies and sawdust. He never falls in love, for to love requires both brains and a soul, and the dandy has neither. He is a long-lived bird; he has no courage, never marries, has no virtues, and is never guilty of first-class vices.—JOSH BILLINGS.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

THE LAWYERS AND THE CAT.

Two Arkansas lawyers were domesticated in the rude hotel of a country town. The hotel was crowded, and the room allotted to our heroes was also occupied by six or eight others. Shake down beds, enough to accommodate the guests, were disposed about the room, against the four walls, leaving an open space in the centre of the apartment.

Judge Clark lay with his head to the north, on one side, and Judge Thomas lay with his head to the south, on the other side of the room. So far as that room was concerned, it might be said that their heads represented the north and south poles respectively.

All the other beds in the room were occupied. The central part of the room was deemed neutral ground, in which the occupants of the different beds had equal rights. Here, in picturesque confusion, lay the boots, hats, coats, and breeches of the sleepers. There were no windows, and though the door was open, there being no moon, the night was very dark in that room.

The wily lawyers, who had been opposing counsel in a case tried in the town court that day, and had opposed each other with the contumacity of wild pigs, were now the very incarnations of meekness, for when the hungry swarm of mosquitoes settled down and bit them on the cheeks they slowly turned the other to be bitten also.

But hush! hark!

A deep sound strikes the ear like a rising knell.

"Me-ow-ow!"

Judges Clark and Thomas were wide awake, and sitting bolt upright in an instant.

Again the startling cry!

"Ye-ow, ye-ow!"

"That's a cat!" whispered Clark. "Scat you!" hissed Thomas.

Cat paid no attention to these demonstrations, but gave vent to another yowl.

"Oh, gracious!" cried Clark, "I can't stand this! Where is he, Thomas?"

"On your side of the room somewhere," replied Thomas.

"No, he's on your side," said Clark.

"Ye-ow-ow-ow!"

"There I told you he was on your side," they both exclaimed in a breath.

And still the howl went on.

The idea now entered the heads of both the lawyers, that by the exercise of a certain strategy they might be enabled to execute a certain flank movement on the cat, and totally demoralize him. Practically each determined to file "a motion to quash" the cat's attachment for that room.

Each kept his plan to himself, and in the dark, unable to see each other, prepared for action.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that the same plan suggested itself to both. In words, the plan would be about as follows:

The yowler is evidently looking and calling for another cat, with whom he has made an appointment. I will imitate a cat, and this cat will think t'other cat's around. This cat will come toward me, and when he shall have arrived within reach, I'll blaze away with anything I can get hold of, and knock the mew-sic out of him.

So each of the portly judges, noiselessly as cream comes to the surface of the milk, hoisted himself on to his hands and knees, and hippopotamus fashion advanced to the neutral ground occupying the central portion of the room.

Arriving there Judge Clark selected a boot-jack, and Judge Thomas a heavy cow hide boot from the heap, and settled themselves down to the work.

Clark tightened his grip on the boot-jack, and throwing up his head, gave vent to a prolonged and unearthly "ye-ow-ow" that would have reflected credit upon ten of the largest kind of cats.

"Aha," thought Thomas, who was not six feet away, "he's immediately close around. Now I'll inveigle him!" and he gave the regular dark-night call of a feminine cat.

Each of the judges advanced a little closer, and Clark produced a questioning "Ow-ow!"

Thomas answered by a reassuring "purow-purow!" and they advanced a little more.

They were now within easy reach, and each imagining the cat had but a moment more to live, whaled away, the one with his boot, the other with his boot-jack.

The boot took Clark square in the mouth, demolishing his teeth, and the boot-jack came down on Thomas's head just as he was in the midst of a triumphant "ye-ow!"

When the lights were brought the cat had disappeared, but the *catastrophe* was in the opposite corners of the room, with heels in the air, swearing blue streaks.

NOVEL REPLY TO A CHALLENGE.

SARGENT S. PRENTISS was no duelist on principle, but he accepted the custom as it prevailed in his day in Mississippi as a necessity, and acted accordingly. As he rose in his profession he, of course, made business and political enemies, and, as a last resort to put him down, recourse was had to the "laws of honor." Being a "Yankee," in the Southern acceptation of the word, it was presumed that "he would not fight;" and if he refused, it was held that, as he would be disgraced, his overwhelming influence would be lost. To make the whole thing as unpalatable as possible to Mr. Prentiss, a wretched creature who lived in Vicksburg, who, though once respectable, had lost every thing but a certain physical courage that made him willing to take the chances of a duel with a man of brilliant character who had never fired a pistol, was selected to presume an insult and send a challenge. Upon receiving the "message" Mr. Prentiss at once comprehended the depth of the plot; he was expected to bear the degradation of not only "backing down," but the additional mortification of doing it to an individual who was socially beneath contempt. Having read the challenge attentively, he said he would return an answer at the proper time. The following morning Mr. Prentiss made up a bundle, with a letter neatly tied on the outside, and by the hands of his servant sent it to the challenger. The principal and his friends were confounded at such a proceeding. "Certainly," said they, "Mr. Prentiss must be profoundly ignorant of the 'laws of honor,' else he would not send an answer to a challenge by the hands of a nigger;" but the reading of the note set the matter at rest. It read as follows:

"Mr.—, I have received your chal-

lenge to mortal combat; before I can accept it, I insist that you shall have at least one quality of a gentleman, viz., be habited in a clean shirt, which desirable article I send you by the honest bearer of this note. Thus strengthened in your social position by a single quality that makes you worthy of my notice, I will then proceed to arrange farther preliminaries."

It is useless to say that the duel did not take place.

AN AMERICAN RIVAL TO CURRAN.

CURRAN's witticism in furnishing the motto "*Quid rides*" for the carriage of a rich tobacco-nist was equaled—to our mind surpassed—by one from S. H. Hammond, formerly District Attorney of Albany County, New York. In the city of Albany, where the court is held, there used to be in the Circuit Court a venerable old crier, who had held the office for many years, and was a universal favorite with the bar. He was always courteous and obliging, and among his voluntary *ex-officio* duties was that of supplying the lawyers with tobacco out of a well-filled box which he always carried. When S. H. Hammond closed his last term as District Attorney in Albany County, as an acknowledgment of the kindly services of the ancient crier, he presented him with an elegant silver tobacco-box, on which was engraven this motto:

"*Quid pro quo.*"

Mr. Hammond was once trying a case before Judge Bacon, of the Fifth Judicial District (New York), and in questioning a witness named Gunn, said to him when he had finished his examination,

"Mr. Gunn you can go off."

Judge Bacon saw the pun, and quickly added,

"Yes, Mr. Gunn, you are discharged."

Of course there was an explosion in court.

A "HUNG" JURY.

AMONG the dispensers of justice in a certain central ward of old St. Louis, during its unpretending, "even-handed" days, was Squire W—. His astute comprehension of, and rigid adherence to,

legal proprieties are yet recollected. A case was submitted to him, "once on a time;" but, his decision not satisfying *one* of the parties (very likely to occur, by-the-by, even in primitive ages), the case was "continued;" which further step, according to the rule in justices' courts, now as then, involves the ceremony and expense of a jury.

The second trial came on, unfortunately, upon a morning which, for some good cause or other, the whole town had devoted to jubilee and rejoicing—whether it was that a great man was to be "received," or another great man dismissed, it is immaterial; suffice it that guns and drums equally did their duty in calling the citizens away from theirs.

Plaintiff and defendant were punctual in their attendance before the justice, anxious to settle their difference—just as anxious to have their share of the show—and the officer was despatched to collect a jury; but after a no less anxious search, he was obliged to return without a man, his summons going for nothing in the general excitement.

Impatient at the delay, the parties litigant agreed to waive the matter of a jury altogether; to just re-argue the matter and abide by "His Honor's" decision. But His Honor had his own more reverend *parade* of the law to enjoy, and therefore, with a *chief justice* air, he declared that inasmuch as the case had been continued, and that the purpose of said continuance was entirely to obtain the sense of a *jury*, it would be all *nonsense* to proceed in any less regular way. "Therefore, Mr. Constable," continued the Squire, "you will, by virtue of your authority, summon and compel the presence of a jury forthwith."

The constable again set forth, the "bench" relapsed into abstruse cogitation, and the plaintiff and defendant were fain to content themselves with the hope of getting clear "after a while."

Wearily went the moments; but at length, the indefatigable officer, bathed in perspiration, returned, having secured *one* well-known, easy-going citizen, remarkable as being the largest, lovingest, and *laziest* man about town.

"Squire," said the panting official, "I've gotten Bob, 'cause he says it don't make much difference to him; but there isn't *nary* nother as don't say they'll see

me d——d first, and so the thing's out, as far as my footin' on it goes, I reckon!" The constable wiped his brow with determination, the justice *began* to foresee a dilemma, and nothing but the "costs" prevented "the parties," in spite of their attorneys, from flipping up "head or tail" for an issue.

At length, the constable made a suggestion, which the parties eagerly consenting to, the Squire finally sanctioned. This was, that Bob, the lazy gentleman just mentioned, should serve as jury all alone by himself!

All was settled at once; the lazy gentleman declared that it "made no difference," and getting a "chew" from the constable, down he sat. The pleadings were despatched; the *jury* was charged; the approaching procession was heard in the distance, and all parties were only waiting to hear the verdict, when the *jury*, after one or two indolent hitches in his chair, and a leisurely discharge of tobacco juice from between his teeth, turned to the court, and said—

"Well, I reckon, Squire, the jury 'll have to *retire*."

This was unexpected, and had not been altogether the *mode*, either, in Justice W——'s court, inasmuch as there was no place for the jury to retire to except *within themselves*; but the present body was *unanimously* of opinion that he ought to have a fair shake at the merits of the case, and so the *court* adjourned to the sidewalk, leaving the jury all to himself, with his heels on the table.

Moment after moment passed away; the litigants every now and then cast a glance in at the conscientious umpire; the procession was evidently approaching along the next street, and suddenly, the "opposite counsel" excusing themselves, walked off towards the corner. Drums, hurrahs, etc., now began to swell upon the air, and plaintiff and defendant, after sundry inquiries as to the chances, even marched off also, leaving the Squire and constable to receive the verdict. The constable next became impatient, and, finally, the Squire himself got the fidgets; each moment seemed an age, until the dubious *twelfth* was just asked if he was "going to take the whole day or not?"

"Well, the fact is, Squire, the jury *can't* agree, no how. We're just *hung*, and no mistake; and, if you can't let us *stay*

out, why you'd better *discharge us*, by thunder!"

The jury was discharged!

J. M. FIELD ("Everpoint").

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL CASS.

JOHN GUY bore a striking resemblance to General Lewis Cass, and while he was proprietor of the National Hotel, in Washington, the Michigan Senator was among his favored guests. Guy dressed like Cass, and although not as portly, his face, including the wart, was strangely similar. One day a Western friend of the house came in, after a long ride, dusty and tired, and walking up to the office, encountered General Cass, who was quietly standing there. Mistaking him for Guy, he slapped him on the shoulder, and exclaimed: "Well, old fellow, here I am; the last time I hung my hat up in your shanty, one of your clerks sent me to the fourth story; but now that I have got hold of you, I insist upon a lower room." The General, a most dignified person, taken aback by this startling salute, coldly replied: "You have committed a mistake, sir. I am not Mr. Guy; I am General Cass, of Michigan," and angrily turned away. The Western man was shocked at the unconscious mistake he had committed; but before he had recovered from his mortification, General Cass, who had passed around the office, confronted him again, when, a second time mistaking him for Guy, he faced him, and said: "Here you are, at last. I have just made a big mistake; I met old Cass, and took him for you, and I am afraid he has gone off mad." What General Cass would have said may be imagined, if the real Guy had not approached and rescued the innocent offender from the twice-assailed and twice-angered statesman.

HOW LONG.

A CHICAGO paper says: During a recent trial before Justice Dougherty, it was thought important by counsel to determine the length of time that certain "two quarters of beef, two hogs and sheep" remained in an express wagon in

front of plaintiff's store before they were taken away by the defendant.

The witness under examination was a German, whose knowledge of the English language was very limited; but he testified in a very plain, straightforward way to having weighed the meat, and to having afterward carried it out and put it into the aforesaid wagon. Then the following ensued:

Counsellor Enos—State to the jury how long it was after you took the meat from the store and put it into the wagon before it was taken away.

Witness—Now I shoost can dell dat. I dinks 'bout dwelve feet. I not say nearer as dat.

Counsel—You don't understand me. How long was it from the time the meat left the store and was put into the wagon before it was taken away by defendant?

Witness—Now I know not what you ax dat for. Der vagon he was up mit der sidewalk, and dat's shoost so long as it vas. You tell me how long der sidewalk vas. Den feet? Dwelve feet? Den I tells you how long it vas.

Counsel—I don't want to find out how wide the sidewalk was, but I want to know (speaking very slowly) how—long—this—meat—was—in—the—wagon—before—it—was—taken—away.

Witness—Oh! dat! Vell now, I not sold any meat so. I all time weigh him, never measured meat, not yet. But I dinks about drie feet. (Here the spectators, and his honor, and the jury smiled audibly.) I know not, shentlemens, how is dis; I dell you all I can, so goot as I know.

Counsel—Look here, I want to know how long it was before the meat was taken away after it was put into the wagon.

Witness—(looking very knowingly at counsel.) Now you try and get me into a scrape. Dat meat vas shoost so long in der vagon as he vas in der shop. Dat's all I told you. Dat meat was dead meat. He don't got no longer in den t'ousan' year, not mooch.

Counsel—That will do.

WADE AND GIDDINGS.

IN "Bench and Bar," Mr. L. J. Bigelow tells this anecdote. Hon. Benjamin

F. Wade, and the late Hon. Joshua R. Giddings used to be constant competitors at the bar in "old benighted Ashtabula," their place of residence. In the early part of his practice, Wade was defending a man against an action of slander, and, after having concluded a very effective speech to the jury, sat awkwardly leaning backward, his feet on the counsel table, and facing Giddings, who was attempting to be eloquent in behalf of his slandered client. "Old Gid," as he was familiarly called, knew a little smattering of Shakespeare, and now determined to bring that great author to his aid.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he with ardor,

"He that steals my purse, steals trash;
But he that robs me of my good name—"

(Ahem!)

At this point, to his great discomfiture, Shakespeare deserted him. He repeated:

"But he that robs me of my good name—"

(Another pause.)

"Takes that I never had," whispered Wade, as if prompting him, and so distinctly as to be heard by all in the room.

Amid the laughter and his own confusion, Giddings brought his speech to such a "lame and impotent conclusion," that his client recovered but six and a quarter cents for his lost character.

A GOOD LEGISLATIVE STORY.

SPEAKING of the ayes and noes reminds us of a story which may not prove unacceptable to legislative ears. Mike Walsh,—he who made it lively in the lower House several decades ago,—is the hero of it. One evening, the 21st of February, 184—, Mike occupied the chair in Committee of the Whole, while a bill was being considered having something to do with Indian affairs. The bill called out considerable debate, and prominent among those who proposed to make the discussion lengthy, was a green and gushing law-maker who embraced each and every occasion to give vent to his impassioned eloquence. On this Indian bill he evidently intended to spread himself. A roll of manuscript lay on his desk to which he frequently referred while his

fellow-members were talking, and at length it got to be noised about that the Hon. Mr.— was to make an elaborate speech before the committee. The ladies' gallery was filled with sweet inspirations, and the gentlemen's gallery did not lack the many boots that make rapturous applause. Those who had any objections to the Indian bill stated them as concisely as possible, and sat down so as to leave a smooth and unclaimed floor for the orator of the evening. At length he arose, spreading out his manuscript before him on his desk, and placing the glass of ice water brought him by a page, within easy reach. He began by remarking on the rush of memories brought to mind in considering what evening it was on which they were then assembled, and then proceeded as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, on this Washington's birthday eve, we who are assembled here for the good of our own special State, are forcibly reminded of the Father of his Country who fought, bled, and labored incessantly and with thorough devotion for the good of all the States." At this point in his remarks the fluent speaker was interrupted by hearty applause; he took advantage of it to moisten his lips with a little ice water, and then proceeded with a reference to the full length portrait of George Washington, which hung then as it hangs now, just behind the Speaker's chair. "Behold," said he, "that picture yonder, which stands a perpetual reminder of the virtues of patriotism, and self-sacrifice. O lips of our first president, speak to us now with some golden motto of duty! Nose, whose nostrils have breathed defiance at the enemies of the country. Eyes, whose lightning glances were so magnetic, we call for thee and the rest of that noble form to be potent in our presence now, and during all our session to—"

The rest, residue and remainder of the sentence was not spoken, for at this point the chairman, Mike Walsh, brought down his gavel and announced, "The gentleman from — is out of order in making the request he does. *The ayes and noes cannot be called for in Committee of the Whole.*" Those who were present when Mike made that ruling will never forget the scene it provoked. Ladies' and gentlemen's galleries, the floor and the lobbies, broke into a roar and yell of laughter

which could not be restrained under ten minutes. The gushing law-maker did not resume after this interruption,—although Mike very kindly said, “the gentleman from — will proceed in order.” He was seized with a sudden attack of not feeling very well and withdrew. His views on that Indian bill were never known.

GUILTY—BUT DRUNK.

It is a well-known fact that oftentimes both those jokes which are called “practical” and that liquor which is termed “bad,” have been productive of exceedingly evil consequences; but whether the liquor or the joke has done the most mischief, we are not called upon just now to determine. We propose to make mention of an affair where bad liquor and a practical joke were productive of the very best consequences imaginable.

Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was still in its infancy, an eccentric creature named Brown, was one of its Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one common fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the Circuit, it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court, to get “comfortably corned,” by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he couldn’t succeed while operating upon his own hook, the members of the bar would generally turn in and help him.

It was in the spring of the year, taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned, but strong “carry-all,” that he journeyed some forty miles, and reached a village where “Court” was to be opened next day. It was along in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place and took up quarters with a relation of his “better half” by whom the presence of an official dignitary was considered a singular honor. After supper, Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, on important professional business, and who were properly glad to meet him.

“Gentlemen,” said the Judge, “’tis

quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a drink all round. Of course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord), you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give a dog!”

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that every thing was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very *devious* way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some younger barristers, fond of a “practical,” and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge’s coat pocket.

It was eight o’clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstinence, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

“Well, Polly,” said he to his wife, “I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night.”

“Ah, Judge,” said she, reproachfully, “you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business.”

“Ah, Polly! what’s the use of talking?”

It was at this precise instant of time, that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt’s spoons. He jerked them out. With an expression of horror almost indescribable he exclaimed—

“My God! Polly!”

“What on earth’s the matter, Judge?”

“Just look at these spoons!”

“Dear me, where d’ye get them?”

“Get them? Don’t you see the initials on them?”—extending them towards her—“I stole them!”

“Stole them, Judge?”

“Yes, stole them!”

“My dear husband, it can’t be possible! from whom?”

“From Sterritt, over there; his name is on them.”

“Good heavens! how could it happen?”

“I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn’t I?”

"Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers."

"But was I very drunk?"

"Yes, you was."

"Was I *remarkably* drunk when I got home, Mrs. Brown?"

"Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid."

"I thought so, said the Judge, dropping into a chair with extreme despondency—"I knew it would come to that, at last. I have always thought that something bad would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion perhaps—but I never imagined that I could be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny!"

"But, there must be some mistake, Judge?"

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it all came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!" and the poor old man burst into tears.

"Don't be a child," said his wife wiping away the tears, "go like a man, over to Sterritt; tell him it was a little bit of a frolic. Pass it off as a joke—go and open Court, and nobody will ever think of it again."

A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do; his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went with a tolerable face. Of course, he had but little difficulty in settling with him—for aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played. The Judge took his seat in Court; but it was observed that he was sad and melancholy, and that his mind frequently wandered from the business before him. There was a lack of the sense and intelligence that usually characterized his proceedings.

Several days passed away, and the business of the Court was drawing towards a close, when one morning a rough-looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the Clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the question:

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty—but *drunk*," answered the prisoner.

"What's that plea?" exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing on the bench.

"He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk," replied the clerk.

"What's the charge against the man?"

"He is indicted for grand larceny."

"What's the case?"

"May it please your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel."

"He is, hey? and he pleads—"

"He pleads guilty, but *drunk*!"

The Judge was now fully aroused.

"Guilty, but *drunk*! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man, you are certain you were drunk?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get your liquor?"

"At Sterritt's."

"Did you get none no where else?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Prosecutor," said the Judge, "do me the favor to enter a *nolle prosequi* in that man's case. That liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do any thing dirty. *I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all of Sterritt's spoons!* Release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff; I adjourn the Court."

COL. BRADBURY.

RELATED TO THE JUDGE.

JUDGE B—, late one of the judges of the Eighth District of the State of New York, was a most amiable man, whose honor was unsullied, and who hated a mean action as every such character must. At the General Circuit he was hearing an action in which one of the parties happened to be a namesake of his. During the trial, the party, having an opportunity, and thinking probably to gain some advantage by it, approached the judge and said:

"We are of the same name, judge. I've been making inquiries, and find we are some relation to each other."

"Ah!" said the judge, "is that so? Are you sure of it?"

"Oh yes," said he, "no doubt of it."

"Well," said the judge, "I'm very glad to hear that—*very glad indeed*. I shall get rid of your case; I shall dismiss it, because I cannot sit in a suit where I am related to one of the parties."

This was a little more than the party had bargained for, and he began at once to paddle off. After a few inquiries as to the judge's ancestry, and their residence, etc.,

"I think, judge," said he, "I was mistaken. We are of quite different families, and not at all related."

"Ah!" says the judge, "is that so?"

"Oh yes," said he, "there is no mistake about it."

"Well," replied the judge, in a very emphatic tone, "I'm glad to learn that—very glad. I should hate awfully to be related to a man mean enough to attempt to influence a court as you have!"

A LEGAL WAG.

JUDSON T. MILLS, of South Carolina, was judge of a district court in Northern Texas, fond of a joke, but being very decided in his discharge of duty. Thomas Fannin Smith was a practicing lawyer at the bar, and having shamefully misstated the law in his address to the jury, turned to the court, and asked the judge to charge the jury accordingly. The judge was indignant, and replied:

"Does the counsel take the court to be a fool?"

Smith was not abashed by the reproof, but instantly responded:

"I trust your honor will not insist on an answer to that question, as I might, in answering it truly, be considered guilty of contempt of court."

"Fine the counsel ten dollars, Mr. Clerk," said the judge.

Smith immediately paid the money, and remarked, "it was ten dollars more than the court could show."

"Fine the counsel fifty dollars," said the judge.

The fine was entered by the clerk, and Smith, not being able to respond in that sum, sat down. The next morning, on the opening of court, Smith rose, and with much deference of manner began:

"May it please your honor, the clerk took that little joke of yours yesterday

about the fifty dollars as *serious*, as I perceive from the reading of the minutes. Will your honor be pleased to inform him of his error, and have it erased?"

The coolness of the request and the implied apology pleased the judge, and he remitted the fine.

THE BARRISTER AND THE WITNESS.

THERE is a point beyond which human forbearance cannot go, and the most even of tempers will become roused at times.

At an assize held during the past year, both judge and counsel had a deal of trouble to make the timid witnesses upon a trial speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned from the even tenor of its way.

After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar pleading, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was called into the box a young ostler, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

"Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone that would at any other time have been denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak out."

"I hope not, zur," was shouted, or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel.

"Please, zur, I can't speak any louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

"Pray, have you been drinking this morning?" shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

"Yes, zur," was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Corfee, zur."

"And what did you have in your coffee, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel.

"A *spune*, zur?" innocently bawled the witness, in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court—excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief and rushed out of court.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

THE gifted Sargent S. Prentiss once gave a sumptuous dinner to some friends at a hotel in Vicksburg. Early in the evening a stranger entered the room by mistake. Prentiss courteously invited him to join the party. Before long the strange guest began boasting of how much he had drunk during the day—a cocktail here, a smasher there, a julep in this place, a sling in that, and so on, apparently without end. At length Prentiss interrupted him:

"Sir," said he, "do you believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "and I don't see that it has anything to do with what we were talking about."

"It has," rejoined Prentiss, "much—much every way. I have firm faith in that doctrine. I believe that in the next life every man will be transformed into the thing for which he has best qualified himself in this. In that life, sir, you will become a corner groggery."

A SAUCY LAWYER.

JAMES T. BROWN, of Greensburg, Ind., a smart and saucy lawyer, was once employed to defend a case before the Circuit Court of his state. The judge was not very learned in technicalities, knew but little Latin, and much less Greek. The jury were taken from the country, ordinary farmers. The plaintiff's counsel had opened. Brown rose and spoke two hours in the highest possible style, soaring aloft, repeating Latin and translating Greek, using all the technical terms he could bring to the end of his tongue. The jury sat with their mouths open, the judge looked on with amazement, and the lawyers laughed aloud. Brown closed; the case was submitted to the jury without one word of reply. Verdict in the box against Brown; motion for a new trial. In the morning Brown rose and bowed to the court:

"May it please your honor, I humbly rise this morning to move for a new trial; not on my own account; I richly deserve the verdict, but on behalf of my client, who is an innocent party in this matter. On yesterday I gave wings to my imagi-

nation, and rose above the stars in a blaze of glory. I saw at the time it was all Greek and turkey-tracks to you and the jury. This morning I feel humble, and I promise the court, if they will grant me a new trial, I will bring myself down to the comprehension of the court and jury."

The Judge. "Motion overruled, and a fine of five dollars against Mr. Brown for contempt of court."

"For what?"

"For insinuating that this court don't know Latin and Greek from turkey-tracks."

"I shall not appeal from that decision. Your honor has comprehended me this time."

RIDICULE VERSUS ELOQUENCE.

THE celebrated legal orator, Elisha Williams, of Columbia County, was a most graceful speaker, and his voice, particularly in its pathetic tones, was melody itself. All who remember Ogden Hoffman's voice (he was called "the Flute" by his fellow-members of the bar of New York), can appreciate the mellifluous organ of Mr. Williams. His power over a jury was astonishing. He swayed as with the wand of an enchanter, and it was very seldom he failed to secure a verdict for his client; but on one occasion he did, in such a perfectly ridiculous manner, that a crowded court and grave judges on the bench were convulsed with laughter at the burlesque of the result. He was completely discomfited by an ignorant, impudent, unlettered pettifogger who knew no law, but somehow or other had obtained the credit of shrewdness, and the reputation among his farmer neighbors of being hard to beat.

The case was an act of murder. Mr. Williams of course, on the ground of his power over the jury, was for the defence. His peroration was exceedingly touching and beautiful.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "If you can find this unhappy prisoner at the bar guilty of the crime with which he is charged, after the adverse and irrefragable arguments which I have laid before you, pronounce your fatal verdict; send him to lie in chains upon the dungeon floor, waiting the death which he is to receive at your hands; then go to the bosom of

your families, go lay your heads on your pillows, *and sleep if you can!*"

The effect of the closing words of the great legal orator was at first thrilling; but by and by the pettifogger, who had volunteered to follow the prosecuting attorney, arose and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I should despair, after the weeping speech which has been made to you by Mr. Williams, of saying any thing to do away with its eloquence. I never heard Mr. Williams speak that piece of his'n better than what he spoke it now. Onct I heard him speak it in a case of stealin', down to Schaghticoke; then he spoke it ag'in in a case of rape, up to Æsopus; and the last time I heard it before just now, was when them niggurs was tried—and convicted, too, they was—for robbin' Van Pelt's hen-house, over beyond Kingston. But I never knowed him to speak it so eloquent and affectin' as what he spoke it jes now."

This was a poser. The jury looked at one another, whispered together, and our pettifogger saw at once that he had got them. He stopped at once, closing with a single remark: "If you can't see, gentlemen of the jury, that this speech don't answer all cases, then there's no use of my saying any thing more."

And there wasn't; he made his case, and they awarded him their verdict.

CHIEF BARON POLLOCK.

A CAPITAL story is told of the ex-Chief Baron Pollock. Some one who wished the baron to resign waited on him, and hinted at his resignation, and suggested it for his own sake, entirely with a view to the prolongation of his valued life, and so forth. The old man rose, and said with his grim, dry gravity, "Will you dance with me?" The guest stood aghast as the Lord Chief Baron, who prides himself particularly upon his legs, began to caper about with a certain youth-like vivacity. Seeing his visitor standing surprised, he capered up to him and said, "Well, if you won't dance with me, will you box with me?" And with that he squared up to him; and half in jest, half in earnest, fairly boxed him out of the room. The old Chief Baron had no more visitors anxiously inquiring after his health, and courteously

suggesting retirement. The Lord Chief Baron was prone to the expression of strong general views, which he conveyed in a manner eminently characteristic, with an idiomatic vigor and originality almost amusing. "If," said he on one occasion, "every man were to take advantage of every occasion to have 'the law' of his neighbor, life would not be long enough for the litigation which would result. All flesh and blood would be turned into plaintiffs and defendants."

ELDON'S FIRST JUDGMENT.

"THE first cause I ever decided," said Eldon, "was an apple-pie cause; I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, a senior fellow at the University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me that the cook had sent them an apple-pie that could not be eaten. So I said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the college, that he never had anything unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now, here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came an easy decision; for the messenger returned, and informed me that the other undergraduates had taken advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and amongst them had eaten the whole of the apple-pie; so you know it was impossible for me to decide that that was not eatable which was actually eaten. I have often wished in after-life that all the causes were apple-pie causes; fine easy work it would have been."

A FERTILE MIND.—The following story is related by Mr. Jefferson, concerning the first Continental Congress: "Delegate Harrison, of Virginia, desiring a stimulant, presented himself and friend at a certain place where supplies were furnished Congress, and ordered two

glasses of brandy and water. The man in charge replied that liquors were not included in the supplies furnished Congressmen. 'Why,' said Harrison, 'what is it, then, that I see the New England members come here and drink?' 'Molasses and water, which they have charged as *stationery*,' was the reply. 'Then give me the brandy and water,' quoth Harrison, 'and charge it as *fuel*.'"

INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE.—Governor Giles, of Virginia, once addressed a note to Patrick Henry, demanding satisfaction:

"Sir, I understand that you have called me a 'bob-tail' politician. I wish to know if it be true; and if true, your meaning."

"WM. B. GILES."

To which Mr. Henry replied:

"Sir, I do not recollect having called you a 'bob-tail' politician at any time, but think it probable I have. Not recollecting the time or occasion, I can't say what I did mean, but if you will tell me what you think I meant, I will say whether you are correct or not."

"Very respectfully, PATRICK HENRY."

IRREPRESSIBLE.—The Washington *Star* tells the following story of Hon. S. S. Cox, the "irrepressible" Congressman from New York city: On Monday last, Cox was more than usually active, spurted, and irrepressible in the House. He was continually at the front, "catching on the fly," and rampaging round generally. Finally, when the House came to an agreement to proceed with the debate on the salary bill in twenty-minute speeches, Cox despatched a page with the following note.

"Dear Mr. Speaker: Put me down for twenty minutes. S. S. C."

To which the speaker replied:

"Dear Cox: I would be delighted if I could keep you down half that time."

J. G. B."

A PECULIAR VENERATION.—Rufus Choate and Chief Justice Shaw, of Massachusetts, often indulged in wordy combat, and wit was generally freely expended on both sides. Choate was once arguing a question before the chief justice (who was one of the homeliest men ever raised to the bench), and to express his reverence for the conceded ability of the

judge, said, in yielding to an adverse decision: "In coming into the presence of your honor, I experience the same feelings the Hindoo does when he bows before his idol. I know that you are ugly, but I feel that you are great."

"I'll tell a'lee wi' ony man in Scotland," said a witness in an inferior court, and then with characteristic caution he added, "but I'll no swear to't."

SERGEANT COCKLE, a rough, blustering fellow, and well known on the northern circuit, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right of fishery he asked the witness, "Don't you love fish?" "Ah," replied the witness with a grin; "but I dunna like Cockle sauce with it."

A BARRISTER tormented a poor German witness so much with questions, that the old man declared that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked, "I think, sir, you must have done with the witness now, for you have pumped him dry."

"WHAT would be your notion of absent-mindedness?" asked Rufus Choate of a witness whom he was cross-examining. "Well," said the witness, with a strong Yankee accent, "I should say that a man who thought he'd left his watch to him, and took it out'n 'is pocket to see if he'd time to go hum and get it, was a *leetle* absent-minded."

CURRAN was a rare wit, but even he sometimes met his match. He was once examining a cross-grained, ugly-faced witness, from whom he sought to obtain a direct answer. At length he exclaimed, "It's no use trying to get truth out of you, for I see the villain in your face!" "Do you, sir?" retorted the man with a smile; "why, then it must be so; faix, I never knew my face was a looking-glass before!"

GEN. BUTLER and Judge Hoar once met as opposing counsel in an action for damages for loss of life brought before the Massachusetts Supreme Court on exceptions. Butler cited from Job, "Yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life," when Judge Hoar remarked that that was

a plea of the devil in a motion for a new trial, and he didn't think that the court would be more impressed by it because of its modern endorsement.

UPON the trial of a suit for divorce, one of the witnesses was asked whether he had spoken to any of the jury since the trial commenced. "Yes, sir, I have spoken to Mr.——" (pointing to a jurymen with a very red face). "What did you say to him? Witness appeared reluctant to tell. The attorney insisted upon an answer. "Well," said the witness, "I told him that he had a very pretty face to sit on a jury, to decide whether a man was an habitual drunkard or not."

AN old barrister was giving advice to his son, who was entering his father's profession. "My son," said the counsellor, "if you have a case where the law is clearly on your side, but justice seems to be against you, urge upon the jury the importance of sustaining the law. If, on the other hand, you are in doubt about the law, but your client's case is founded on justice, insist on the necessity of doing justice, though the heavens fall." "But," asked the son, "how shall I manage a case where law and justice are dead against me?" "In that case," replied the old man, "talk round it."

Two lawyers in a country court, one of whom had gray hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked suspiciously black, had some altercation about a question of practice, in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent, "A person at your time of life"—looking at the barrister's gray head—"ought to have long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases." "You may stare at my gray hair, if you like," retorted the other. "My hair will be gray as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you dye!"

KEEN and cutting words, or even trifling incivilities, indulged in at the expense of counsel, have sometimes met with swift retribution. Plunket was once engaged in a case, when, towards the end of the afternoon, it became a question whether the Court should proceed or adjourn till the next day. Plunket expressed his

willingness to go on if the jury would "set." "Sit, sir, sit," said the presiding judge, "not 'set'; hens set." "I thank you, my lord," said Plunket. The case proceeded, and presently the judge had occasion to observe that if that were the case, he feared the action would not "lay." "Lie, my lord, lie," exclaimed the barrister, "not 'lay'; hens lay."

THE rigid observance of old English rules in the South Carolina courts, and a neglect of the same on the part of Mr. Petigru, gave rise to the following passage:

"Mr. Petigru," said the Judge, "you have on a light coat. You can't speak."

"Petigru replied: "May it please the bench, I conform strictly to the law. Let me illustrate: The law says that the barrister shall wear a black gown and coat, and your honor thinks that means a black coat?"

"Yes," said the Judge.

"Well, the law also says the sheriff shall wear a cocked hat and sword. Does your honor hold that the sword must be cocked as well as the hat?"

He was permitted to go on.

THE LOVER AND THE LAP-DOG.

—medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid.—LUCRET.

JULIA was blest with beauty, wit, and grace:
Small poets loved to sing her blooming face.
Before her altars, lo! a numerous train
Preferr'd their vows; yet all preferr'd in vain:

Till charming Florio, born to conquer came,
And touch'd the fair one with an equal flame.

The flame she felt, and ill she could conceal
What every look and action would reveal.

With boldness then, which seldom fails to move,

He pleads the cause of marriage and of love;
The course of hymeneal joys he rounds,
The fair one's eyes dance pleasure at the sounds.

Naught now remain'd by "Noes"—how little meant—

And the sweet coyness that endears consent.
The youth upon his knees enraptured fell:—

The strange misfortune, oh! what words can tell?

Tell! ye neglected sylphs! who lap-dogs guard,

Why snatch'd ye not away your precious ward?

Why suffer'd ye the lover's weight to fall
On the ill-fated neck of much-loved Ball?

The favorite on his mistress casts his eyes,
Gives a melancholy howl, and—dies!

Sacred his ashes lie, and long his rest!
Anger and grief divide poor Julia's breast.
Her eyes she fix'd on guilty Florio first,
On him the storm of angry grief must burst.
That storm he fled:—he woos a kinder fair,
Whose fond affections no dear puppies share.
'Twere vain to tell how Julia pined away:—
Unhappy fair, that in one luckless day
(From future almanacks the day be cross'd!)
At once her lover and her lap-dog lost!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772-1843.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CEREMONY.

SOON after the close of the war, Captain X. was appointed a Justice of the Peace in a country place, not far from Raleigh, North Carolina. Beyond the management of real estate, drawing up deeds, etc., he had no legal knowledge, indeed, his entire stock of "book-learning" was small and poorly selected, but any lack in general information was fully made up, for his uses, by self-assertion. Late one afternoon, while riding home, he met a young woman and two men. The young woman and one of the men wished to be married at once. They procured the necessary license, but an irate father was on their path, and vowed that they should never be married. Now, the captain had never witnessed a marriage. He remembered having seen a book about the house years before with a form for marriage in it; but where it was he could not remember. "Why," said he, when he told the story afterward, "I knew the 'Postles' Creed and Commandments, and at first I thought I'd use 'em to begin on, but then I reckoned, on the whole, they was too solemn."

A less assured man would have been sorely perplexed, but not he. He lost no time in removing his hat, and remarked, "Hats off in the presence of the court."

All being uncovered, he said, "I'll swear you in fust. Hold up yer right hands."

"Me too?" asked the friend of the groom.

"Of course," said the captain, "all witnesses must be sworn. You and each of you solemnly swear that the evidence you shall give in this case shall be the truth, th' 'ole truth, an' nothin' but the truth, s'elp you God. You, John Marvin, do solemnly swear that to the best of your knowledge an' belief you take this yer woman ter have an' ter hold for yerself, yer heirs, exekyters, administrators, and assigns, for your an' their use an' behoof forever?"

"I do," answered the groom.

"You, Alice Ewer, take this yer man for yer husband, ter hev an' ter hold forever; and you do further swear that you are lawfully seized in fee-simple, are free from all incumbrance, and hev good right to sell, bargain and convey to the said grantee yerself, yer heirs, administrators, and assigns?"

"I do," said the bride, rather doubtfully.

"Well, John," said the captain, "that'll be about a dollar 'n' fifty cents."

"Are we married?" asked the other.

"Not yet, ye ain't," quoth the captain, with emphasis; but *the fee comes in here.* After some fumbling it was produced and handed over to the "Court," who examined it to make sure that it was all right, and then pocketed it, and continued:

"Know all men by these presents, that I, Captain X., of Raleigh, North Carolina, being in good health and of sound and disposin' mind, in consideration of a dollar 'n' fifty cents to me in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do and by these presents have declared you man and wife during good behavior, and till otherwise ordered by the court."

The men put on their hats again, the young couple, after shaking their benefactor's hand, went on to meet their destiny and the irate father, while the captain rode home richer in experience.—*Harpur's Magazine.*

CARPETS are bought by the yard and worn by the foot.

BOBBY'S TROUSERS.

A HIGHLAND family of some dignity, but not much means, was to receive a visit from some English relations for the first time. Great was the anxiety and great the efforts to make things wear a respectable appearance before these assumedly-fastidious strangers. The lady had contrived to get up a pretty good dinner; but, either from an indulgent disposition, or from some defect in her set of servants, she allowed her son Bobby, a little boy, to be present, instead of remanding him to the nursery. But little was she aware of Bobby's power of torture.

Bobby, who was dressed in a new jacket and a pair of buff-colored trousers, had previously received strict injunctions to sit at table quietly, and on no account to join in conversation. For a little while he carried out these instructions by sitting perfectly quiet till the last guest had been helped to soup, whereupon, during a slight lull in the general conversation, Bobby quietly said:

"I want some soup, mamma."

"You can't be allowed to have any soup, Bobby. You must not be always asking for things."

"If you don't give me some soup immediately, I'll tell *yon*!"

The lady seemed a little troubled, and, instead of sending Bobby out of the room, quietly yielded to his demand. Soup being removed and fish introduced, there was a fresh demand.

"Mamma, I want some sea-fish" (a rarity in the Highlands).

"Bobby," said the mother, "you are very forward. You can't get any fish. You must sit quietly, and not trouble us so much."

"Well, mamma, if I don't get some fish, mind I'll tell *yon*!"

"Oh, Bobby, you're a plague!" and then she gave him the fish.

A little further on in the dinner, Bobby, observing his papa and the guests taking wine, was pleased to break in once more:

"Papa, I would like a glass of wine!"

By this time, as might well be supposed, the attention of the company had been pretty fully drawn to Bobby, about

whom, in all probability, there prevailed but one opinion. The father was irritated at the incident.

"Bobby, you *must* be quiet; you can have no wine."

"Well, papa, if I don't get some wine, mind I'll tell *yon*!"

"You rascal, you shall have no wine!"

"You had *better* do it," answered Bobby, firmly. "Once, twice—will you give me the wine? Come, now, mind I'll tell *yon*! Once, twice—"

The father looked canes and lashes at his progeny. Bobby, however, was not to be daunted.

"Here goes now! Once, twice—will you do it? Once, twice, thrice! *My trousers were made out of mother's old window-curtains!*"

Stiff English party dissolves in unconstrainable merriment,—*Dr. Robert Chambers's "Scrap-Book."*

FLUSTERED.

A TALL, green-looking youth stepped into a village grocery where they keep something to drink as well as to eat, and after peering about a little spied some ginger cakes. Said he to the grocer:

"Them's mighty fine cakes. What's the least you'll take for one of 'em?"

"Ten cents," replied the grocer.

"Well, I believe I'll take one, if you'll wrap it up right good."

The grocer wrapped up the cake and handed it to him. He looked thoughtfully at it awhile and said:

"I don't believe I want this cake, after all. Won't you swap me a drink for it?"

"Yes," said the grocer, as he took back the cake and handed him a glass of something.

The young man swallowed the liquor and started off.

"Hold on!" cried the grocer, "you haven't paid me for my drink."

"I swapped you the cake for the drink."

"But you haven't paid me for the cake."

"You've got your cake."

This last retort so nonplussed the grocer that he stood and scratched his puzzled head, while the young man made good his retreat.

THE TRAVELS AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

So many different opinions have obtained respecting the authorship of "The Travels of Baron Munchausen," and the motives for writing that work, that it seems desirable to furnish some explanation on both these points.

The general opinion appears to be that expressed by a writer in *Notes and Queries* (No. 68, 1851): "The Travels of Baron Munchausen were written to ridicule Bruce, the Abyssinian traveler, whose adventures were at that time deemed fictitious." But the writer of the above article offers the best evidence for correcting this opinion; for he goes on to say, that he had for years sought a copy of the work, and had at last been successful, and describes it as "the second edition, considerably enlarged, and ornamented with twenty explanatory engravings from original designs," and as being entitled "'Gulliver Revived, or the Vice of Lying properly exposed, printed for the Kearsleys, at London, 1793.'" He also describes a second volume, "*A Sequel to the Adventures of Baron Munchausen*, a new edition, with twenty capital copper-plates, including the Baron's portrait, humbly dedicated to Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian traveler," published by Symonds, Paternoster Row, 1796.

Copies of both of these volumes are in the British Museum, and completely clear up the question. "Gulliver Revived" is identical in every respect with the above described, except that it is called the seventh edition instead of the second. The full title runs:

"The Seventh Edition, considerably enlarged, and ornamented with twenty explanatory engravings from original designs: GULLIVER REVIVED; or, the Vice of Lying properly exposed: containing Singular Travels, Campaigns, Voyages and Adventures in Russia, the Caspian Sea, Iceland, Turkey, Egypt, Gibraltar, up the Mediterranean, on the Atlantic Ocean, and through the centre of Mount Ætna, into the South Sea.

"Also an account of a Voyage into the Moon and Dog-star, with many extraor-

inary particulars relating to the cooking animals in those planets, which are there called the Human Species. By BARON MUNCHAUSEN. London: Printed for C. & G. Kearsley, Fleet Street, 1793."

The preface to this seventh edition says: "The first edition was comparatively slow in sale, but the whole of the subsequent impressions were purchased within a short time after they were printed. This seventh edition contains such considerable additions that it may be fairly considered as a new work."

We thus see that the six editions (the second to the seventh), were issued in 1793, but as the plates to the seventh edition (and doubtless to the second and other editions) bear the imprint, "Published as the Act directs, for G. Kearsley, at 46, in Fleet Street, London, 1786," it becomes evident that the first edition was issued in that year; and that being four years before the publication of "Bruce's Travels," which appeared in 1790, the work could not have been written to ridicule them. In fact, recent investigation has rendered it almost a certainty that the original author of "Munchausen's Travels" was a learned but unprincipled scholar, of the name of R. E. Raspe, who had taken refuge in England from the pursuit of justice (vide *Gentleman's Magazine*, January, 1857), and that many of his stories are of ancient date, and current in various countries. Many are to be found under the title of "*Mendacia Ridicula*," in vol. iii. of *Deliciæ Academicæ*, Heilbron, 1665; that of "sound being frozen in a post-horn" is from Rabelais, appears to have been known also in Spain and Italy, and is said by a writer in *Notes and Queries* (No. 61, 1850) to be traceable to one of the later Greek writers, from whom Jeremy Taylor, in one of his sermons, borrows it as an illustration; while the story of "the horse cut in two by the portcullis" is translated by Lady C. Guest, in "The Mabinogion," from an ancient Welsh manuscript.

This being the case, it may reasonably be asked how the very general opinion could have originated—an opinion entertained by Bruce himself—that Munchausen was written to ridicule his travels? And this question appears to derive its conclusive reply from the "Sequel" above alluded to, of which the first edition is in the British Museum, and whose title runs thus:

"(With 20 capital Copper-plates, includ-

ing the Baron's Portrait.) A SEQUEL TO THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN, Humbly dedicated to Mr. Bruce, the Abyssinian Traveler, as the Baron conceives that it may be of some service to him, previous to his making another expedition into Abyssinia. But if this advice does not delight Mr. Bruce, the Baron is willing to fight him on any terms he pleases. London: Printed for H. D. Symonds, Paternoster Row, 1792."

It thus appears that, though the original work was "comparatively slow in sale," a new impetus was given to it by the issue of this "Sequel" shortly after the publication of "Bruce's Travels," and by the direct attack its title-page and general contents—one of the plates being "an African feast upon live bulls and kava"—made on that work;¹ that consequently in the following year, 1793, six editions were required, though the editor makes no scruple of saying that only a small part, viz., chapters 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, were by the "Baron," and the rest "the production of another pen, written in the Baron's manner." It being the fashion of the day to decry and caricature Bruce (though subsequent inquiries have shown he was a very truthful man), his revilers compiled "The Sequel to Munchausen" for this purpose, and made use of this almost forgotten "Gulliver Revived," as one of their weapons of attack.

¹ The Abyssinian custom of feeding upon live flesh seems to have provoked a chorus of incredulity from all quarters. Among others, Peter Pindar makes it the subject of one of his satirical flings:

"Nor have I been where men (what loss, alas)"
Kill half a cow, then send the rest to grass."

Bruce was also ridiculed in an after-piece acted in the Haymarket, in which Bannister performed the part of Macfable, a Scotch travelling impostor, and the hits against his travels could not be mistaken.

In Sir F. Head's "Life of Bruce" (page 476) there is the following anecdote: "One day, while he was at the house of a relation, in East Lothian, a gentleman present bluntly observed that it was not possible that the natives of Abyssinia could eat raw meat! Bruce said not a word: but, leaving the room, shortly returned from the kitchen with a piece of raw beef-steak, peppered and salted in the Abyssinian fashion.

'You will eat that, sir, or fight me!' he said. When the gentleman had eaten up the raw flesh (most willingly would he have eaten his words instead), Bruce calmly observed. Now, sir, you will never again say it is impossible."

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having heard, for the first time, that my adventures have been doubted, and looked upon as jokes, I feel bound to come forward and vindicate my character for *veracity*, by paying three shillings at the Mansion House of this great city for the affidavits hereto appended.

This I have been forced into in regard of my own honor, although I have retired for many years from public and private life; and I hope that this, my last edition, will place me in a proper light with my readers.

AT THE CITY OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

We, the undersigned, as true believers in the *profit*, do most solemnly affirm, that all the adventures of our friend, Baron Munchausen, in whatever country they may lie, are positive and simple facts. And, as we have been believed, whose adventures are tenfold more wonderful, so do we hope all true believers will give him their full faith and credence.

GULLIVER. ×

SINBAD. ×

ALADDIN. ×

Sworn at the Mansion House
9th Nov. last, in the absence
of the Lord Mayor.

JOHN (the Porter).

PREFACE.

BARON MUNCHAUSEN has certainly been productive of much benefit to the literary world; the numbers of egregious travellers have been such, that they demand a very Gulliver to surpass them. If Baron de Tott dauntlessly discharged an enormous piece of artillery, the Baron Munchausen has done more; he has taken it and swam with it across the sea. When travellers are solicitous to be the heroes of their own story, surely they must admit to superiority and blush at seeing themselves outdone by the renowned Munchausen: I doubt whether any one hitherto, Pantagruel, Gargantua, Captain Lemuel, or De Tott, has been able to outdo our Baron in this species of excellence: and as at present our curiosity seems much directed to the interior of Africa, it must be edifying to have the real relation of Munchausen's adventures there before any further intelligence arrives; for he seems to adapt himself and his exploits to

the spirit of the times, and recounts what he thinks should be most interesting to his auditors.

I do not say that the Baron in the following stories, means a satire on any political matters whatever. No; but if the reader understands them so, I cannot help it.

If the Baron meets with a parcel of negro ships carrying whites into slavery to work upon their plantations in a cold climate, should we therefore imagine that he intends a reflection on the present traffic in human flesh? And that, if the negro should do so, it would be simple justice, as retaliation is the law of God! If we were to think this a reflection on any present commercial or political matter, we should be tempted to imagine, perhaps, some political ideas conveyed in every page, in every sentence of the whole. Whether such things are or are not the intentions of the Baron the reader must judge.

We have had not only wonderful travellers in this vile world, but splenetic travellers, and of these not a few, and also conspicuous enough. It is a pity, therefore, that the Baron has not endeavored to surpass them also in this species of story-telling. Who is it can read the travels of Smellfungus, as Sterne calls him, without admiration? To think that a person from the North of Scotland should travel through some of the finest countries in Europe, and find fault with everything he meets—nothing to please him! And therefore, methinks, the "Tour of the Hebrides" is more excusable, and also perhaps Mr. Twiss's "Tour in Ireland." Dr. Johnson, bred in the luxuriance of London, with more reason should become cross and splenetic in the bleak and dreary region of the Hebrides.

The Baron, in the following work, seems to be sometimes philosophical; his account of the language of the interior of Africa, and its analogy with that of the inhabitants of the Moon, show him to be profoundly versed in the etymological antiquities of nations, and throw new light upon the abstruse history of the ancient Scythians, and the Collectanea.

His endeavor to abolish the custom of eating live flesh in the interior of Africa, as described in "Bruce's Travels," is truly humane. But far be it from me to suppose, that by Gog and Magog and the Lord Mayor's show he means a satire upon any person or body of persons whatever: or by a tedious litigated trial of blind judges and

dumb matrons following a wild-goose chase all around the world he should glance at any trial whatever.

Nevertheless, I must allow that it was extremely presumptuous in Munchausen to tell half the sovereigns of the world that they were wrong, and advise them what they ought to do; and that instead of ordering millions of their subjects to massacre one another, it would be more to their interest to employ their forces in concert for the general good; as if he knew better than the Empress of Russia, the Grand Vizier, Prince Potemkin, or any other butcher in the world. But that he should be a royal Aristocrat, and take the part of the injured Queen of France in the present political drama, I am not at all surprised; But I suppose his mind was fired by reading the pamphlet written by Mr. Burke.

CHAPTER I.

[*The Baron is supposed to relate these adventures to his friends over a bottle.*]

THE BARON RELATES AN ACCOUNT OF HIS FIRST TRAVELS—THE ASTONISHING EFFECTS OF A STORM—ARRIVES AT CEYLON; COMBATS AND CONQUERS TWO EXTRAORDINARY OPPONENTS—RETURNS TO HOLLAND.

SOME time before my beard announced approaching manhood, or, in other words, when I was neither man nor boy, but between both, I expressed in repeated conversations a strong desire of seeing the world, from which I was discouraged by my parents, though my father had been no inconsiderable traveller himself, as will appear before I have reached the end of my singular, and, I may add, interesting adventures. A cousin, by my mother's side, took a liking to me, often said I was a fine forward youth, and was much inclined to gratify my curiosity. His eloquence had more effect than mine, for my father consented to my accompanying him in a voyage to the island of Ceylon, where his uncle had resided as governor many years.

We sailed from Amsterdam with dispatches from their High Mightinesses the States of Holland. The only circumstance which happened on our voyage worth relating was the wonderful effects of a storm, which had torn up by the roots a great number of trees of enormous

pulk and height, in an island where we lay at anchor to take in wood and water; some of these trees weighed many tons, yet they were carried by the wind so amazingly high that they appeared like the feathers of small birds floating in the air, for they were at least five miles above the earth; however, as soon as the storm subsided they all fell perpendicularly into their respective places, and took root again, except the largest, which happened, when it was blown into the air, to have a man and his wife, a very honest old couple, upon its branches, gathering cucumbers (in this part of the globe that useful vegetable grows upon trees): the weight of this couple, as the tree descended, overbalanced the trunk, and brought it down in a horizontal position: it fell upon the chief man of the island, and killed him on the spot; he had quitted his house in the storm, under an apprehension of its falling upon him, and was returning through his own garden when this fortunate accident happened.

The word *fortunate*, here, requires some explanation.

The chief was a man of very avaricious and oppressive disposition, and though he had no family, the natives of the island were half starved by his oppressive and infamous impositions.

The very goods which he had thus taken from them were spoiling in his stores, while the poor wretches from whom they were plundered were pining in poverty. Though the destruction of this tyrant was accidental, the people chose the cucumber-gatherers for their governors, as a mark of their gratitude for destroying, though accidentally, their late tyrant.

After we had repaired the damages we sustained in this remarkable storm, and taken leave of the new governor and his lady, we sailed with a fair wind for the object of our voyage.

In about six weeks we arrived at Ceylon, where we were received with great marks of friendship and true politeness. The following singular adventures may not prove unentertaining.

After we had resided at Ceylon about a fortnight, I accompanied one of the governor's brothers upon a shooting party. He was a strong, athletic man, and being used to that climate (for he had resided there some years), he bore the

violent heat of the sun much better than I could; in our excursion he had made a considerable progress through a thick wood when I was only at the entrance.

Near the banks of a large piece of water which had engaged my attention, I thought I heard a rustling noise behind; on turning about I was almost petrified (as who would not be?) at the sight of a lion, which was evidently approaching with the intention of satisfying his appetite with my poor carcass, and that without asking my consent. What was to be done in this horrible dilemma? I had not even a moment for reflection; my piece was only charged with swan-shot, and I had no other about me; however, though I could have no idea of killing such an animal with that weak kind of ammunition, yet I had some hopes of frightening him by the report, and perhaps of wounding him also. I immediately let fly, without waiting till he was within reach, and the report did but enrage him, for he now quickened his pace, and seemed to approach me full speed: I attempted to escape, but that only added (if an addition could be made) to my distress; for the moment I turned about I found a large crocodile, with his mouth extended almost ready to receive me.

On my right hand was the piece of water before mentioned, and on my left a deep precipice, said to have, as I have since learned, a receptacle at the bottom for venomous creatures; in short, I gave myself up as lost, for the lion was now upon his hind legs, just in the act of seizing me; I fell involuntarily to the ground with fear, and, as it afterwards appeared, he sprang over me. I lay some time in a situation which no language can describe, expecting to feel his teeth or talons in some part of me every moment: after waiting in this prostrate situation a few seconds I heard a violent but unusual noise, different from any sound that had ever before assailed my ears; nor is it at all to be wondered at, when I inform you from whence it proceeded: after listening for some time, I ventured to raise my head and look round, when, to my unspeakable joy, I perceived the lion had, by the eagerness with which he sprang at me, jumped forward as I fell, into the crocodile's mouth! which, as before observed, was wide open; the head of the one stuck into the throat of the other! and

they were struggling to extricate themselves! I fortunately recollected my *couteau de chasse*, which was by my side; with this instrument I severed the lion's head at one blow, and the body fell at my feet! I then, with the butt-end of my fowling-piece, rammed the head farther into the throat of the crocodile, and destroyed him by suffocation, for he could neither gorge nor eject it.

Soon after I had thus gained a complete victory over my two powerful adversaries, my companion arrived in search of me; for finding I did not follow him into the wood, he returned, apprehending I had lost my way, or met with some accident.

After mutual congratulations, we measured the crocodile, which was just forty feet in length.

As soon as we had related this extraordinary adventure to the governor, he sent a wagon and servants, who brought home the two carcasses. The lion's skin was properly preserved, with its hair on, after which it was made into tobacco-pouches, and presented by me, upon our return to Holland, to the burgomasters, who, in return, requested my acceptance of a thousand ducats.

The skin of the crocodile was stuffed in the usual manner, and makes a capital article in their public museum at Amsterdam, where the exhibitor relates the whole story to each spectator, with such additions as he thinks proper. Some of his variations are rather extravagant; one of them is, that the lion jumped quite through the crocodile, and was making his escape at the back door, when, as soon as his head appeared, Monsieur the Great Baron (as he is pleased to call me) cut it off, and three feet of the crocodile's tail along with it; nay, so little attention has this fellow to the truth, that he sometimes adds, as soon as the crocodile missed his tail, he turned about, snatched the *couteau de chasse* out of monsieur's hand, and swallowed it with such eagerness that it pierced his heart and killed him immediately!

The little regard which this impudent knave has to veracity makes me sometimes apprehensive that my *real facts* may fall under suspicion, by being found in company with his confounded inventions.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH THE BARON PROVES HIMSELF A GOOD SHOT—HE LOSES HIS HORSE, AND FINDS A WOLF—MAKES HIM DRAW HIS SLEDGE—PROMISES TO ENTERTAIN HIS COMPANY WITH A RELATION OF SUCH FACTS AS ARE WELL DESERVING THEIR NOTICE.

I SET off from Rome on a journey to Russia, in the midst of winter, from a just notion that frost and snow must of course mend the roads, which every traveller had described as uncommonly bad through the northern parts of Germany, Poland, Courland and Livonia. I went on horseback, as the most convenient manner of travelling; I was but lightly clothed, and of this I felt the inconvenience the more I advanced northeast. What must not a poor old man have suffered in that severe weather and climate, whom I saw on a bleak common in Poland, lying on the road, helpless, shivering, and hardly having wherewithal to cover his nakedness? I pitied the poor soul: though I felt the severity of the air myself, I threw my mantle over him, and immediately I heard a voice from the heavens, blessing me for that piece of charity, saying:

"You will be rewarded, my son, for this in time."

I went on: night and darkness overtook me. No village was to be seen. The country was covered with snow, and I was unacquainted with the road.

Tired, I alighted, and fastened my horse to something like a pointed stump of a tree which appeared above the snow; for the sake of safety I placed my pistols under my arm, and laid down on the snow, where I slept so soundly that I did not open my eyes till full daylight. It is not easy to conceive my astonishment to find myself in the midst of a village, lying in a church-yard; nor was my horse to be seen, but I heard him soon after neigh somewhere above me. On looking upwards I beheld him hanging by his bridle to the weather-cock of the steeple. Matters were now very plain to me; the village had been covered with snow overnight; a sudden change in the weather had taken place; I had sunk down to the church-yard whilst asleep, gently, and in the same proportion as the snow had melted away; and what in the dark I had taken to be a

stump of a little tree appearing above the snow, to which I had tied my horse, proved to have been the cross or weather-cock of the steeple!

Without long consideration I took one of my pistols, shot the bridle in two, brought down the horse and proceeded on my journey. [Here the baron seems to have forgot his feelings; he should certainly have ordered his horse a feed of corn, after fasting so long.]

He carried me well—advancing into the interior parts of Russia. I found travelling on horseback rather unfashionable in winter, therefore I submitted, as I always do, to the custom of the country, took a single horse sledge, and drove briskly towards St. Petersburg. I do not exactly recollect whether it was in Eastland or Juge-manland, but I remember that in the midst of a dreary forest I spied a terrible wolf making after me with all the speed of ravenous winter hunger. He soon overtook me. There was no possibility of escape. Mechanically I laid myself down flat in the sledge, and let my horse run for our safety. What I wished, but hardly hoped or expected, happened immediately after. The wolf did not mind me in the least, but took a leap over me, and falling furiously on the horse, began instantly to tear and devour the hind-part of the poor animal, which ran the faster for his pain and terror. Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slyly up, and with horror I beheld that the wolf had ate his way into the horse's body; it was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, when I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt-end of my whip.

This unexpected attack in his rear frightened him so much, that he leaped forward with all his might: the horse's carcass dropped on the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and I on my part whipping him continually: we both arrived in full career safe to St. Petersburg, contrary to our respective expectations, and very much to the astonishment of the spectators.

I shall not tire you, gentlemen, with the politics, arts, sciences and history of this magnificent metropolis of Russia, nor trouble you with the various intrigues and pleasant adventures I had in the politer circles of that country, where the lady of the house always receives the visi-

tor with a dram and a salute. I shall confine myself rather to the greater and nobler objects of your attention, horses and dogs, my favorites in the brute creation; also to foxes, wolves and bears, with which, and game in general, Russia abounds more than any other part of the world; and to such sports, manly exercises, and feats of gallantry and activity, as show the gentleman better than musty Greek or Latin, or all the perfume, finery and capers of French wits or *petit-maitres*.

CHAPTER III.

AN ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE BARON'S NOSE AND A DOOR-POST, WITH ITS WONDERFUL EFFECT—FIFTY BRACE OF DUCKS AND OTHER FOWL DESTROYED BY ONE SHOT—FLOGS A FOX OUT OF HIS SKIN—LEADS AN OLD SOW HOME IN A NEW WAY, AND VANQUISHES A WILD BOAR.

FOR several months (as it was some time before I could obtain a commission in the army) I was perfectly at liberty to sport away my time and money in the most gentleman-like manner. You may easily imagine that I spent much of both out of town with such gallant fellows as knew how to make the most of an open forest country. The very recollection of those amusements gives me fresh spirits, and creates a warm wish for a repetition of them. One morning I saw, through the windows of my bedroom, that a large pond not far off was covered with wild ducks. In an instant I took my gun from the corner, ran down-stairs and out of the house in such a hurry that I imprudently struck my face against the door-post. Fire flew out of my eyes, but it did not prevent my intention; I soon came within shot, when, leveling my piece, I observed to my sorrow, that even the flint had sprung from the cock by the violence of the shock I had just received. There was no time to be lost. I presently remembered the effect it had on my eyes, therefore opened the pan, leveled my piece against the wild fowls, and my fist against one of my eyes. [The Baron's eyes have retained fire ever since, and appear particularly illuminated when he relates this anecdote.] A hearty blow drew sparks again; the shot went off, and I killed fifty brace of ducks, twenty widgeons, and three couple of teals.

Presence of mind is the soul of manly exercises. If soldiers and sailors owe to it many of their lucky escapes, hunters and sportsmen are not less beholden to it for many of their successes. In a noble forest in Russia I met a fine black fox, whose valuable skin it would have been a pity to tear by ball or shot. Reynard stood close to a tree. In a twinkling I took out my ball, and placed a good spike-nail in its room, fired, and hit him so cleverly that I nailed his brush fast to the tree. I now went up to him, took out my hanger, gave him a cross-cut over the face, laid hold of my whip, and fairly flogged him out of his fine skin.

Chance and good luck often correct our mistakes; of this I had a singular instance soon after, when, in the depth of a forest, I saw a wild pig and sow running close behind each other. My ball had missed them, yet the foremost pig only ran away, and the sow stood motionless, as fixed to the ground. On examining into the matter, I found the latter one to be an old sow, blind with age, which had taken hold of her pig's tail, in order to be led along by filial duty. My ball, having passed between the two, had cut his leading-string, which the old sow continued to hold in her mouth; and as her former guide did not draw her on any longer, she had stopped of course; I therefore laid hold of the remaining end of the pig's tail, and led the old beast home without any farther trouble on my part, and without any reluctance or apprehension on the part of the helpless old animal.

Terrible as these wild sows are, yet more fierce and dangerous are the boars, one of which I had once the misfortune to meet in a forest, unprepared for attack or defense. I retired behind an oak-tree just when the furious animal leveled a side-blow at me, with such force, that his tusks pierced through the tree, by which means he could neither repeat the blow nor retire. Ho, ho! thought I, I shall soon have you now! and immediately I laid hold of a stone, wherewith I hampered and bent his tusks in such a manner, that he could not retreat by any means, and must wait my return from the next village, whither I went for ropes and a cart, to secure him properly, and to carry him off safe and alive, in which I perfectly succeeded.

CHAPTER IV.

REFLECTIONS ON SAINT HUBERT'S STAG—SHOOTS A STAG WITH CHERRY-STONES; THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF IT—KILLS A BEAR BY EXTRAORDINARY DEXTERITY: HIS DANGER PATHETICALLY DESCRIBED—ATTACKED BY A WOLF, WHICH HE TURNS INSIDE OUT—IS ASSAILED BY A MAD DOG, FROM WHICH HE ESCAPES—THE BARON'S CLOAK SEIZED WITH MADNESS, BY WHICH HIS WHOLE WARDROBE IS THROWN INTO CONFUSION.

I DARE say you have heard of the hunter and sportsman's saint and protector, St. Hubert, and of the noble stag, which appeared to him in the forest, with the holy cross between his antlers. I have paid my homage to that saint every year in good fellowship, and seen this stag a thousand times either painted in churches, or embroidered in the stars of his knights; so that, upon the honor and conscience of a good sportsman, I hardly know whether there may not have been formerly, or whether there are not such crossed stags even at this present day. But let me rather tell what I have seen myself. Having one day spent all my shot, I found myself unexpectedly in presence of a stately stag, looking at me as unconcerned as if he had known of my empty pouches. I charged immediately with powder, and upon it a good handful of cherry-stones, for I had sucked the fruit as far as the hurry would permit. Thus I let fly at him, and hit him just on the middle of the forehead, between his antlers; it stunned him—he staggered—yet he made off. A year or two after, being with a party in the same forest, I beheld a noble stag with a fine grown cherry-tree above ten feet high between his antlers.

I immediately recollected my former adventure, looked upon him as my property, and brought him to the ground by one shot, which at once gave me the haunch and cherry-sauce; for the tree was covered with the richest fruit, the like I had never tasted before. Who knows but some passionate, holy sportsman, or sporting abbot or bishop, may have shot, planted and fixed the cross between the antlers of St. Hubert's stag, in a manner similar to this? They always have been, and still are, famous for plantations of crosses and antlers; and in a case of distress or dilemma, which too often happens to keen sportsmen, one is

apt to grasp at anything for safety, and to try any expedient rather than miss the favorable opportunity. I have many times found myself in that trying situation.

What do you say of this, for example? Daylight and powder were spent one day in a Polish forest. When I was going home a terrible bear made up to me in great speed, with open mouth, ready to fall upon me; all my pockets were searched in an instant for powder and ball, but in vain; I found nothing but two spare flints: one I flung with all my might into the monster's open jaws, down his throat. It gave him pain and made him turn about, so that I could level the second at his back-door; which, indeed, I did with wonderful success; for it flew in, met the first flint in the stomach, struck fire, and blew up the bear with a terrible explosion. Though I came safe off that time, yet I should not wish to try it again, or venture against bears with no other ammunition.

There is a kind of fatality in it. The fiercest and most dangerous animals generally came upon me when defenseless, as if they had a notion or an instinctive intimation of it. Thus a frightful wolf rushed upon me so suddenly, and so close, that I could do nothing but follow mechanical instinct, and thrust my fist into his open mouth. For safety's sake I pushed on and on, till my arm was fairly in up to the shoulder. How should I disengage myself? I was not much pleased with my awkward situation—with a wolf face to face; our ogling was not of the most pleasant kind. If I withdrew my arm, then the animal would fly the more furiously upon me; that I saw in his flaming eyes. In short, I laid hold of his tail, turned him inside out like a glove, and flung him to the ground, where I left him.

The same expedient would not have answered against a mad dog, which soon after came running against me in a narrow street at St. Petersburg. Run who can, I thought; and to do this the better, I threw off my fur cloak, and was safe within doors in an instant. I sent my servant for the cloak, and he put it in the wardrobe with my other clothes. The day after I was amazed and frightened by Jack's bawling, "For God's sake, sir, your fur cloak is mad!" I hastened up to him, and found almost all my clothes tossed about and torn to pieces. The fellow was perfectly right in his apprehensions about the fur

cloak's madness. I saw him myself just then falling upon a fine full-dress suit, which he shook and tossed in an unmerciful manner.

CHAPTER V.

THE EFFECTS OF GREAT ACTIVITY AND PRESENCE OF MIND—A FAVORITE HOUND DESCRIBED, WHICH PUPS WHILE PURSUING A HARE; THE HARE ALSO LITTERS WHILE PURSUED BY THE HOUND—PRESENTED WITH A FAMOUS HORSE BY COUNT PRZOBOSKY, WITH WHICH HE PERFORMS MANY EXTRAORDINARY FEATS.

ALL these narrow and lucky escapes, gentlemen, were chances turned to advantage by presence of mind and vigorous exertions, which, taken together, as everybody knows, make the fortunate sportsman, sailor, and soldier; but he would be a very blamable and imprudent sportsman, admiral, or general, who would always depend upon chance and his stars, without troubling himself about those arts which are their particular pursuits, and without providing the very best implements, which insure success. I was not blamable either way; for I have always been as remarkable for the excellency of my horses, dogs, guns, and swords, as for the proper manner of using and managing them, so that upon the whole I may hope to be remembered in the forest, upon the turf, and in the field. I shall not enter here into any details of my stables, kennel, or armory: but a favorite bitch of mine I cannot help mentioning to you; she was a greyhound, and I never had or saw a better. She grew old in my service, and was not remarkable for her size, but rather for her uncommon swiftness. I always coursed with her. Had you seen her you must have admired her, and would not have wondered at my predilection, and at my coursing her so much. She ran so fast, so much, and so long in my service, that she actually ran off her legs; so that, in the latter part of her life, I was under the necessity of working and using her only as a terrier, in which quality she still served me many years.

Coursing one day a hare, which appeared to me uncommonly big, I pitied my poor bitch, being big with pups, yet she would course as fast as ever. I could follow her on horseback only at a great

distance. At once I heard a cry as it were of a pack of hounds—but so weak and faint that I hardly knew what to make of it.

Coming up to them, I was greatly surprised. The hare had littered in running; the same had happened to my bitch in coursing, and there were just as many leverets as pups. By instinct the former ran, the latter coursed: and thus I found myself in possession at once of six hares, and as many dogs, at the end of a course which had only begun with one.

I remember this, my wonderful bitch, with the same pleasure and tenderness as a superb Lithuanian horse, which no money could have bought. He became mine by an accident, which gave me an opportunity of showing my horsemanship to a great advantage. I was at Count Przobosky's noble country-seat in Lithuania, and remained with the ladies at tea in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen were down in the yard, to see a young horse of blood which had just arrived from the stud.

We suddenly heard a noise of distress. I hastened down-stairs, and found the horse so unruly that nobody durst approach or mount him. The most resolute horseman stood dismayed and aghast: despondency was expressed in every countenance, when, in one leap, I was on his back, took him by surprise, and worked him quite into gentleness and obedience, with the best display of horsemanship I was master of. Fully to show this to the ladies, and save them unnecessary trouble, I forced him to leap in at one of the open windows of the tea-room, walked round several times, pace, trot and gallop, and at last made him mount the tea-table, there to repeat his lessons in a pretty style of miniature which was exceedingly pleasing to the ladies, for he performed them amazingly well, and did not break either cup or saucer. It placed me so high in their opinion, and so well in that of the noble lord, that, with his usual politeness, he begged I would accept of this young horse, and ride him full career to conquest and honor in the campaign against the Turks, which was soon to be opened, under the command of Count Munich.

I could not indeed have received a more agreeable present, nor a more ominous one at the opening of that campaign, in

which I made my apprenticeship as a soldier. A horse so gentle, so spirited, and so fierce—at once a lamb and a Bucephalus—put me always in mind of the soldier's and the gentleman's duty! of young Alexander, and of the astonishing things he performed in the field.

We took the field, among several other reasons, it seems, with an intention to retrieve the character of the Russian arms, which had been blemished a little by Czar Peter's last campaign on the Pruth; and this we fully accomplished by several very fatiguing and glorious campaigns under the command of that great general I mentioned before.

Modesty forbids individuals to arrogate to themselves great successes or victories, the glory of which is generally engrossed by the commander—nay, which is rather awkward, by kings and queens who never smelt gunpowder but at the field-days and reviews of their troops; never saw a field of battle, or an enemy in battle array.

Nor do I claim any particular share of glory in the great engagements with the enemy. We all did our duty, which, in the patriot's, soldier's, and gentleman's language, is a very comprehensive word, of great honor, meaning and import, and of which the generality of idle quidnuncs and coffee-house politicians can hardly form any but a very mean and contemptible idea. However, having had the command of a body of hussars, I went upon several expeditions, with discretionary powers; and the success I then met with is, I think, fairly and only to be placed to my account, and to that of the brave fellows whom I led on to conquest and to victory.

We had very hot work once in the van of the army, when we drove the Turks into Oczakow. My spirited Lithuanian had almost brought me into a scrape: I had advanced fore-post, and saw the enemy coming against me in a cloud of dust, which left me rather uncertain about their actual numbers and real intentions: to wrap myself up in a similar cloud was common prudence but would not have much advanced my knowledge or answered the end for which I had been sent out; therefore I let my flankers on both wings speed to the right and left, and make what dust they could, and I myself led on straight upon the enemy, to have a nearer sight of them;

in this I was gratified, for they stood and fought, till, for fear of my flankers, they began to move off rather disorderly. This was the moment to fall upon them with spirit; we broke them entirely—made a terrible havoc amongst them, and drove them not only back to a walled town in their rear, but even through it, contrary to our most sanguine expectation.

The swiftness of my Lithuanian enabled me to be foremost in the pursuit; and seeing the enemy fairly flying through the opposite gate, I thought it would be prudent to stop in the market-place, to order the men to rendezvous. I stopped, gentlemen; but judge of my astonishment when in this market-place I saw not one of my hussars about me! Are they scouring the other streets? or what is become of them? They could not be far off, and must, at all events, soon join me. In that expectation I walked my panting Lithuanian to a spring in this market-place, and let him drink. He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but natural enough; for when I looked round for my men, what should I see, gentlemen! the hind part of the poor creature—croup and legs were missing, as if he had been cut in two, and the water ran out as it came in, without refreshing or doing him any good! How it could have happened was quite a mystery to me, till I returned with him to the town-gate. There I saw that when I rushed in pell-mell with the flying enemy, they had dropped the portcullis (a heavy falling door, with sharp spikes at the bottom, let down suddenly to prevent the entrance of an enemy into the fortified town) unperceived by me, which had totally cut off his hind part, that still lay quivering on the outside of the gate. It would have been an irreparable loss, had not our farrier contrived to bring both parts together while hot. He sewed them up with sprigs and young shoots of laurels that were at hand; the wound healed, and, what could not have happened but to so glorious a horse, the sprigs took root in his body, grew up and formed a bower over me; so that afterwards I could go upon many other expeditions in the shade of my own and my horse's laurels.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BARON IS MADE A PRISONER OF WAR, AND SOLD FOR A SLAVE—KEEPS THE SULTAN'S BEES, WHICH ARE ATTACKED BY TWO BEARS—LOSES ONE OF HIS BEES; A SILVER HATCHET, WHICH HE THROWS AT THE BEARS, REBOUNDS AND FLIES UP TO THE MOON; BRINGS IT BACK BY AN INGENIOUS INVENTION; FALLS TO THE EARTH ON HIS RETURN, AND HELPS HIMSELF OUT OF A PIT—EXTRICATES HIMSELF FROM A CARRIAGE WHICH MEETS HIS IN A NARROW ROAD, IN A MANNER NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED NOR PRACTICED SINCE—THE WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF THE FROST UPON HIS SERVANT'S FRENCH HORN.

SUCCESS was not always with me. I had the misfortune to be overpowered by numbers, to be made prisoner of war: and, what is worse, but always usual among the Turks, to be sold for a slave. [The Baron was afterwards in great favor with the Grand Seignior, as will appear hereafter.] In that state of humiliation my daily task was not very hard and laborious, but rather singular and irksome. It was to drive the Sultan's bees every morning to their pasture-grounds, to attend them all the day long, and against night to drive them back to their hives. One evening I missed a bee, and soon observed that two bears had fallen upon her to tear her to pieces for the honey she carried. I had nothing like an offensive weapon in my hands but the silver hatchet, which is the badge of the Sultan's gardeners and farmers. I threw it at the robbers, with an intention to frighten them away, and set the poor bee at liberty; but by an unlucky turn of my arm, it flew upwards, and continued rising till it reached the moon. How should I recover it? how fetch it down again? I recollected that Turkey-beans grow very quick, and run up to an astonishing height. I planted one immediately; it grew, and actually fastened itself to one of the moon's horns. I had no more to do now but to climb up by it into the moon, where I safely arrived, and had a troublesome piece of business before I could find my silver hatchet, in a place where everything has the brightness of silver; at last, however, I found it in a heap of chaff and chopped straw. I was now for returning: but, alas! the heat of the sun had dried up my bean; it was totally useless for my descent; so I fell to work and twisted me a

rope of that chopped straw, as long and as well as I could make it. This I fastened to one of the moon's horns, and slid down to the end of it. Here I held myself fast with the left hand, and with the hatchet in my right I cut the long, now useless end of the upper part, which, when tied to the lower end, brought me a good deal lower: this repeated splicing and tying of the rope did not improve its quality, or bring me down to the Sultan's farm. I was four or five miles from the earth at least when it broke; I fell to the ground with such amazing violence, that I found myself stunned, and in a hole nine fathoms deep at least, made by the weight of my body falling from so great a height: I recovered, but knew not how to get out again; however, I dug slopes or steps with my finger-nails (the Baron's nails were then of forty years growth), and easily accomplished it.

Peace was soon after concluded with the Turks, and gaining my liberty, I left St. Petersburg at the time of that singular revolution, when the emperor in his cradle, his mother, the Duke of Brunswick, her father, Field-marshal Munich, and many others were sent to Siberia. The winter was then so uncommonly severe all over Europe, that ever since the sun seems to be frost-bitten. At my return to this place, I felt on the road greater inconveniences than those I had experienced on my setting out.

I travelled post, and finding myself in a narrow lane, bid the postilion to give a signal with his horn, that other travellers might not meet us in the narrow passage. He blew with all his might; but his endeavors were in vain, he could not make the horn sound, which was unaccountable and rather unfortunate, for soon after we found ourselves in the presence of another coach coming the other way: there was no proceeding; however, I got out of my carriage, and being pretty strong, placed it, wheels and all, upon my head: I then jumped over a hedge about nine feet high (which, considering the weight of the coach, was rather difficult) into a field, and came out again by another jump into the road beyond the other carriage: I then went back for the horses, and placing one upon my head, and the other under my left arm, by the same means brought them to my coach, put to, and proceeded to an inn at the end of our

stage. I should have told you that the horse under my arm was very spirited, and not above four years old; in making my second spring over the hedge, he expressed great dislike to that violent kind of motion by kicking and snorting; however, I confined his hind legs by putting them into my coat pocket. After we arrived at the inn, my postilion and I refreshed ourselves: he hung his horn on a peg near the kitchen fire; I sat on the other side.

Suddenly we heard a *tereng! tereng! teng! teng!* We looked round, and now found the reason why the postilion had not been able to sound his horn; his tunes were frozen up in the horn, and came out now by thawing, plain enough, and much to the credit of the driver; so that the honest fellow entertained us for some time by a variety of tunes, without putting his mouth to the horn—The King of Prussia's March—Over the Hill and Over the Dale—with many other favorite tunes; at length the thawing entertainment concluded, as I shall this short account of my Russian travels.

[Some travellers are apt to advance more than is perhaps strictly true; if any of the company entertain a doubt of my veracity, I shall only say to such, I pity their want of faith, and must request they will take leave before I begin the second part of my adventures, which are as strictly founded in fact as those I have already related.]

PART II.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BARON RELATES HIS ADVENTURES ON A VOYAGE TO NORTH AMERICA, WHICH ARE WELL WORTH THE READER'S ATTENTION—FRANKS OF A WHALE—A SEAGULL SAVES A SAILOR'S LIFE—THE BARON'S HEAD FORCED INTO HIS STOMACH—A DANGEROUS LEAK STOPPED "A POSTERIORI."

I EMBARKED at Portsmouth in a first-rate English man-of-war, of one hundred guns, and fourteen hundred men, for North America. Nothing worth relating happened till we arrived within three hundred leagues of the river St. Lawrence, when the ship struck with amazing force against (as we supposed) a rock; how-

ever, upon heaving the lead, we could find no bottom, even with three hundred fathom. What made this circumstance the more wonderful, and indeed beyond all comprehension, was, that the violence of the shock was such that we lost our rudder, broke our bowsprit in the middle, and split all our masts from top to bottom, two of which went by the board; a poor fellow, who was aloft furling the main-sheet, was flung at least three leagues from the ship; but he fortunately saved his life by laying hold of the tail of a large sea-gull, who brought him back, and lodged him on the very spot from whence he was thrown. Another proof of the violence of the shock was the force with which the people between decks were driven against the floors above them; my head particularly was pressed into my stomach, where it continued some months before it recovered its natural situation. Whilst we were all in a state of astonishment at the general and unaccountable confusion in which we were involved, the whole was suddenly explained by the appearance of a large whale who had been basking, asleep, within sixteen feet of the surface of the water. This animal was so much displeased with the disturbance which our ship had given him, for in our passage we had with our rudder scratched his nose, that he beat in all the gallery and part of the quarter-deck with his tail, and almost at the same instant took the main-sheet anchor, which was suspended, as it usually is, from the head, between his teeth, and ran away with the ship, at least sixty leagues, at the rate of twelve leagues an hour, when fortunately the cable broke, and we lost both the whale and the anchor. However, upon our return to Europe, some months after, we found the same whale within a few leagues of the same spot, floating dead upon the water; it measured above half a mile in length. As we could take but a small quantity of such a monstrous animal on board, we got our boats out, and with much difficulty cut off his head, where, to our great joy, we found the anchor, and above forty fathom of the cable, concealed on the left side of his mouth, just under his tongue. [Perhaps this was the cause of his death, as that side of his tongue was much swelled with a great degree of inflammation.] This was the only extraordinary circumstance that happened on this voyage.

One part of our distress, however, I had like to have forgot: while the whale was running away with the ship she sprung a leak, and the water poured in so fast that all our pumps could not keep us from sinking; it was, however, my good fortune to discover it first. I found it a large hole about a foot in diameter; you will naturally suppose this circumstance gives me infinite pleasure, when I inform you that this noble vessel was preserved with all its crew, by a most fortunate thought! In short, I sat down over it, and could have dispensed with it had it been larger; nor will you be surprised when I inform you I am descended from Dutch parents. [The Baron's ancestors have but lately settled there; in another part of his adventures he boasts of royal blood.]

My situation, while I sat there, was rather cool, but the carpenter's art soon relieved me.

CHAPTER VIII.

BATHES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN—MEETS AN UNEXPECTED COMPANION—ARRIVES UNINTENTIONALLY IN THE REGIONS OF HEAT AND DARKNESS, FROM WHICH HE IS EXTRICATED BY DANCING A HORNSPIPE—FRIGHTENS HIS DELIVERERS, AND RETURNS ON SHORE.

I WAS once in great danger of being lost in a most singular manner in the Mediterranean: I was bathing in that pleasant sea near Marseilles one summer's afternoon, when I discovered a very large fish, with his jaws quite extended, approaching me with the greatest velocity; there was no time to be lost, nor could I possibly avoid him. I immediately reduced myself to as small a size as possible, by closing my feet and placing my hands also near my sides, in which position I passed directly between his jaws, and into his stomach, where I remained some time in total darkness, and comfortably warm, as you may imagine; at last it occurred to me that by giving him pain he would be glad to get rid of me: as I had plenty of room, I played my pranks, such as tumbling, hop, step and jump, etc., but nothing seemed to disturb him so much as the quick motion of my feet in attempting to dance a hornpipe: soon after I began he put me out by sudden fits and starts: I

persevered; at last he roared horribly, and stood up almost perpendicularly in the water, with his head and shoulders exposed, by which he was discovered by the people on board an Italian trader, then sailing by, who harpooned him in a few minutes. As soon as he was brought on board I heard the crew consulting how they should cut him up, so as to preserve the greatest quantity of oil. As I understood Italian, I was in most dreadful apprehensions lest their weapons employed in this business should destroy me also; therefore I stood as near the centre as possible, for there was room enough for a dozen men in this creature's stomach, and I naturally imagined they would begin with the extremities: however, my fears were soon dispersed, for they began by opening the bottom of the belly. As soon as I perceived a glimmering of light I called out lustily to be released from a situation in which I was now almost suffocated. It is impossible for me to do justice to the degree and kind of astonishment which sat upon every countenance at hearing a human voice issue from a fish, but more so at seeing a naked man walk upright out of his body; in short, gentlemen, I told them the whole story, as I have done you, whilst amazement struck them dumb.

After taking some refreshment, and jumping into the sea to cleanse myself, I swam to my clothes, which lay where I had left them on the shore. As near as I can calculate, I was near four hours and a half confined in the stomach of this animal.

CHAPTER IX.

ADVENTURES IN TURKEY, AND UPON THE RIVER NILE—SEES A BALLOON OVER CONSTANTINOPLE; SHOOTS AT, AND BRINGS IT DOWN; FINDS A FRENCH EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHER SUSPENDED FROM IT—GOES ON AN EMBASSY TO GRAND CAIRO, AND RETURNS UPON THE NILE, WHERE HE IS THROWN INTO AN UNEXPECTED SITUATION, AND DETAINED SIX WEEKS.

WHEN I was in the service of the Turks I frequently amused myself in a pleasure-barge on the Marmora, which commands a view of the whole city of Constantinople, including the Grand Seignior's Se-

raglio. One morning, as I was admiring the beauty and serenity of the sky, I observed a globular substance in the air, which appeared to be about the size of a twelve-inch globe, with somewhat suspended from it. I immediately took up my largest and longest barrel fowling-piece, which I never travel or make even an excursion without, if I can help it; I charged with a ball, and fired at the globe, but to no purpose, the object being at too great a distance. I then put in a double quantity of powder, and five or six balls: this second attempt succeeded; all the balls took effect, and tore one side open, and brought it down. Judge my surprise when a most elegant gilt car, with a man in it, and part of a sheep, which seemed to have been roasted, fell within two yards of me; when my astonishment had in some degree subsided, I ordered my people to row close to this strange aerial traveller.

I took him on board my barge (he was a native of France:) he was much indisposed from his sudden fall into the sea, and incapable of speaking; after some time, however, he recovered and gave the following account of himself, viz. :—"About seven or eight days since, I cannot tell which, for I have lost my reckoning, having been most of the time where the sun never sets, I ascended from the Land's End in Cornwall, in the island of Great Britain, in the car from which I have been just taken, suspended from a very large balloon, and took a sheep with me, to try atmospheric experiments upon: unfortunately, the wind changed within ten minutes after my ascent, and instead of driving towards Exeter, where I intended to land, I was driven towards the sea, over which I suppose I have continued ever since, but much too high to make observations.

"The calls of hunger were so pressing, that the intended experiments upon heat and respiration gave way to them. I was obliged, on the third day, to kill the sheep for food; and being at that time infinitely above the moon, and for upwards of sixteen hours after so very near to the sun that it scorched my eyebrows, I placed the carcass, taking care to skin it first, in that part of the car where the sun had sufficient power, or, in other words, where the balloon did not shade it from the sun, by which method it was well roasted in

about two hours. This has been my food ever since."

Here he paused, and seemed lost in viewing the objects about him.

When I told him the buildings before us were the Grand Seignor's Seraglio at Constantinople, he seemed exceedingly affected, as he had supposed himself in a very different situation. "The cause," added he, "of my long flight, was owing to the failure of a string which was fixed to a valve in the balloon, intended to let out the inflammable air; and if it had not been fired at, and rent in the manner before mentioned, I might, like Mahomet, have been suspended between heaven and earth till doomsday."

The Grand Seignor, to whom I was introduced by the Imperial, Russian and French ambassadors, employed me to negotiate a matter of great importance at Grand Cairo, and which was of such a nature that it must ever remain a secret.

I went there in great state by land; where, having completed the business, I dismissed almost all my attendants, and returned like a private gentleman: the weather was delightful, and that famous river the Nile was beautiful beyond all description; in short, I was tempted to hire a barge to descend by water to Alexandria. On the third day of my voyage the river began to rise most amazingly (you have all heard, I presume, of the annual overflowing of the Nile), and on the next day it spread the whole country for many leagues on each side! On the fifth, at sunrise, my barge became entangled with what I at first took for shrubs,—but as the light became stronger I found myself surrounded by almonds, which were perfectly ripe, and in the highest perfection. Upon plumbng with a line, my people found we were at least sixty feet from the ground, and unable to advance or retreat.

At about eight or nine o'clock, as near as I could judge by the altitude of the sun, the wind rose suddenly and canted our barge one side; here she filled, and I saw no more of her for some time. Fortunately we all saved ourselves (six men and two boys) by clinging to the tree, the boughs of which were equal to our weight, though not to that of the barge; in this situation we continued six weeks and three days, living upon the almonds; and I need not inform you we had plenty of

water. On the forty-second day of our distress the water fell as rapidly as it had risen, and on the forty-sixth we were able to venture down upon terra firma. Our barge was the first pleasing object we saw, about two hundred yards from the spot where she sunk. After drying everything that was useful by the heat of the sun, and loading ourselves with necessaries from the stores on board, we set out to recover our lost ground, and found, by the nearest calculation, we had been carried over garden-walls, and a variety of inclosures, above one hundred and fifty miles. In four days, after a very tiresome journey on foot, with thin shoes, we reached the river, which was now confined to its banks, related our adventures to a boy, who kindly accommodated all our wants, and sent us forward in a barge of his own. In six days more we arrived at Alexandria, where we took shipping for Constantinople. I was received kindly by the Grand Seignor, and had the honor of seeing the seraglio, to which his highness introduced me himself.

CHAPTER X.

PAYS A VISIT DURING THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR TO HIS OLD FRIEND GENERAL ELLIOT—SINKS A SPANISH MAN-OF-WAR—WAKES AN OLD WOMAN ON THE AFRICAN COAST—DESTROYS ALL THE ENEMY'S CANNON; FRIGHTENS THE COUNT D'ARTOIS, AND SENDS HIM TO PARIS—SAVES THE LIVES OF TWO ENGLISH SPIES WITH THE IDENTICAL SLING THAT KILLED GOLIATH; AND RAISES THE SIEGE.

DURING the late siege of Gibraltar, I went with a provision fleet, under Lord Rodney's command, to see my old friend General Elliot, who has, by his distinguished defence of that place, acquired laurels that can never fade. After the usual joy which generally attends the meeting of old friends had subsided, I went to examine the state of the garrison, and view the operations of the enemy, for which purpose the general accompanied me. I had brought a most excellent refracting telescope with me from London, purchased of Dollond, by the help of which I found the enemy were going to discharge a thirty-six pounder at the spot where we stood. I told the general what

they were about; he looked through the glass also, and found my conjectures right. I immediately, by his permission, ordered a forty-eight pounder to be brought from a neighboring battery, which I placed with so much exactness (having long studied the art of gunnery) that I was sure of my mark.

I continued watching the enemy till I saw the match placed at the touch-hole of their piece; at that very instant I gave the signal for our gun to be fired also.

About midway between the two pieces of cannon the balls struck each other with amazing force, and the effect was astonishing! The enemy's ball recoiled back with such violence as to kill the man who had discharged it, by carrying his head fairly off, with sixteen others which it met with in its progress to the Barbary coast, where its force, after passing through three masts of vessels that then lay in a line behind each other in the harbor, was so much spent, that it only broke its way through the roof of a poor laborer's hut, about two hundred yards inland, and destroyed a few teeth an old woman had left, who lay asleep on her back with her mouth open. The ball lodged in her throat. Her husband soon after came home and endeavored to extract it; but finding that impracticable, by the assistance of a rammer he forced it into her stomach. Our ball did excellent service; for it not only repelled the other in the manner just described, but, proceeding as I intended it should, it dismounted the very piece of cannon that had just been employed against us, and forced it into the hold of the ship, where it fell with so much force as to break its way through the bottom. The ship immediately filled and sank, with above a thousand Spanish sailors on board, besides a considerable number of soldiers. This, to be sure, was a most extraordinary exploit; I will not, however, take the whole merit to myself; my judgment was the principal engine, but chance assisted me a little; for I afterwards found that the man who charged our forty-eight pounder put in, by mistake a double quantity of powder, else we could never have succeeded so much beyond all expectation, especially in repelling the enemy's ball.

General Elliot would have given me a commission for this singular piece of ser-

vice; but I declined everything, except his thanks, which I received at a crowded table of officers at supper on the evening of that very day.

As I am very partial to the English, who are beyond all doubt a brave people, I determined not to take my leave of the garrison till I had rendered them another piece of service, and in about three weeks an opportunity presented itself. I dressed myself in the habit of a Popish priest, and at about one o'clock in the morning stole out of the garrison, passed the enemy's lines, and arrived in the middle of their camp, where I entered the tent in which the Prince d'Artois was, with the commander-in-chief, and several other officers, in deep council, concerting a plan to storm the garrison next morning. My disguise was my protection; they suffered me to continue there, hearing everything that passed, till they went to their several beds. When I found the whole camp, and even the sentinels, were wrapped up in the arms of Morpheus, I began my work, which was that of dismounting all their cannon (above three hundred pieces) from forty-eight to twenty-four pounders, and throwing them three leagues into the sea. Having no assistance, I found this the hardest task I ever undertook, except swimming to the opposite shore with the famous Turkish piece of ordnance, described by Baron de Tott, in his "Memoirs," which I shall hereafter mention. I then piled all the carriages together in the centre of the camp, which, to prevent the noise of the wheels being heard, I carried in pairs under my arms; and a noble appearance they made, as high at least as the rock of Gibraltar. I then lighted a match by striking a flint stone, situated twenty feet from the ground (in an old wall built by the Moors when they invaded Spain), with the breech of an iron eight-and-forty pounder, and so set fire to the whole pile. I forgot to inform you that I threw all their ammunition wagons upon the top.

Before I applied the lighted match I had laid the combustibles at the bottom so judiciously, that the whole was in a blaze in a moment. To prevent suspicion I was one of the first to express my surprise. The whole camp was, as you may imagine, petrified with astonishment: the general conclusion was, that their sentinels had been bribed, and that seven

or eight regiments of the garrison had been employed in this horrid destruction of their artillery. Mr. Drinkwater, in his account of this famous siege, mentions the enemy sustaining a great loss by a fire which happened in their camp, but never knew the cause; how should he? as I never divulged it before (though I alone saved Gibraltar by this night's business) not even to General Elliot. The Count d'Artois and all his attendants ran away in their fright, and never stopped on the road till they reached Paris, which they did in about a fortnight; this dreadful conflagration had such an effect upon them that they were incapable of taking the least refreshment for three months after, but chameleon-like, lived upon the air.

[If any gentleman will say he doubts the truth of this story, I will fine him a gallon of brandy and make him drink it at one draught.]

About two months after I had done the besieged this service, one morning, as I sat at breakfast with General Elliot, a shell, (for I had not time to destroy their mortars as well as their cannon) entered the apartment we were sitting in; it lodged upon our table; the general, as most men would do, quitted the room directly; but I took it up before it burst, and carried it to the top of the rock, when looking over the enemy's camp, on an eminence near the sea-coast I observed a considerable number of people, but could not, with my naked eye, discover how they were employed. I had recourse again to my telescope, when I found that two of our officers, one a general, the other a colonel, with whom I had spent the preceding evening, and who went out into the enemy's camp about midnight as spies, were taken, and then were actually going to be executed on the gibbet. I found the distance too great to throw the shell with my hand, but most fortunately recollecting that I had the very sling in my pocket which assisted David in slaying Goliath, I placed the shell in it, and immediately threw it in the midst of them: it burst as it fell, and destroyed all present, except the two culprits, who were saved by being suspended so high, for they were just turned off; however, one of the pieces of the shell flew with such force against the foot of the gibbet, that it immediately brought it down.

Our two friends no sooner felt terra firma, than they looked about for the cause; and finding their guards, executioner, and all, had taken it in their heads to die first, they directly extricated each other from their disgraceful cords, and then ran down to the seashore, seized a Spanish boat with two men in it, and made them row to one of our ships, which they did with great safety, and in a few minutes after, when I was relating to General Elliot how I had acted, they both took us by the hand, and after mutual congratulations we retired to spend the day with festivity.

CHAPTER XI.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE BARON'S ANCESTORS—A QUARREL RELATIVE TO THE SPOT WHERE NOAH BUILT HIS ARK—THE HISTORY OF THE SLING, AND ITS PROPERTIES—A FAVORITE POET INTRODUCED UPON NO VERY REPUTABLE OCCASION—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ABSTINENCE—THE BARON'S FATHER CROSSES FROM ENGLAND TO HOLLAND UPON A MARINE HORSE, WHICH HE SELLS FOR SEVEN HUNDRED DUCATS.

You wish (I can see by your countenances) I would inform you how I became possessed of such a treasure as the sling just mentioned. (Here facts must be held sacred.) Thus then it was: I am a descendant of the wife of Uriah whom we all know David was intimate with; she had several children by his majesty; they quarreled once upon a matter of the first consequence, viz: the spot where Noah's ark was built, and where it rested after the flood. A separation consequently ensued. She had often heard him speak of this sling as his most valuable treasure: this she stole the night they parted; it was missed before she got out of his dominions, and she was pursued by no less than six of the king's body-guards: however, by using it herself she hit the first of them (for one was more active in the pursuit than the rest) where David killed Goliath, and killed him on the spot. His companions were so alarmed at his fall that they retired, and left Uriah's wife to pursue her journey. She took with her, I should have informed you before, her favorite son by this connection, to whom she bequeathed

the sling; and thus it has, without interruption, descended from father to son till it came into my possession. One of its possessors, my great-great-grandfather, who lived about two hundred and fifty years ago, was upon a visit to England, and became intimate with a poet who was a great deer-stealer; I think his name was Shakspeare: he frequently borrowed this sling, and with it killed so much of Sir Thomas Lucy's venison, that he narrowly escaped the fate of my two friends at Gibraltar. Poor Shakspeare was imprisoned, and my ancestor obtained his freedom in a very singular manner. Queen Elizabeth was then on the throne, but grown so indolent that every trifling matter was a trouble to her; dressing, undressing, eating, drinking and some other offices which shall be nameless, made life a burden to her; all these things he enabled her to do without, or by a deputy! and what do you think was the only return she could prevail upon him to accept for such eminent services? setting Shakspeare at liberty! Such was his affection for that famous writer, that he would have shortened his own days to add to the number of his friend's.

I do not hear that any of the queen's subjects, particularly the *beef-eaters*, as they are vulgarly called to this day, however they might be struck with the novelty at the time, much approved of her living totally without food. She did not survive the practice herself above seven years and a half.

My father, who was the immediate possessor of this sling before me, told me the following anecdote:

He was walking by the seashore at Harwich with this sling in his pocket; before his paces had covered a mile he was attacked by a fierce animal called a seahorse, open-mouthed, who ran at him with great fury; he hesitated a moment, then took out his sling, retreated back about a hundred yards, stooped for a couple of pebbles, of which there were plenty under his feet, and slung them both so dexterously at the animal, that each stone put out an eye, and lodged in the cavities which their removal had occasioned. He now got upon his back, and drove him into the sea; for the moment he lost his sight he lost also his ferocity and became as tame as possible: the sling was placed as a bridle in his mouth;

he was guided with the greatest facility across the ocean, and in less than three hours they both arrived on the opposite shore, which is about thirty leagues. The master of the THREE CUPS, at Helvoetsluys, in Holland, purchased this marine horse, to make an exhibition of, for seven hundred ducats, which was upwards of three hundred pounds, and the next day my father paid his passage back in the packet to Harwich.

[My father made several curious observations in this passage, which I will relate hereafter.]

CHAPTER XII.

THE FROLIC; ITS CONSEQUENCES—WINDSOR CASTLE—ST. PAUL'S—COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS—UNDERTAKERS, SEXTONS, ETC., ALMOST RUINED—INDUSTRY OF THE APOTHECARIES.

THIS famous sling makes the possessor equal to any task he is desirous of performing.

I made a balloon of such extensive dimensions, that an account of the silk it contained would exceed all credibility; every mercer's shop and weaver's stock in London, Westminster, and Spitalfields contributed to it: with this balloon and my sling I played many tricks, such as taking one house from its station and placing another in its stead, without disturbing the inhabitants, who were generally asleep, or too much employed to observe the peregrinations of their habitations.

When the sentinel at Windsor Castle heard St. Paul's clock strike thirteen, it was through my dexterity; I brought the buildings nearly together that night, by placing the Castle in St. George's Fields, and carried it back again before daylight, without waking any of the inhabitants; notwithstanding these exploits, I should have kept my balloon and its properties a secret, if Montgolfier had not made the art of flying so public.

On the 30th of September, when the College of Physicians chose their annual officers, and dined sumptuously together, I filled my balloon, brought it over the dome of their building, clapped the sling

round the golden ball at the top, fastening the other end of it to the balloon, and immediately ascended with the whole college to an immense height, where I kept them upwards of three months. You will naturally inquire what they did for food such a length of time? To this I answer, Had I kept them suspended twice the time, they would have experienced no inconvenience on that account, so amply, or rather extravagantly, had they spread their table for that day's feasting.

Though this was meant as an innocent frolic, it was productive of much mischief to several respectable characters amongst the clergy, undertakers, sextons, and grave-diggers: they were, it must be acknowledged, sufferers; for it is a well-known fact, that during the three months the college was suspended in the air, and therefore incapable of attending their patients, no deaths happened, except a few who fell before the scythe of Father Time, and some melancholy objects who, perhaps to avoid some trifling inconvenience here, laid the hands of violence upon themselves, and plunged into misery infinitely greater than that which they hoped by such a rash step to avoid, without a moment's consideration.

If the apothecaries had not been very active during the above time, half the undertakers in all probability would have been bankrupts.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TRIP TO THE NORTH.

THE BARON SAILS WITH CAPTAIN PHIPPS, ATTACKS TWO LARGE BEARS, AND HAS A VERY NARROW ESCAPE—GAINS THE CONFIDENCE OF THESE ANIMALS, AND THEN DESTROYS THOUSANDS OF THEM; LOADS THE SHIP WITH THEIR HAMS AND SKINS; MAKES PRESENTS OF THE FORMER, AND OBTAINS A GENERAL INVITATION TO ALL CITY FEASTS—A DISPUTE BETWEEN THE CAPTAIN AND THE BARON, IN WHICH, FROM MOTIVES OF POLITENESS, THE CAPTAIN IS SUFFERED TO GAIN HIS POINT—THE BARON DECLINES THE HONOR OF A THRONE, AND AN EMPRESS INTO THE BARGAIN.

WE all remember Captain Phipps' (now Lord Mulgrave) last voyage of discovery to the north. I accompanied the captain,

not as an officer, but a private friend. When we arrived in a high northern latitude I was viewing the objects around me with the telescope which I introduced to your notice in my Gibraltar adventures. I thought I saw two large white bears in violent action upon a body of ice considerably above the masts, and about half a league distance. I immediately took my carbine, slung it across my shoulder, and ascended the ice. When I arrived at the top, the unevenness of the surface made my approach to those animals troublesome and hazardous beyond expression: sometimes hideous cavities opposed me, which I was obliged to spring over; in other parts the surface was as smooth as a mirror, and I was continually falling: as I approached near enough to reach them, I found they were only at play. I immediately began to calculate the value of their skins, for they were each as large as a well-fed ox: unfortunately, the very instant I was presenting my carbine my right foot slipped, I fell upon my back, and the violence of the blow deprived me totally of my senses for nearly half an hour; however, when I recovered, judge of my surprise at finding one of these large animals I have been just describing had turned me upon my face, and was just laying hold of the waistband of my breeches, which were then new and made of leather: he was certainly going to carry me feet foremost, God knows where, when I took this knife (showing a large clasp-knife) out of my side pocket, made a chop at one of his hind feet, and cut off three of his toes; he immediately let me drop and roared most horribly. I took up my carbine and fired at him as he ran off; he fell directly. The noise of the piece roused several thousands of these white bears, who were asleep upon the ice within half a mile of me; they came immediately to the spot. There was no time to be lost. A most fortunate thought arrived in my pericranium just at that instant. I took off the skin and head of the dead bear in half the time that some people would be in skinning a rabbit, and wrapped myself in it, placing my own head directly under Bruin's; the whole herd came round me immediately, and my apprehensions threw me into a most piteous situation to be sure; however, my scheme turned out a most admirable one for my own safety. They all

same smelling, and evidently took me for a brother Bruin; I wanted nothing but duik to make an excellent counterfeit: however, I saw several cubs amongst them not much larger than myself. After they had all smelt me, and the body of their deceased companion, whose skin was now become my protector, we seemed very sociable, and I found I could mimic all their actions tolerably well; but at growling, roaring and hugging they were quite my masters. I began now to think how I might turn the general confidence which I had created amongst these animals to my advantage.

I had heard an old army surgeon say a wound in the spine was instant death. I now determined to try the experiment, and had again recourse to my knife, with which I struck the largest in the back of the neck, near the shoulders, but under great apprehensions, not doubting but the creature would, if he survived the stab, tear me to pieces. However, I was remarkably fortunate, for he fell dead at my feet without making the least noise. I was now resolved to demolish them every one in the same manner, which I accomplished without the least difficulty; for, although they saw their companions fall, they had no suspicion of either the cause or the effect. When they all lay dead before me, I felt myself a second Samson, having slain my thousands.

To make short work of the story, I went back to the ship, and borrowed three parts of the crew to assist me in skinning them, and carrying the hams on board, which we did in a few hours, and loaded the ship with them. As to the other parts of the animals, they were thrown into the sea, though I doubt not but the whole would eat as well as the legs, were they properly cured.

As soon as we returned I sent some of the hams, in the captain's name, to the Lords of the Admiralty, others to the Lords of the Treasury, some to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, a few to each of the trading companies, and the remainder to my particular friends, from all of whom I received warm thanks; but from the city I was honored with substantial notice, viz., an invitation to dine at Guildhall annually on Lord Mayor's day.

The bear-skins I sent to the Empress of Russia, to clothe her majesty and her court

in the winter, for which she wrote me a letter of thanks with her own hand, and sent it by an ambassador extraordinary, inviting me to share the honors of her bed and crown—but as I never was ambitious of royal dignity, I declined her majesty's favor in the politest terms.

The same ambassador had orders to wait and bring my answer to her majesty *personally*, upon which business he was absent about three months: her majesty's reply convinced me of the strength of her affections and the dignity of her mind; her late indisposition was entirely owing (as she, kind creature! was pleased to express herself in a late conversation with the Prince Dolgoroucki) to my cruelty. What the sex see in me I cannot conceive, but the empress is not the only female sovereign who has offered me her hand.

Some people have very illiberally reported that Captain Phipps did not proceed as far as he might have done upon that expedition. Here it becomes my duty to acquit him; our ship was in a very proper trim till I loaded it with such an immense quantity of bear-skins and hams, after which it would have been madness to have attempted to proceed further, as we were now scarcely able to combat a brisk gale, much less those mountains of ice which lay in the higher latitudes.

The captain has since often expressed a dissatisfaction that he had no share in the honors of that day, which he emphatically called *bear-skin day*. He has also been very desirous of knowing by what art I destroyed so many thousands, without fatigue or danger to myself; indeed, he is so ambitious of dividing the glory with me, that we have actually quarreled about it, and we are not now upon speaking terms. He boldly asserts I had no merit in deceiving the bears, because I was covered with one of their skins; nay, he declares there is not, in his opinion, in Europe, so complete a bear naturally as himself among the human species.

He is now a noble peer, and I am too well acquainted with good manners to dispute so delicate a point with his lordship.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR BARON EXCELS BARON TOTT BEYOND ALL COMPARISON, YET FAILS IN PART OF HIS ATTEMPT—GETS INTO DISGRACE WITH THE GRAND SEIGNIOR, WHO ORDERS HIS HEAD TO BE CUT OFF—ESCAPES, AND GETS ON BOARD A VESSEL, IN WHICH HE IS CARRIED TO VENICE—BARON TOTT'S ORIGIN, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THAT GREAT MAN'S PARENTS—POPE GANGANELLI'S AMOUR—HIS HOLINESS FOND OF SHELL-FISH.

BARON DE TOTT, in his "Memoirs," makes as great a parade of a single act as many travellers whose whole lives have been spent in seeing the different parts of the globe; for my part, if I had been blown from Europe to Asia from the mouth of a cannon, I should have boasted less of it afterwards than he has done of only firing off a Turkish piece of ordnance. What he says of this wonderful gun, as near as my memory will serve me, is this: "The Turks had placed below the castle, and near the city, on the banks of Simois, a celebrated river, an enormous piece of ordnance, cast in brass, which would carry a marble ball of eleven hundred pounds weight. I was inclined," says Tott, "to fire it, but I was willing first to judge of its effect; the crowd about me trembled at this proposal, as they asserted it would overthrow not only the castle, but the city also. At length, their fears in part subsided, and I was permitted to discharge it. It required not less than three hundred and thirty pounds weight of powder, and the ball weighed, as before mentioned, eleven hundred weight. When the engineer brought the priming, the crowds who were about me retreated back as fast as they could: nay, it was with the utmost difficulty I persuaded the Pacha, who came on purpose, there was no danger: even the engineer who was to discharge it by my direction, was considerably alarmed. I took my stand on some stone-work behind the cannon, gave the signal, and felt a shock like that of an earthquake! At the distance of three hundred fathom the ball burst into three pieces; the fragments crossed the strait, rebounded on the opposite mountain, and left the surface of the water all in a foam through the whole breadth of the channel."

This, gentlemen, is, as near as I can recollect, Baron Tott's account of the

largest cannon in the known world. Now, when I was there not long since, the anecdote of Tott's firing this tremendous piece was mentioned as a proof of that gentleman's extraordinary courage.

I was determined not to be outdone by a Frenchman, therefore took this very piece upon my shoulder, and, after balancing it properly, jumped into the sea with it, and swam to the opposite shore, from whence I unfortunately attempted to throw it back into its former place. I say unfortunately, for it slipped a little in my hand just as I was about to discharge it, and in consequence of that it fell into the middle of the channel, where it now lies, without a prospect of ever recovering it, and notwithstanding the high favor I was in with the Grand Seignior, as before mentioned, this cruel Turk, as soon as he heard of the loss of his famous piece of ordnance, issued an order to cut off my head. I was immediately informed of it by one of the Sultanas, with whom I was become a great favorite, and she secreted me in her apartment, while the officer charged with my execution was, with his assistants, in search of me.

That very night I made my escape on board a vessel bound to Venice, which was then weighing anchor to proceed on her voyage.

The last story, gentlemen, I am not fond of mentioning, as I miscarried in the attempt, and was very near losing my life into the bargain; however, as it contains no impeachment of my honor, I would not withhold it from you.

Now, gentlemen, you all know me, and can have no doubt of my veracity. I will entertain you with the origin of this same swaggering, bouncing Tott.

His reputed father was a native of Berne, in Switzerland; his profession was that of a surveyor of the streets, lanes, and alleys, vulgarly called a scavenger. His mother was a native of the mountains of Savoy, and had a most beautiful large wen on her neck, common to both sexes in that part of the world; she left her parents when young, and sought her fortune in the same city which gave his father birth; she maintained herself while single by acts of kindness to our sex, for she never was known to refuse them any favor they asked, provided they did but pay her some compliment beforehand. This lovely couple met by accident in the street, in

consequence of their being both intoxicated, for by reeling to one centre they threw each other down: this created mutual abuse, in which they were complete adepts; they were both carried to the watch-house, and afterwards to the house of correction; they soon saw the folly of quarreling, made it up, became fond of each other, and married; but madam returning to her old tricks, his father, who had high notions of honor, soon separated himself from her; she then joined a family who strolled about with a puppet-show.

In time she arrived at Rome, where she kept an oyster-stand. You have all heard, no doubt, of Pope Ganganelli, commonly called Clement XIV.: he was remarkably fond of oysters. One Good Friday, as he was passing through this famous city in state, to assist at high mass at St. Peter's Church, he saw this woman's oysters, (which were remarkably fine and fresh); he could not proceed without tasting them. There were about five thousand people in his train; he ordered them all to stop, and sent word to the church he could not attend mass till next day; then alighting from his horse (for the Pope always rides on horseback upon these occasions), he went into her stall, and ate every oyster she had there, and afterwards retired into the cellar where she had a few more. This subterraneous apartment was her kitchen, parlor, and bed-chamber. He liked his situation so much that he discharged all his attendants, and to make short of the story, His Holiness passed the whole night there! Before they parted he gave her absolution, not only for every sin she had, but all she might hereafter commit.

[Now, gentlemen, I have his mother's word for it (and her honor cannot be doubted), that Baron Tott is the fruit of that amour. When Tott was born, his mother applied to His Holiness, as the father of her child; he immediately placed him under proper people, and as he grew up gave him a gentleman's education, had him taught the use of arms, procured him promotion in France, and a title, and when he died he left him a good estate.]

CHAPTER XV.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY FROM HARWICH TO HELVOETSLUYS—DESCRIPTION OF A NUMBER OF MARINE OBJECTS NEVER MENTIONED BY ANY TRAVELLER BEFORE—ROCKS SEEN IN THIS PASSAGE EQUAL THE ALPS IN MAGNITUDE; LOBSTERS, CRABS, ETC., OF AN EXTRAORDINARY MAGNITUDE—A WOMAN'S LIFE SAVED—THE CAUSE OF HER FALLING INTO THE SEA—DR. HAWES'S DIRECTIONS FOLLOWED WITH SUCCESS.

I OMITTED several very material parts in my father's journey across the English Channel to Holland, which, that they may not be totally lost, I will now faithfully give you in his own words, as I heard him relate them to his friends several times.

"On my arrival," says my father, "at Helvoetsluys, I was observed to breathe with some difficulty; upon the inhabitants inquiring into the cause, I informed them that the animal upon whose back I rode from Harwich across to their shore did not swim! Such is their peculiar form and disposition, that they cannot float or move upon the surface of the water; he ran with incredible swiftness upon the sands from shore to shore, driving fish in millions before him, many of which were quite different from any I had yet seen, carrying their heads at the extremity of their tails. I crossed," continued he, "one prodigious range of rocks, equal in height to the Alps (the tops or highest part of these marine mountains are said to be upwards of one hundred fathoms below the surface of the sea), on the sides of which there was a great variety of tall, noble trees, loaded with marine fruit, such as lobsters, crabs, oysters, scollops, mussels, cockles, etc., etc.; some of which were a cart-load singly! and none less than a porter's! All those which are brought on shore and sold in our markets are of an inferior dwarf kind, or, properly, waterfalls, *i. e.*, fruit shook off the branches of the tree it grows upon by the motion of the water, as those in our gardens are by that of the wind! The lobster-trees appeared the richest, but the crab and oysters were the tallest. The periwinkle is a kind of shrub; it grows at the foot of the oyster-tree, and twines around it as the ivy does the oak. I observed the effect of several accidents by shipwreck, etc., particularly a ship that had been

wrecked by striking against a mountain or rock, the top of which lay within three fathoms of the surface. As she sunk she fell upon her side, and forced a very large lobster-tree out of its place. It was in the spring, when the lobsters were very young, and many of them being separated by the violence of the shock, they fell upon a crab-tree which was growing below them; they have, like the farina of plants, united, and produced a fish resembling both. I endeavored to bring one with me, but it was too cumbersome, and my salt-water Pegasus seemed much displeased at every attempt to stop his career whilst I continued on his back; besides, I was then, though galloping over a mountain of rocks that lay about midway the passage, at least five hundred fathoms below the surface of the sea, and began to find the want of air inconvenient, therefore I had no inclination to prolong the time. Add to this, my situation was in other respects very unpleasant; I met many large fish, who were, if I could judge by their open mouths, not only able, but really wished to devour us; now, as my *Rosinante* was blind, I had these hungry gentlemen's attempts to guard against, in addition to my other difficulties.

"As we drew near the Dutch shore, and the body of water over our heads did not exceed twenty fathoms, I thought I saw a human figure in a female dress then lying on the sand before me with some signs of life; when I came close I perceived her hand move; I took it into mine, and brought her on shore as a corpse. An apothecary who had just been instructed by Dr. Hawes (the Baron's father must have lived very lately if Dr. Hawes was his preceptor), of London, treated her properly, and she recovered. She was the rib of a man who commanded a vessel belonging to *Helvoetsluys*. He was just going out of port on a voyage, when she, hearing he had got a mistress with him, followed him in an open boat. As soon as she had got on the quarter-deck she flew at her husband, and attempted to strike him with such impetuosity, that he thought it most prudent to slip on one side, and let her make the impression of her fingers upon the waves rather than his face: he was not much out in his ideas of the consequence; for meeting no opposition, she went directly overboard, and it was my unfortunate lot to lay the

foundation for bringing this happy pair together again.

"I can easily conceive what execrations the husband loaded me with when, on his return, he found this gentle creature waiting his arrival, and learned the means by which she came into the world again. However, great as the injury is which I have done this poor devil, I hope he will die in charity with me, as my motive was good, though the consequences to him are, it must be confessed, horrible."

CHAPTER XVI.

THIS IS A VERY SHORT CHAPTER, BUT CONTAINS A FACT FOR WHICH THE BARON'S MEMORY OUGHT TO BE DEAR TO EVERY ENGLISHMAN, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO MAY HEREAFTER HAVE THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING MADE PRISONERS OF WAR.

ON my return from Gibraltar I travelled by way of France to England. Being a foreigner, this was not attended with any inconvenience to me. I found, in the harbor of Calais, a ship just arrived with a number of English sailors as prisoners of war. I immediately conceived an idea of giving these brave fellows their liberty, which I accomplished as follows: After forming a pair of large wings, each of them forty yards long, and fourteen wide, and annexing them to myself, I mounted at break of day, when every creature, even the watch upon deck, was fast asleep. As I hovered over the ship I fastened three grappling irons to the tops of the three masts with my sling, and fairly lifted her several yards out of the water, and then proceeded across to Dover, where I arrived in half an hour! Having no further occasions for these wings, I made them a present to the Governor of Dover Castle, where they are now exhibited to the curious.

As to the prisoners, and the Frenchmen who guarded them, they did not awake till they had been near two hours on Dover Pier. The moment the English understood their situation they changed places with their guard, and took back what they had been plundered of, but no more, for they were too generous to retaliate and plunder them in return.

CHAPTER XVII.

VOYAGE EASTWARD — THE BARON INTRODUCES A FRIEND WHO NEVER DECEIVED HIM; WINS A HUNDRED GUINEAS BY PINNING HIS FAITH UPON THAT FRIEND'S NOSE — GAME STARTED AT SEA — SOME OTHER CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH WILL, IT IS HOPED, AFFORD THE READER NO SMALL DEGREE OF AMUSEMENT.

IN a voyage which I made to the East Indies with Captain Hamilton, I took a favorite pointer with me; he was, to use a common phrase, worth his weight in gold, for he never deceived me. One day when we were, by the best observations we could make, at least three hundred leagues from land, my dog pointed; I observed him for near an hour with astonishment, and mentioned the circumstance to the captain and every officer on board, asserting that we must be near land, for my dog smelt game. This occasioned a general laugh; but that did not alter in the least the good opinion I had of my dog. After much conversation pro and con, I boldly told the captain I placed more confidence in Tray's nose than I did in the eyes of every seaman on board, and therefore proposed laying the sum I had agreed to pay for my passage (*viz.*, one hundred guineas) that we should find game within half an hour. The captain (a good, hearty fellow) laughed again, desired Mr. Crowford, the surgeon, who was prepared, to feel my pulse; he did so, and reported me in perfect health. The following dialogue between them took place; I overheard it, though spoken low, and at some distance:

Captain.—His brain is turned; I cannot with honor accept his wager.

Surgeon.—I am of a different opinion; he is quite sane, and depends more upon the scent of his dog than he will upon the judgment of all the officers on board; he will certainly lose, and he richly merits it.

Captain.—Such a wager cannot be fair on my side; however, I'll take him up, if I return his money afterwards.

During the above conversation Tray continued in the same situation, and confirmed me still more in my former opinion. I proposed the wager a second time, it was then accepted.

Done! and done! were scarcely said on both sides, when some sailors who

were fishing in the long boat, which was made fast to the stern of the ship, harpooned an exceeding large shark, which they brought on board and began to cut up for the purpose of barrelling the oil, when, behold, they found no less than *six brace of live partridges* in this animal's stomach!

They had been so long in that situation, that one of the hens was sitting upon four eggs, and a fifth was hatching when the shark was opened!!! This young bird we brought up by placing it with a litter of kittens that came into the world a few minutes before! The old cat was as fond of it as of any of her own four-legged progeny, and made herself very unhappy, when it flew out of her reach, till it returned again. As to the other partridges, there were four hens amongst them; one or more were, during the voyage, constantly sitting, and consequently we had plenty of game at the captain's table; and in gratitude to poor Tray (for being a means of winning one hundred guineas) I ordered him the bones daily, and sometimes a whole bird.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SECOND VISIT (BUT AN ACCIDENTAL ONE) TO THE MOON—THE 'SHIP DRIVEN BY A WHIRLWIND A THOUSAND LEAGUES ABOVE THE SURFACE OF THE WATER, WHERE A NEW ATMOSPHERE MEETS THEM AND CARRIES THEM INTO A CAPACIOUS HARBOR IN THE MOON—A DESCRIPTION OF THE INHABITANTS, AND THEIR MANNER OF COMING INTO THE LUNARIAN WORLD—ANIMALS, CUSTOMS, WEAPONS OF WAR, WINE, VEGETABLES, ETC.

I HAVE already informed you of one trip I made to the moon, in search of my silver hatchet; I afterwards made another in a much pleasanter manner, and staid in it long enough to take notice of several things, which I will endeavor to describe as accurately as my memory will permit.

I went on a voyage of discovery at the request of a distant relation, who had a strange notion that there were people to be found equal in magnitude to those described by Gulliver in the empire of Brobdingnag. For my part I always treated that account as fabulous, however,

to oblige him, for he had made me his heir, I undertook it, and sailed for the South seas, where we arrived without meeting with anything remarkable, except some flying men and women who were playing at leap-frog, and dancing minuets in the air.

On the eighteenth day after we had passed the Island of Otaheite, mentioned by Captain Cook as the place from whence they brought Omai, a hurricane blew our ship at least one thousand leagues above the surface of the water, and kept it at that height till a fresh gale arising filled the sails in every part, and onwards we travelled at a prodigious rate; thus we proceeded above the clouds for six weeks. At last we discovered a great land in the sky, like a shining island, round and bright, where, coming into a convenient harbor, we went on shore, and soon found it was inhabited. Below us we saw another earth, containing cities, trees, mountains, rivers, seas, etc., which we conjectured was this world which we had left. Here we saw huge figures riding upon vultures of a prodigious size, and each of them having three heads. To form some idea of the magnitude of these birds, I must inform you that each of their wings is as wide and six times the length of the main sheet of our vessel, which was about six hundred tons burden. Thus, instead of riding upon horses, as we do in this world, the inhabitants of the moon (for we now found we were in Madam Luna) fly about on these birds. The king, we found, was engaged in a war with the sun, and he offered me a commission, but I declined the honor his majesty intended me. Everything in *this* world is of extraordinary magnitude! a common flea being much larger than one of our sheep: in making war, their principal weapons are radishes, which are used as darts: those who are wounded by them die immediately. Their shields are made of mushrooms, and their darts (when radishes are out of season) of the tops of asparagus. Some of the natives of the dog-star are to be seen here; commerce tempts them to ramble; their faces are like large mastiffs', with their eyes near the lower end or tip of their noses: they have no eyelids, but cover their eyes with the end of their tongues when they go to sleep; they are generally twenty feet high. As to the natives of the moon, none of them

are less in stature than thirty-six feet: they are not called the human species, but the cooking animals, for they all dress their food by fire, as we do, but lose no time at their meals, as they open their left side, and place the whole quantity at once in their stomach, then shut it again till the same day in the next month; for they never indulge themselves with food more than twelve times a year, or once a month. All but gluttons and epicures must prefer this method to ours.

There is but one sex either of the cooking or any other animals in the moon; they are all produced from trees of various sizes and foliage; that which produces the cooking animal, or human species, is much more beautiful than any of the others; it has large, straight boughs and flesh-colored leaves, and the fruit it produces are nuts or pods, with hard shells at least two yards long; when they become ripe, which is known from their changing color, they are gathered with great care, and laid by as long as they think proper: when they choose to animate the seed of these nuts, they throw them into a large cauldron of boiling water, which opens the shells in a few hours, and out jumps the creature.

Nature forms their minds for different pursuits before they come into the world; from one shell comes forth a warrior, from another a philosopher, from a third a divine, from a fourth a lawyer, from a fifth a farmer, from a sixth a clown, etc., etc., and each of them immediately begins to perfect themselves, by practicing what they before knew only in theory.

When they grow old they do not die, but turn into air, and dissolve like smoke! As for their drink, they need none; the only evacuations they have are insensible, and by their breath. They have but one finger upon each hand, with which they perform everything in as perfect a manner as we do who have four besides the thumb. Their heads are placed under their right arm, and when they are going to travel, or about any violent exercise, they generally leave them at home, for they can consult them at any distance; this is a very common practice; and when those of rank or quality among the Lunarians have an inclination to see what's going forward among the common people, they stay at home, *i. e.* the body stays at home, and sends the head only, which is suffered to

be present *incog.*, and return at pleasure with an account of what has passed.

The stones of their grapes are exactly like hail; and I am perfectly satisfied that when a storm or high wind in the moon shakes their vines, and breaks the grapes from the stalks, the stones fall down and form our hail showers. I would advise those who are of my opinion to save a quantity of these stones when it hails next and make Lunarian wine. It is common beverage at St. Luke's. Some material circumstances I had nearly omitted. They put their bellies to the same use as we do a sack, and throw whatever they have occasion for into it, for they can shut and open it again when they please, as they do their stomachs; they are not troubled with bowels, liver, heart, or any other intestines, neither are they encumbered with clothes, nor is there any part of their bodies unseemly or indecent to exhibit.

Their eyes they can take in and out of their places when they please, and can see as well with them in their hand as in their head! and if by any accident they lose and damage one, they can borrow or purchase another, and see as clearly with it as their own. Dealers in eyes are on that account very numerous in most parts of the moon, and in this article alone all the inhabitants are whimsical: sometimes green and sometimes yellow eyes are the fashion. I know these things appear strange; but if a shadow of a doubt can remain on any person's mind, I say, let him take a voyage there himself, and then he will know I am a traveller of veracity.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BARON CROSSES THE THAMES WITHOUT THE ASSISTANCE OF A BRIDGE, SHIP, BOAT, BALLOON, OR EVEN HIS OWN WILL: ROUSES HIMSELF AFTER A LONG NAP, AND DESTROYS A MONSTER WHO LIVED UPON THE DESTRUCTION OF OTHERS.

MY first visit to England was about the beginning of the present king's reign. I had occasion to go down to Wapping, to see some goods shipped, which I was sending to some friends at Hamburg; after that business was over, I took the Town Wharf in my way back. Here I found the sun very powerful, and I was so much fatigued that I stepped into one of the

cannon to compose me, where I fell fast asleep. This was about noon; it was the fourth of June; exactly at one o'clock these cannon were all discharged in memory of the day. They had been all charged that morning, and having no suspicion of my situation, I was shot over the houses on the opposite side of the river, into a farmer's yard, between Bermondsey and Deptford, where I fell upon a large hay-stack, without waking, and continued there in a sound sleep till hay became so extravagantly dear (which was about three months after), that the farmer found it his interest to send his whole stock to market: the stack I was reposing upon was the largest in the yard, containing about five hundred loads; they began to cut that first. I woke with the voices of the people who had ascended the ladders to begin at the top, and got up, totally ignorant of my situation: in attempting to run away I fell upon the farmer to whom the hay belonged, and broke his neck, yet received no injury myself. I afterwards found, to my great consolation, that this fellow was a most detestable character, always keeping the produce of his grounds for extravagant markets.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BARON SLIPS THROUGH THE WORLD; AFTER PAYING A VISIT TO MOUNT ETNA HE FINDS HIMSELF IN THE SOUTH SEA; VISITS VULCAN IN HIS PASSAGE; GETS ON BOARD A DUTCHMAN; ARRIVES AT AN ISLAND OF CHEESE, SURROUNDED BY A SEA OF MILK; DESCRIBES SOME VERY EXTRAORDINARY OBJECTS—LOSE THEIR COMPASS; THEIR SHIP SLIPS BETWEEN THE TEETH OF A FISH UNKNOWN IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD; THEIR DIFFICULTY IN ESCAPING FROM THENCE; ARRIVE IN THE CASPIAN SEA—STARVES A BEAR TO DEATH—A FEW WAISTCOAT ANECDOTES—IN THIS CHAPTER, WHICH IS THE LONGEST, THE BARON MORALIZES UPON THE VIRTUE OF VERACITY.

MR. DRYBONES'S "Travels to Sicily," which I had read with great pleasure, induced me to pay a visit to Mount Etna; my voyage to this place was not attended with any circumstances worth relating. One morning early, three or four days after my arrival, I set out from a cottage where I had slept, within six miles of the foot of the mountain, determined to ex-

plore the internal parts, if I perished in the attempt. After three hours' hard labor I found myself at the top; it was then, and had been for upwards of three weeks, raging; its appearance in this state has been so frequently noticed by different travellers, that I will not tire you with descriptions of objects you are already acquainted with. I walked round the edge of the crater, which appeared to be fifty times at least as capacious as the Devil's Punch-Bowl near Petersfield, on the Portsmouth road, but not so broad at the bottom, as in that part it resembles the contracted part of a funnel more than a punch-bowl. At last, having made up my mind, in I sprang feet foremost; I soon found myself in a warm berth, and my body bruised and burnt in various parts by the red-hot cinders, which, by their violent ascent, opposed my descent; however, my weight soon brought me to the bottom, where I found myself in the midst of noise and clamor, mixed with the most horrid imprecations; after recovering my senses, and feeling a reduction of my pain, I began to look about me. Guess, gentlemen, my astonishment, when I found myself in the company of Vulcan and his Cyclops, who had been quarrelling, for the three weeks before mentioned, about the observation of good order and due subordination, and which had occasioned such alarms for that space of time in the world above. However, my arrival restored peace to the whole society, and Vulcan himself did me the honor of applying plasters to my wounds, which healed them immediately; he also placed refreshments before me, particularly nectar, and other rich wines, such as the gods and goddesses only aspire to. After this repast was over, Vulcan ordered Venus to show me every indulgence which my situation required. To describe the apartment, and the couch on which I reposed, is totally impossible, therefore I will not attempt it; let it suffice to say, it exceeds the power of language to do it justice, or speak of that kind-hearted goddess in any terms equal to her merit.

Vulcan gave me a very concise account of Mount Etna: he said it was nothing more than an accumulation of ashes thrown from the forge; that he was frequently obliged to chastise his people, at whom, in his passion, he made it a practice to throw red-hot coals at home, which

they often parried with great dexterity, and then threw them up into the world to place them out of his reach, for they never attempted to assault him in return by throwing them back again. "Our quarrels," added he, "last sometimes three or four months, and these appearances of coals or cinders in the world are what I find you mortals call eruptions." Mount Vesuvius, he assured me, was another of his shops, to which he had a passage three hundred and fifty leagues under the bed of the sea, where similar quarrels produced similar eruptions. I should have continued here as an humble attendant upon Madam Venus, but some busy tattleers, who delight in mischief, whispered a tale in Vulcan's ear, which roused in him a fit of jealousy not to be appeased. Without the least previous notice, he took me one morning under his arm, as I was waiting upon Venus, agreeable to custom, and carried me to an apartment I had never before seen, in which there was, to all appearance, a well with a wide mouth: over this he held me at arm's length, and saying, "*Ungrateful mortal, return to the world from whence you came,*" without giving me the least opportunity of reply, dropped me in the centre. I found myself descending with an increasing rapidity, till the horror of my mind deprived me of all reflection. I suppose I fell into a trance, from which I was suddenly roused by plunging into a large body of water illuminated by the rays of the sun!!

I could, from my infancy, swim well, and play tricks in the water. I now found myself in paradise, considering the horrors of mind I had just been released from. After looking about me some time, I could discover nothing but an expanse of sea, extending beyond the eye in every direction: I also found it very cold, a different climate from Master Vulcan's shop. At last I observed at some distance a body of amazing magnitude, like a huge rock, approaching me; I soon discovered it to be a piece of floating ice; I swam round it till I found a place where I could ascend to the top, which I did, but not without some difficulty. Still I was out of sight of land, and despair returned with double force; however, before night came on I saw a sail, which we approached very fast; when it was within a very small distance I hailed them in German; they answered in Dutch. I then flung myself

into the sea, and they threw out a rope, by which I was taken on board. I now inquired where we were, and was informed, in the great Southern Ocean; this opened a discovery which removed all my doubts and difficulties. It was now evident that I had passed from Mount Etna through the centre of the earth to the South Seas: this, gentlemen, was a much shorter cut than going round the world, and which no man has accomplished, or ever attempted, but myself; however, the next time I perform it I will be much more particular in my observations.

I took some refreshment, and went to rest. The Dutch are a very rude sort of people; I related the Etna passage to the officers, exactly as I have done to you, and some of them, particularly the Captain, seemed by his grimace and half-sentences to doubt my veracity; however, as he had kindly taken me on board his vessel, and was then in the very act of administering to my necessities, I pocketed the affront.

I now in my turn began to inquire where they were bound? To which they answered they were in search of new discoveries, "*and if,*" said they, "*your story is true a new passage is really discovered, and we shall not return disappointed.*" We were now exactly in Captain Cook's first track, and arrived the next morning in Botany Bay. This place I would by no means recommend to the English government as a receptacle for felons, or place of punishment; it should rather be the reward of merit, nature having most bountifully bestowed her best gifts upon it.

We staid here but three days; the fourth after our departure a most dreadful storm arose, which in a few hours destroyed all our sails, splintered our bowsprit, and brought down our topmast; it fell directly upon the box that inclosed our compass, which, with the compass, was broken to pieces. Every one who has been at sea knows the consequences of such a misfortune: we now were at a loss where to steer. At length the storm abated, which was followed by a steady, brisk gale, that carried us at least forty knots an hour for six months! [we should suppose the Baron has made a little mistake, and substituted *months* for *days*] when we began to observe an amazing change in everything about us: our spirits

became light, our noses were regaled with the most aromatic effluvia imaginable: the sea had also changed its complexion, and from green became white!! Soon after these wonderful alterations we saw land, and not at any great distance an inlet, which we sailed up near sixty leagues, and found it wide and deep, flowing with milk of the most delicious taste. Here we landed, and soon found it was an island consisting of one large cheese: we discovered this by one of the company fainting away as soon as we landed: this man always had an aversion to cheese; when he recovered, he desired the cheese to be taken from under his feet: upon examination we found him perfectly right, for the whole island, as before observed, was nothing but a cheese of immense magnitude! Upon this the inhabitants, who are amazingly numerous, principally sustain themselves, and it grows every night in proportion as it is consumed in the day. Here seemed to be plenty of vines, with bunches of large grapes, which, upon being pressed, yielded nothing but milk. We saw the inhabitants running races upon the surface of the milk: they were upright, comely figures, nine feet high, have three legs, and but one arm; upon the whole, their form was graceful, and when they quarrel, they exercise a straight horn, which grows in adults from the centre of their foreheads, with great adroitness; they did not sink at all, but ran and walked upon the surface of the milk, as we do upon a bowling-green.

Upon this island of cheese grows great plenty of corn, the ears of which produce loaves of bread, ready made, of a round form like mushrooms. We discovered, in our rambles over this cheese, seventeen other rivers of milk, and ten of wine.

After thirty-eight days' journey we arrived on the opposite side to that on which we landed: here we found some blue mold, as cheese-eaters call it, from whence springs all kinds of rich fruit; instead of breeding mites it produced peaches, nectarines, apricots, and a thousand delicious fruits which we are not acquainted with. In these trees, which are of an amazing size, were plenty of birds' nests; amongst others was a kingfisher's of prodigious magnitude; it was at least twice the circumference of the dome of St Paul's Church in London. Upon inspection, this nest was made of huge trees curiously

joined together; there were, let me see (*for I make it a rule always to speak within compass*), there were upwards of five hundred eggs in this nest, and each of them was as large as four common hogsheads, or eight barrels, and we could not only see, but hear the young ones chirping within. Having, with great fatigue, cut open one of these eggs, we let out a young one unfeathered, considerably larger than twenty full grown vultures. Just as we had given this youngster his liberty, the old kingfisher lighted, and seizing our captain, who had been active in breaking the egg, in one of her claws, flew with him above a mile high, and then let him drop into the sea, but not till she had beaten all his teeth out of his mouth with her wings.

Dutchmen generally swim well: he soon joined us, and we retreated to our ship. On our return we took a different route, and observed many strange objects. We shot two wild oxen, each with one horn, also like the inhabitants, except that it sprouted from between the eyes of these animals; we were afterwards concerned at having destroyed them, as we found by inquiry, they tamed these creatures, and used them as we do horses, to ride upon and draw their carriages; their flesh, we were informed, is excellent, but useless where people live upon cheese and milk. When we had reached within two days' journey of the ship, we observed three men hanging to a tall tree by their heels: upon inquiring the cause of their punishment, I found they had all been travellers, and upon their return home had deceived their friends by describing places they never saw, and relating things that never happened: this gave me no concern, *as I have ever confined myself to facts*.

As soon as we arrived at the ship we unmoored, and set sail from this extraordinary country, when, to our astonishment, all the trees upon shore, of which there were a great number very tall and large, paid their respects to us twice, bowing to exact time, and immediately recovered their former posture, which was quite erect.

By what we could learn of this CHEESE, it was considerably larger than the continent of all Europe!

After sailing three months we knew not where, being still without compass, we arrived in a sea which appeared to be al-

most black; upon tasting it we found it most excellent wine, and had great difficulty to keep the sailors from getting drunk with it: however, in a few hours we found ourselves surrounded by whales and other animals of an immense magnitude, one of which appeared to be too large for the eye to form a judgment of; we did not see him till we were close to him. This monster drew our ship, with all her masts standing and sails bent, by suction into his mouth, between his teeth, which were much larger and taller than the mast of a first-rate man-of-war. After we had been in his mouth some time he opened it pretty wide, took in an immense quantity of water, and floated our vessel, which was at least 500 tons burthen, into his stomach; here we lay as quiet as at anchor in a dead calm. The air, to be sure, was rather warm, and very offensive. We found anchors, cables, boats, and barges in abundance, and a considerable number of ships, some laden and some not, which this creature had swallowed. Everything was transacted by torchlight; no sun, no moon, no planet, to make observations from. We were all generally afloat and aground twice a day; whenever he drank it became high water with us; and when he evacuated, we found ourselves aground; upon a moderate computation, he took in more water at a single draught than is generally to be found in the Lake of Geneva, though that is above thirty miles in circumference. On the second day of our confinement in these regions of darkness I ventured at low water, as we called it when the ship was aground, to ramble with the captain and a few of the other officers, with lights in our hands; we met with people of all nations, to the amount of upwards of ten thousand; they were going to hold a council how to recover their liberty; some of them had lived in this animal's stomach several years; there were several children here who had never seen the world, their mothers having lain-in repeatedly in this warm situation. Just as the chairman was going to inform us of the business upon which we were assembled, this plaguy fish, becoming thirsty, drank in his usual manner; the water poured in with such impetuosity that we were all obliged to retreat to our respective ships immediately, or run the risk of being drowned; some were obliged to swim for it, and with

difficulty saved their lives. In a few hours after we were more fortunate; we met again just after the monster had evacuated. I was chosen chairman, and the first thing I did was to propose splicing two main-masts together, and the next time he opened his mouth to be ready to wedge them in, so as to prevent his shutting it. It was unanimously approved. One hundred stout men were chosen upon this service. We had scarcely got our masts properly prepared when an opportunity offered; the monster opened his mouth, immediately the top of the mast was placed against the roof, and the other end pierced his tongue, which effectually prevented him from shutting his mouth. As soon as everything in his stomach was afloat, we manned a few boats, who rowed themselves and us into the world. The daylight, after, as near as we could judge, three months' confinement in total darkness, cheered our spirits surprisingly. When we had all taken our leave of this capacious animal, we mustered just a fleet of ninety-five ships, of all nations, who had been in this confined situation.

We left the two masts in his mouth, to prevent others being confined in the same horrid gulf of darkness and filth.

Our first object was to learn what part of the world we were in; this we were for some time at a loss to ascertain; at last I found from former observations, that we were in the Caspian Sea! which washes part of the country of the Calmuck Tartars. How we came here it was impossible to conceive, as this sea has no communication with any other. One of the inhabitants of the Cheese Island, whom I had brought with me, accounted for it thus: that the monster in whose stomach we had been so long confined had carried us here through some subterraneous passage; however, we pushed to shore, and I was the first who landed. Just as I put my foot upon the ground, a large bear leaped upon me with his fore-paws; I caught one in each hand and squeezed him till he cried out most lustily; however, in this position I held him till I starved him to death. You may laugh, gentlemen, but this was soon accomplished, as I prevented him licking his paws. From hence I travelled up to St. Petersburg a second time: here an old friend gave me a most excellent pointer, descended from the famous bitch before

mentioned, that littered while she was hunting a hare. I had the misfortune to have him shot soon after, by a blundering sportsman, who fired at him instead of a covey of partridges which he had just set. Of this creature's skin I have had this waistcoat made (showing his waistcoat), which always leads me involuntarily to game if I walk in the fields in the proper season, and when I come within shot, *one of the buttons constantly flies off and lodges upon the spot where the sport is*; and as the birds rise, being always primed and cocked, I never miss them. Here are now but three buttons left. I shall have a new set sewed on against the shooting season commences.

When a covey of partridges is disturbed in this manner, by the button falling amongst them, they always rise from the ground in a direct line before each other. I, one day, by forgetting to take my ramrod out of my gun, shot it straight through a leash, as regularly as if the cook had spitted them. I had forgot to put in any shot, and the rod had been made so hot with the powder, that the birds were completely roasted by the time I reached home.

Since my arrival in England I have accomplished what I had very much at heart, viz., providing for the inhabitant of the Cheese Island, whom I had brought with me. My old friend, Sir William Chambers, who is entirely indebted to me for all his ideas of Chinese gardening, by a description of which he has gained such high reputation; I say, gentlemen, in a discourse which I had with this gentleman, he seemed much distressed for a contrivance to light the lamps at the new buildings, Somerset House; the common mode with ladders, he observed, was both dirty and inconvenient. My native of the Cheese Island popped into my head; he was only nine feet high when I first brought him from his own country, but was now increased to ten and a half: I introduced him to Sir William, and he is appointed to that honorable office. He is also to carry, under a large cloak, a utensil in each coat pocket, instead of those four which Sir William has *very properly* fixed for private purposes in so conspicuous a situation in the great quadrangle.

He has obtained from Mr. Pitt the situation of messenger to his Majesty's lords of the bedchamber, whose principal

employment will *now* be, divulging the secrets of the royal household to their *worthy* Patron.

SUPPLEMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY FLIGHT ON THE BACK OF AN EAGLE, OVER FRANCE TO GIBRALTAR, SOUTH AND NORTH AMERICA, THE POLAR REGIONS, AND BACK TO ENGLAND, WITHIN SIX-AND-THIRTY HOURS.

ABOUT the beginning of his present Majesty's reign I had some business with a distant relation who then lived on the Isle of Thanet; it was a family dispute, and not likely to be finished soon. I made it a practice during my residence there, the weather being fine, to walk out every morning. After a few of these excursions I observed an object upon a great eminence about three miles distant. I extended my walk to it, and found the ruins of an ancient temple: I approached it with admiration and astonishment; the traces of grandeur and magnificence which yet remained were evident proofs of its former splendor: here I could not help lamenting the ravages and devastations of time, of which that once noble structure exhibited such a melancholy proof. I walked round it several times, meditating on the fleeting and transitory nature of all terrestrial things; on the eastern end were the remains of a lofty tower, near forty feet high, overgrown with ivy, the top apparently flat; I surveyed it on every side very minutely, thinking that if I could gain its summit I should enjoy the most delightful prospect of the circumjacent country. Animated with this hope, I resolved, if possible, to gain the summit, which I at length effected by means of the ivy, though not without great difficulty and danger; the top I found covered with this evergreen, except a large chasm in the middle. After I had surveyed with pleasing wonder the beauties of art and nature that conspired to enrich the scene, curiosity prompted me to sound the opening in the middle, in order to ascertain its depth, as I entertained a suspicion that it might probably communicate with some unexplored subterranean cavern in the hill; but having no line I was at a loss how to proceed. After revolving the mat-

ter in my thoughts for some time, I resolved to drop a stone down and listen to the echo: having found one that answered my purpose, I placed myself over the hole, with one foot on each side, and stooping down to listen, I dropped the stone, which I had no sooner done than I heard a rustling below, and suddenly a monstrous eagle put up its head right opposite my face, and rising up with irresistible force, carried me away seated on its shoulders: I instantly grasped it around the neck, which was large enough to fill my arms, and its wings, when extended, were ten yards from one extremity to the other. As it rose with a regular ascent, my seat was perfectly easy, and I enjoyed the prospect below with inexpressible pleasure. It hovered over Margate for some time, was seen by several people, and many shots were fired at it; one ball hit the heel of my shoe, but did me no injury. It then directed its course to Dover cliff, where it alighted, and I thought of dismounting, but was prevented by a sudden discharge of musketry from a party of marines that were exercising on the beach; the balls flew about my head, and rattled on the feathers of the eagle like hailstones, yet I could not perceive it had received any injury. It instantly reascended and flew over the sea towards Calais, but so very high that the Channel seemed to be no broader than the Thames at London Bridge. In a quarter of an hour I found myself over a thick wood in France, where the eagle descended very rapidly, which caused me to slip down to the back part of its head; but alighting on a large tree, and raising its head, I recovered my seat as before, but saw no possibility of disengaging myself without the danger of being killed by the fall; so I determined to sit fast, thinking it would carry me to the Alps, or some other high mountain, where I could dismount without any danger. After resting a few minutes it took wing, flew several times round the wood, and screamed loud enough to be heard across the English Channel. In a few minutes one of the same species arose out of the wood, and flew directly towards us; it surveyed me with evident marks of displeasure, and came very near me. After flying several times round, they both directed their course to the southwest. I soon observed that the one I rode upon could not keep pace with the other, but inclined to-

wards the earth, on account of my weight; its companion perceiving this, turned round and placed itself in such a position that the other could rest its head on its rump; in this manner they proceeded till noon, when I saw the rock of Gibraltar very distinctly. The day being clear, notwithstanding my degree of elevation, the earth's surface appeared just like a map, where land, sea, lakes, rivers, mountains, and the like were perfectly distinguishable; and having some knowledge of geography, I was at no loss to determine what part of the globe I was in.

Whilst I was contemplating this wonderful prospect, a dreadful howling suddenly began all around me, and in a moment I was invested by thousands of small black, deformed, frightful looking creatures who pressed me on all sides in such a manner that I could neither move hand or foot: but I had not been in their possession more than ten minutes when I heard the most delightful music that can possibly be imagined, which was suddenly changed into a noise the most awful and tremendous, to which the report of cannon or the loudest claps of thunder could bear no more proportion than the gentle zephyrs of the evening to the most dreadful hurricane; but the shortness of its duration prevented all those fatal effects which a prolongation of it would certainly have been attended with.

The music commenced, and I saw a great number of the most beautiful little creatures seize the other party, and throw them with great violence into something like a snuff-box, which they shut down, and one threw it away with incredible velocity; then turning to me, he said they whom he had secured were a party of devils, who had wandered from their proper habitation; and that the vehicle in which they were enclosed would fly with unabating rapidity for ten thousand years, when it would burst of its own accord, and the devils would recover their liberty and faculties, as at the present moment. He had no sooner finished this relation than the music ceased, and they all disappeared, leaving me in a state of mind bordering on the confines of despair.

When I had recomposed myself a little, and looking before me with inexpressible pleasure, I observed that the eagles were preparing to light on the peak of Teneriffe: they descended to the top of a rock,

but seeing no possible means of escape if I dismounted determined me to remain where I was. The eagles sat down seemingly fatigued, when the heat of the sun soon caused them both to fall asleep, nor did I long resist its fascinating power. In the cool of the evening, when the sun retired below the horizon, I was roused from sleep by the eagle moving under me; and having stretched myself along its back, I sat up, and resumed my travelling position, when they both took wing, and having placed themselves as before, directed their course for South America. The moon shining bright during the whole night, I had a fine view of all the islands in those seas.

About the break of day we reached the great continent of America, that part called Terra Firma, and descended on the top of a very high mountain. At this time the moon, far distant in the west, and obscured by dark clouds, but just afforded light sufficient for me to discover a kind of shrubbery all around, bearing fruit something like cabbages, which the eagles began to feed on very eagerly. I endeavored to discover my situation, but fogs and passing clouds involved me in thickest darkness, and what rendered the scene still more shocking was the tremendous howling of wild beasts, some of which appeared to be very near: however, I determined to keep my seat, imagining that the eagle would carry me away if any of them should make a hostile attempt. When daylight began to appear I thought of examining the fruit which I had seen the eagles eat, and as some was hanging which I could easily come at, I took out my knife and cut a slice; but how great was my surprise to see that it had all the appearance of roast beef regularly mixed, both fat and lean! I tasted it, found it well flavored and delicious, then cut several large slices and put in my pocket, where I found a crust of bread which I had brought from Margate; took it out, and found three musket-balls that had been lodged in it on Dover cliff. I extracted them, and cutting a few slices more, made a hearty meal of bread and cold beef fruit. I then cut down two of the largest that grew near me, and tying them together with one of my garters, hung them over the eagle's neck for another occasion, filling my pockets at the same time. While I was settling these

affairs I observed a large fruit like an inflated bladder, which I wished to try an experiment upon: and striking my knife into one of them, a fine pure liquor like Hollands gin rushed out, which the eagles observing, eagerly drank up from the ground. I cut down the bladder as fast as I could, and saved about half a pint in the bottom of it, which I tasted, and could not distinguish it from the best mountain wine. I drank it all, and found myself greatly refreshed. By this time the eagles began to stagger against the shrubs. I endeavored to keep my seat, but was soon thrown to some distance among the bushes. In attempting to rise I put my hand upon a large hedgehog, which happened to lie among the grass upon its back: it instantly closed round my hand, so that I found it impossible to shake it off. I struck it several times against the ground without effect; but while I was thus employed I heard a rustling among the shrubbery, and looking up, I saw a huge animal within three yards of me; I could make no defense, but held out both my hands, when it rushed upon me, and seized that on which the hedgehog was fixed. My hand being soon relieved, I ran to some distance, where I saw the creature suddenly drop down and expire with the hedgehog in its throat. When the danger was past I went to view the eagles, and found them lying on the grass fast asleep, being intoxicated with the liquor they had drank. Indeed, I found myself considerably elevated by it, and seeing everything quiet, I began to search for some more, which I soon found; and having cut down two large bladders, about a gallon each, I tied them together, and hung them over the neck of the other eagle, and the two smaller ones I tied with a cord round my own waist. Having secured a good stock of provisions, and perceiving the eagles begin to recover, I again took my seat. In half an hour they arose majestically from the place, without taking the least notice of their encumbrance. Each reassumed its former station; and directing their course to the northward, they crossed the Gulf of Mexico, entered North America, and steered directly for the Polar regions, which gave me the finest opportunity of viewing the vast continent that can possibly be imagined.

Before we entered the frigid zone the

cold began to affect me; but piercing one of my bladders, I took a draught, and found that it could make no impression on me afterwards. Passing over Hudson's Bay, I saw several of the company's ships lying at anchor, and many tribes of Indians marching with their furs to market.

By this time I was so reconciled to my seat, and become such an expert rider, that I could sit up and look around me; but in general I lay along the eagle's neck, grasping it in my arms, with my hands immersed in its feathers, in order to keep them warm.

In these cold climates I observed that the eagles flew with greater rapidity, in order, I suppose, to keep their blood in circulation. In passing Baffin's Bay I saw several large Greenlandmen to the eastward, and many surprising mountains of ice in those seas.

While I was surveying these wonders of nature it occurred to me that this was a good opportunity to discover the north-west passage, if any such thing existed, and not only obtain the reward offered by government, but the honor of a discovery pregnant with so many advantages to every European nation. But while my thoughts were absorbed in this pleasing reverie, I was alarmed by the first eagle striking its head against a solid transparent substance, and in a moment that which I rode experienced the same fate, and both fell down seemingly dead.

Here our lives must inevitably have terminated, had not a sense of danger and the singularity of my situation inspired me with a degree of skill and dexterity which enabled us to fall two miles perpendicular with as little inconveniency as if we had been let down with a rope; for no sooner did I perceive the eagles strike against a frozen cloud, which is very common near the poles, than (they being close together) I laid myself along the back of the foremost and took hold of its wings to keep them extended, at the same time stretching out my legs behind to support the wings of the other. This had the desired effect, and we descended very safe on a mountain of ice, which I supposed to be about three miles above the level of the sea.

I dismounted, unloaded the eagles, opened one of the bladders and administered some of the liquor to each of them, without once considering that the horrors

of destruction seemed to have conspired against me. The roaring of waves, crashing of ice, and the howling of bears, conspired to form a scene the most awful and tremendous; but, notwithstanding this, my concern for the recovery of the eagles was so great, that I was insensible of the danger to which I was exposed. Having rendered them every assistance in my power, I stood over them in painful anxiety, fully sensible that it was only by means of them that I could possibly be delivered from these abodes of despair.

But suddenly a monstrous bear began to roar behind me, with a voice like thunder. I turned round, and seeing the creature just ready to devour me, having the bladder of liquor in my hands, through fear I squeezed it so hard, that it burst, and the liquor flying in the eyes of the animal, totally deprived it of sight. It instantly turned from me, ran away in a state of distraction and soon fell over a precipice of ice into the sea, where I saw it no more.

The danger being over, I again turned my attention to the eagles, whom I found in a fair way of recovery, and suspecting that they were faint for want of victuals, I took one of the beef fruit, cut it into small slices and presented them with it, which they devoured with avidity.

Having given them plenty to eat and drink, and disposed of the remainder of my provision, I took possession of my seat as before. After composing myself, and adjusting everything in the best manner, I began to eat and drink very heartily; and through the effects of the mountain wine, as I called it, was very cheerful, and began to sing a few verses of a song which I had learned when I was a boy: but the noise soon alarmed the eagles who had been asleep, through the quantity of liquor which they had drank, and they arose seemingly much terrified. Happily for me, however, when I was feeding them I had accidentally turned their heads towards the southeast, which course they pursued with a rapid motion. In a few hours I saw the Western Isles, and soon after had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing old England. I took no notice of the seas or islands over which I passed.

The eagles descended gradually as they drew near the shore, intending, as I supposed, to alight on one of the Welsh

mountains; but when they came to the distance of about sixty yards two guns were fired at them, loaded with balls, one of which penetrated a bladder of liquor that hung to my waist; the other entered the breast of the foremost eagle, who fell to the ground, while that which I rode, having received no injury, flew away with amazing swiftness.

This circumstance alarmed me exceedingly, and I began to think it was impossible for me to escape with my life; but recovering a little, I once more looked down upon the earth, when, to my inexpressible joy, I saw Margate at a little distance, and the eagle descending on the old tower whence it had carried me on the morning of the day before. It no sooner came down than I threw myself off, happy to find that I was once more restored to the world. The eagle flew away in a few minutes, and I sat down to compose my fluttering spirits, which I did in a few hours.

I soon paid a visit to my friends, and related these adventures. Amazement stood in every countenance; their congratulations on my returning in safety were repeated with an unaffected degree of pleasure, and we passed the evening as we are doing now, every person present paying the highest compliments to my COURAGE and VERACITY.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE BARON INSISTS ON THE VERACITY OF HIS FORMER MEMOIRS—FORMS A DESIGN OF MAKING DISCOVERIES IN THE INTERIOR PARTS OF AFRICA—HIS DISCOURSE WITH HILARO FROSTICOS ABOUT IT—HIS CONVERSATION WITH LADY FRAGRANTIA—THE BARON GOES, WITH OTHER PERSONS OF DISTINCTION, TO COURT; RELATES AN ANECDOTE OF THE MARQUIS DE BELLECOURT.

ALL that I have related before, said the Baron, is gospel; and if there be any one so hardy as to deny it, I am ready to fight him with any weapon he pleases. Yes, cried he, in a more elevated tone, as he started from his seat, I will condemn him to swallow this decanter, glass and all, perhaps, and filled with kerren-wasser [a kind of ardent spirit distilled from cherries, and much used in some parts of Germany]. Therefore, my dear friends

and companions, have confidence in what I say, and pay honor to the tales of Munchausen. A traveller has a right to relate and embellish his adventures as he pleases, and it is very unpolite to refuse that deference and applause they deserve.

Having passed some time in England since the completion of my former Memoirs, I at length began to revolve in my mind what a prodigious field of discovery must be in the interior part of Africa. I could not sleep with the thoughts of it; I therefore determined to gain every proper assistance from Government to penetrate the celebrated source of the Nile and assume the viceroyship of the interior kingdoms of Africa, or, at least, the great realm of Monomotapa. It was happy for me that I had one most powerful friend at court, whom I shall call the illustrious Hilario Frosticos. You perchance know him not by that name; but we had a language among ourselves, as well we may, for in the course of my peregrinations I have acquired precisely nine hundred and ninety-nine leash of languages. What! gentlemen, do you stare? Well, I allow there are not so many languages spoken in this vile world; but then, have I not been in the Moon? And, trust me, whenever I write a treatise upon education, I shall delineate methods of inculcating whole dozens of languages at once, French, Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, Cherokee, etc., in such a style as will shame all the pedagogues existing.

Having passed a whole night without being able to sleep for the vivid imagination of African discoveries, I hastened to the levee of my illustrious friend, Hilario Frosticos, and having mentioned my intention with all the vigor of fancy, he gravely considered my words, and after some awful meditations, thus he spoke: *Olough, ma genesat, istum fullnah, cum dera kargos belgarasah esum balgo bartigos trianguilissimus!* However, added he, it behooveth thee to consider and ponder well upon the perils and the multitudinous dangers in all the way of that wight who thus advanceth in all the perambulation of adventures; and verily, most valiant sire and Baron, I hope thou wilt demean thyself with all that laudable gravity and precaution which, as is related in the three hundred and forty-seventh chapter of the Prophylactics, is of more consideration than all the merit in this

terraqueous globe. Yes, most truly do I advise thee unto thy good, and speak unto thee, most valiant Munchausen, with the greatest esteem, and wish thee to succeed in thy voyage: for it is said, that in the interior realms of Africa there are tribes that can see but just three inches and a half beyond the extremity of their noses; and verily thou shouldest moderate thyself, even sure and slow; they stumble who walk fast. But we shall bring you unto the Lady Fragrantia, and have her opinion of the matter. He then took from his pocket a cap of dignity, such as is described in the most honorable and antique heraldry, and placing it upon my head, addressed me thus: "As thou seemest again to revive the spirit of ancient adventure, permit me to place upon thy head this favor, as a mark of the esteem in which I hold thy valorous disposition."

The Lady Fragrantia, my dear friends, was one of the most divine creatures in all Great Britain, and was desperately in love with me. She was drawing my portrait upon a piece of white satin, when the most noble Hilario Frosticos advanced. He pointed to the cap of dignity which he had placed upon my head. "I do declare, Hilario," said the lovely Fragrantia, "it is pretty, 't is interesting; I love you, and I like you, my dear baron," said she, putting on another plume: "this gives it an air more delicate and more fantastical. I do thus, my dear Munchausen, as your friend, yet you can reject or accept my present just as you please; but I like the fancy, 't is a good one and I mean to improve it; and against whatever enemies you go, I shall have the sweet satisfaction to remember you bear my favor on your head!"

I snatched it with trepidation, and gracefully dropping on my knees, I three times kissed it with all the rapture of romantic love. "I swear," cried I, "by thy bright eyes, and by the lovely whiteness of thine arm, that no savage, tyrant, or enemy on the face of the earth shall despoil me of this favor, while one drop of the blood of the Munchausens doth circulate in my veins! I will bear it triumphant through the realms of Africa, whither I now intend my course, and make it respected, even in the court of Prester John."

"I admire your spirit," replied she,

"and shall use my utmost interest at court to have you dispatched with every pomp, and as soon as possible; but here comes a most brilliant company indeed: Lady Carolina, Wilhelmina, Amelia Skeggs, Lord Spigot and Lady Faucet and the Countess of Belleair."

After the ceremonies of introduction to this company were over, we proceeded to consult upon the business; and as the cause met with general applause, it was immediately determined that I should proceed without delay, as soon as I obtained the sovereign approbation. "I am convinced," said Lord Spigot, "that if there be anything really unknown and worthy of our most ardent curiosity, it must be in the immense regions of Africa; that country which seems to be the oldest on the globe, and yet with the greater part of which we are almost utterly unacquainted; what prodigious wealth of gold and diamonds must not lie concealed in those torrid regions where the very rivers on the coast pour forth continual specimens of golden sand! 'T is my opinion, therefore, that the Baron deserves the applause of all Europe for his spirit, and merits the most powerful assistance of the sovereign."

So flattering an approbation, you may be sure, was delightful to my heart, and with every confidence and joy I suffered them to take me to court that instant. After the usual ceremonies of introduction, suffice it to say that I met with every honor and applause that my most sanguine expectations could demand. I had always a taste for the fashionable *je ne sais quoi* of the most elegant society, and in the presence of all the sovereigns of Europe I ever found myself quite at home, and experienced from the whole court the most flattering esteem and admiration. I remember, one particular day, the fate of the unfortunate Marquis de Bellecourt. The Countess of Rassinda, who accompanied him, looked most divinely. "Yes, I am confident," said the Marquis de Bellecourt to me, "that I have acted according to the strictest sentiments of justice and of loyalty to my sovereign. What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted? and though I did not receive a word nor a look, yet I cannot think—no, it were impossible to be misrepresented. Conscious of my own integrity, I will try again—I will go boldly up." The Marquis de Bellecourt saw the opportunity;

he advanced three paces, put his hand upon his breast and bowed. "Permit me," said he, "with the most profound respect to——" His tongue faltered—he could scarcely believe his sight, for at that moment the whole company were moving out of the room. He found himself almost alone, deserted by every one. "What!" said he, "and did he turn upon his heel with the most marked contempt? Would he not speak to me? Would he not even hear me utter a word in my defense?" His heart died within him—not even a look, a smile from any one. "My friends! Do they not know me? Do they not see me? Alas! they fear to catch the contagion of my——. Then," said he, "adieu!—'t is more than I can bear. I shall go to my country seat, and never, never will return. Adieu, fond court, adieu!"

The venerable Marquis de Bellecourt stopped for a moment ere he entered his carriage. Thrice he looked back, and thrice he wiped the starting tear from his eye. "Yes," said he, "for once, at least, truth shall be found—in the bottom of a well!"

Peace to thy ghost, most noble marquis! a King of kings shall pity thee; and thousands who are yet unborn shall owe their happiness to thee, and have cause to bless the thousands, perhaps, that shall never even know thy name; but Munchausen's self shall celebrate thy glory!

CHAPTER XXII.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE BARON'S EXPEDITION INTO AFRICA—DESCRIPTION OF HIS CHARIOT; THE BEAUTIES OF ITS INTERIOR DECORATIONS; THE ANIMALS THAT DREW IT, AND THE MECHANISM OF THE WHEELS.

EVERYTHING being concluded, and having received my instructions for the voyage, I was conducted by the illustrious Hilario Frosticos, the Lady Fragrantia, and a prodigious crowd of nobility, and placed sitting upon the summit of the whale's bones at the palace; and having remained in this situation for three days and three nights as a trial ordeal and a specimen of my perseverance and resolution, the third hour after midnight they

seated me in the chariot of Queen Mab. It was of a prodigious dimension, large enough to contain more stowage than the tun of Heidelberg, and globular, like a hazel-nut; in fact, it seemed to be really a hazel-nut grown to a most extravagant dimension, and that a great worm of proportionable enormity had bored a hole in the shell. Through this same entrance I was ushered. It was as large as a coach-door, and I took my seat in the centre, a kind of chair self-balanced without touching anything, like the fancied tomb of Mahomet.

The whole interior surface of the nutshell appeared a luminous representation of all the stars of heaven, the fixed stars, the planets, and a comet. The stars were as large as those worn by our first nobility, and the comet, excessively brilliant, seemed as if you had assembled all the eyes of the beautiful girls in the kingdom, and combined them like a peacock's plumage, into the form of a comet—that is, a globe and a bearded tail to it, diminishing gradually to a point. This beautiful constellation seemed very sportive and delightful. It was much in the form of a tadpole! and, without ceasing, went, full of playful giddiness, up and down all over the heaven on the concave surface of the nutshell. One time it would be at that part of the heavens under my feet, and in the next minute would be over my head. It was never at rest, but forever going east, west, north, or south, and paid no more respect to the different worlds than if they were so many lanterns without reflectors. Some of them he would dash against and push out of their places; others he would burn up and consume to ashes; and others again he would split into fritters, and their fragments would instantly take a globular form, like spilled quicksilver, and become satellites to whatever other worlds they should happen to meet with in their career. In short, the whole seemed an epitome of the creation, past, present, and future; and all that passes among the stars during one thousand years was here generally performed in as many seconds.

I surveyed all the beauties of the chariot with wonder and delight. "Certainly," cried I, "this is heaven in miniature!" In short, I took the reins in my hand. But before I proceed on my adventures, I shall mention the rest of my attendant

furniture. The chariot was drawn by a team of nine bulls harnessed to it, three after three. In the first rank was a most tremendous bull named John Mowmowsky; the rest were called Jacks in general, but not dignified by any particular denomination. They were all shod for the journey, not indeed like horses, with iron, or as bullocks commonly are, to drag on a cart; but were shod with men's skulls. Each of their feet was, hoof and all, crammed into a man's head, cut off for the purpose, and fastened therein with a kind of cement or paste, so that the skull seemed to be a part of the foot and hoof of the animal. With these skull-shoes the creatures could perform astonishing journeys, and slide upon the water, or upon the ocean, with great velocity. The harnesses were fastened with golden buckles, and decked with studs in a superb style, and the creatures were ridden by nine postilions, crickets of a great size, as large as monkeys, who sat squat upon the heads of the bulls, and were continually chirping at a most infernal rate, loud in proportion to their bodies.

The wheels of the chariot consisted of upwards of ten thousand springs, formed so as to give the greater impetuosity to the vehicle, and were more complex than a dozen clocks like that of Strasburg. The external of the chariot was adorned with banners, and a superb festoon of laurel that formerly shaded me on horseback. And now, having given you a very concise description of my machine for travelling into Africa, which you must allow to be far superior to the apparatus of Monsieur Vaillant, I shall proceed to relate the exploits of my voyage.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE BARON PROCEEDS ON HIS VOYAGE—
CONVOYS A SQUADRON TO GIBRALTAR—
DECLINES THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE ISLAND
OF CANDIA—HIS CHARIOT DAMAGED BY
POMPEY'S PILLAR AND CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE—
THE BARON OUTDOES ALEXANDER—
BREAKS HIS CHARIOT, AND SPLITS A GREAT
ROCK AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

TAKING the reins in my hand, while the music gave a general salute, I cracked my whip, away they went, and in three hours

I found myself just between the Isle of Wight and the main land of England. Here I remained four days, until I had received part of my accompaniment, which I was ordered to take under my convoy. 'T was a squadron of men-of-war that had been a long time prepared for the Baltic, but which were now destined for the Mediterranean.

By the assistance of large hooks and eyes, exactly such as are worn in our hats, but of a greater size, some hundred weight each, the men-of-war hooked themselves on to the wheels of the vehicle: and, in fact, nothing could be more simple or convenient, because they could be hooked or unhooked in an instant with the utmost facility. In short, having given a general discharge of their artillery, and three cheers, I cracked my whip, away we went, helter skelter, and in six jiffies I found myself and all my retinue safe and in good spirits just at the Rock of Gibraltar.

Here I unhooked my squadron, and having taken an affectionate leave of the officers, I suffered them to proceed in their ordinary manner to the place of their destination. The whole garrison were highly delighted with the novelty of my vehicle; and at the pressing solicitations of the governor and officers I went ashore and took a view of that barren old rock, about which more powder has been fired away than would purchase twice as much fertile ground in any part of the world! Mounting my chariot, I took the reins, and again made forward, in mad career, down the Mediterranean to the Isle of Candia. Here I received dispatches from the Sublime Porte, entreating me to assist in the war against Russia, with a reward of the whole Island of Candia for my alliance. At first I hesitated, thinking that the island of Candia would be a more valuable acquisition to the sovereign who at that time employed me, and that the most delicious wines, sugar, etc., in abundance would flourish on the island; yet, when I considered the trade of the East India Company, which would most probably suffer by the intercourse with Persia through the Mediterranean, I at once rejected the proposal, and had afterwards the thanks of the Honorable the House of Commons for my propriety and political discernment.

Having been properly refreshed at Candia, I again proceeded, and in a short time arrived in the land of Egypt. The land of this country, at least that part of it near the sea, is very low, so that I came upon it ere I was aware, and the Pillar of Pompey got entangled in the various wheels of the machine, and damaged the whole considerably. Still I drove on through thick and thin, till, passing over that great obelisk, the Needle of Cleopatra, the work got entangled again, and jolted at a miserable rate over the mud and swampy ground of all that country; yet my poor bulls trotted on with astonishing labor across the Isthmus of Suez into the Red Sea, and left a track, an obscure channel, which has since been taken by De Tott for the remains of a canal cut by some of the Ptolemies from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean; but, as you perceive, was in reality no more than the track of my chariot, the car of Queen Mab.

As the artists at present in that country are nothing wonderful, though the ancient Egyptians, 't is said, were most astonishing fellows, I could not procure any new coach-springs, or have a possibility of setting my machine to rights in the kingdom of Egypt; and as I could not presume to attempt another journey overland, and the great mountains of marble beyond the source of the Nile, I thought it most eligible to make the best way I could, by sea, to the Cape of Good Hope, where I supposed I should get some Dutch smiths and carpenters, or perhaps some English artists; and my vehicle being properly repaired, it was my intention thence to proceed, overland, through the heart of Africa.

The surface of the water, I well knew, afforded less resistance to the wheels of the machine—it passed along the waves like the chariot of Neptune; and, in short, having gotten upon the Red Sea, we scudded away to admiration through the pass of Bab el Mandeb to the great Western Coast of Africa, where Alexander had not the courage to venture.

And really, my friends, if Alexander had ventured toward the Cape of Good Hope, he most probably would have never returned. It is difficult to determine whether there were then any inhabitants in the more southern parts of Africa or

not; yet, at any rate, this conqueror of the world would have made but a nonsensical adventure; his miserable ships, not contrived for a long voyage, would have become leaky, and foundered, before he could have doubled the Cape, and left his Majesty fairly beyond the limits of the then known world. Yet it would have been an august exit for an Alexander, after having subdued Persia and India, to be wandering, the Lord knows where, to Jup or Ammon, perhaps, or on a voyage to the Moon, as an Indian chief once said to Captain Cook.

But, for my part, I was far more successful than Alexander; I drove on with the most amazing rapidity, and thinking to halt on shore at the Cape, I unfortunately drove too close, and shattered the right side wheels of my vehicle against the rock, now called the Table Mountain. The machine went against it with such impetuosity as completely shivered the rock in a horizontal direction; so that the summit of the mountain, in the form of a semisphere, was knocked into the sea, and the steep mountain becoming thereby flattened at the top, has since received the name of the Table Mountain, from its similarity to that piece of furniture.

Just as this part of the mountain was knocked off, the ghost of the Cape, that tremendous sprite which cuts such a figure in the *Lusiad*, was discovered sitting squat in an excavation formed for him in the centre of the mountain. He seemed just like a young bee in his little cell before he comes forth, or like a bean in a bean-pod; and when the upper part of the mountain was split across and knocked off, the superior half of his person was discovered. He appeared of a bottle-blue color, and started, dazzled with the unexpected glare of the light; hearing the dreadful rattle of the wheels, and the loud chirping of the crickets, he was thunderstruck, and instantly giving a shriek, sunk down ten thousand fathoms into the earth, while the mountain, vomiting out some smoke, silently closed up, and left not a trace behind!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BARON SECURES HIS CHARIOT, ETC., AT THE CAPE AND TAKES HIS PASSAGE FOR ENGLAND IN A HOMEWARD BOUND INDIAMAN—WRECKED UPON AN ISLAND OF ICE, NEAR THE COAST OF GUINEA—ESCAPES FROM THE WRECK AND BEARS A VARIETY OF VEGETABLES UPON THE ISLAND—MEETS SOME VESSELS BELONGING TO THE NEGROES BRINGING WHITE SLAVES FROM EUROPE, IN RETALIATION, TO WORK UPON THEIR PLANTATIONS IN A COLD CLIMATE NEAR THE SOUTH POLE—ARRIVES IN ENGLAND AND LAYS AN ACCOUNT OF HIS EXPEDITION BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL—GREAT PREPARATIONS FOR A NEW EXPEDITION—THE SPHINX, GOG AND MAGOG, AND A GREAT COMPANY ATTEND HIM—THE IDEAS OF HILARIO FRONSTICOS RESPECTING THE INTERIOR PARTS OF AFRICA DESCRIBED.

I PERCEIVED with grief and consternation the miscarriage of all my apparatus; yet I was not absolutely dejected; a great mind is never known but in adversity. With permission of the Dutch governor the chariot was properly laid up in a great storehouse erected at the water's edge, and the bulls received every refreshment possible after so terrible a voyage. Well, you may be sure they deserved it, and therefore every attendance was engaged for them, until I should return.

As it was not possible to do anything more I took my passage in a homeward-bound Indiaman, to return to London, and lay the matter before the Privy Council.

We met with nothing particular until we arrived upon the coast of Guinea, where, to our utter astonishment, we perceived a great hill, seemingly of glass, advancing against us in the open sea; the rays of the sun were reflected upon it with such splendor that it was extremely difficult to gaze at the phenomenon. I immediately knew it to be an island of ice, and though in so very warm a latitude, determined to make all possible sail from such horrible danger. We did so, but all in vain, for about eleven o'clock at night, blowing a very hard gale, and exceedingly dark, we struck upon the island. Nothing could equal the distraction, the shrieks and despair of the whole crew, until I, knowing there was not a moment to be lost, cheered up their spirits, and bade them not despond, but do as I should request them. In a few minutes the vessel was half full of water, and the enormous castle of ice that seemed to hem us in on

every side, in some places falling in hideous fragments upon the deck, killed the one-half of the crew; upon which, getting upon the summit of the mast, I contrived to make it fast to a great promontory of the ice, and calling to the remainder of the crew to follow me, we all escaped from the wreck, and got upon the summit of the island.

The rising sun soon gave us a dreadful prospect of our situation, and the loss, or rather icefication, of the vessel; for being closed in on every side with castles of ice during the night, she was absolutely frozen over and buried in such a manner that we could behold her under our feet, even in the central solidity of the island. Having debated what was best to be done, we immediately cut down through the ice, and got up some of the cables of the vessel, and the boats, which, making fast to the island, we towed it with all our might, determined to bring home island and all, or perish in the attempt. On the summit of the island we placed what oakum and dregs of every kind of matter we could get from the vessel, which, in the space of a very few hours, on account of the liquefying of the ice, and the warmth of the sun, were transformed into a very fine manure; and as I had some seeds of exotic vegetables in my pocket, we shortly had a sufficiency of fruits and roots growing upon the island to supply the whole crew, especially the bread fruit tree, a few plants of which had been in the vessel; and another tree, which bore plum-puddings so very hot, and with such exquisite proportion of sugar, fruit, etc., that we all acknowledged it was not possible to taste anything of the kind more delicious in England: in short, though the scurvy had made such dreadful progress among the crew, before our striking upon the ice, the supply of vegetables, and especially the bread-fruit and pudding fruit, put an almost immediate stop to the distemper.

We had not proceeded thus many weeks, advancing with incredible fatigue by continual towing, when we fell in with a fleet of Negromen, as they call them. These wretches, I must inform you, my dear friends, had found means to make prizes of those vessels from some Europeans upon the coast of Guinea, and tasting the sweets of luxury, had formed colonies in several new discovered islands near the south pole, where they had a variety of plan-

tations of such matters as would only grow in the coldest climate. As the black inhabitants of Guinea were unsuited to the climate and excessive cold of the country, they formed the diabolical project of getting Christian slaves to work for them. For this purpose they sent vessels every year to the coast of Scotland, the northern-parts of Ireland and Wales, and were even sometimes seen off the coast of Cornwall. And having purchased, or entrapped by fraud or violence a great number of men, women and children, they proceeded with their cargoes of human flesh to the other end of the world, and sold them to their planters, where they were flogged into obedience, and made to work like horses all the rest of their lives.

My blood ran cold at the idea, while every one on the island also expressed his horror that such an iniquitous traffic should be suffered to exist. But, except by open violence, it was found impossible to destroy the trade, on account of a barbarous prejudice, entertained of late by the negroes, that the white people have no souls! However, we were determined to attack them, and steering down our island upon them, soon overwhelmed them: we saved as many of the white people as possible, but pushed all the blacks into the water again. The poor creatures we saved from slavery were so overjoyed, that they wept aloud through gratitude, and we experienced every delightful sensation to think what happiness we should shower upon their parents, their brothers and sisters and children, by bringing them home safe, redeemed from slavery, to the bosom of their native country.

Having happily arrived in England, I immediately laid a statement of my voyage, etc., before the Privy Council, and entreated an immediate assistance to travel into Africa, and, if possible, refit my former machine, and take it along with the rest. Everything was instantly granted to my satisfaction, and I received orders to get myself ready for departure as soon as possible.

As the Emperor of China had sent a most curious animal as a present to Europe, which was kept in the Tower, and it being of an enormous stature, and capable of performing the voyage with *éclat*, she was ordered to attend me. She was called Sphinx, and was one of the most tremendous though magnificent figures I

ever beheld. She was harnessed with superb trappings to a large flat-bottomed boat, in which was placed an edifice of wood, exactly representing Westminster Hall. Two balloons were placed over it, tackled by a number of ropes to the boat, to keep up a proper equilibrium, and prevent it from overturning, or filling, from the prodigious weight of the fabric.

The interior of the edifice was decorated with seats, in the form of an amphitheatre, and crammed as full as it could hold with ladies and lords, as a council and retinue for your humble servant. Nearly in the centre was a seat elegantly decorated for myself, and on either side of me were placed the famous Gog and Magog in all their pomp.

The Lord Viscount Gosamer being our postilion, we floated gallantly down the river, the noble Sphinx gambolling like the huge leviathan, and towing after her the boat and balloons.

Thus we advanced, sailing gently, into the open sea; being calm weather, we could scarcely feel the motion of the vehicle, and passed our time in grand debate upon the glorious intention of our voyage, and the discoveries that would result.

"I am of opinion," said my noble friend, Hilaro Frosticos, "that Africa was originally inhabited for the greater part, or, I may say, subjugated by lions, which, next to man, seem to be the most dreaded of all mortal tyrants. The country in general—at least what we have been hitherto able to discover, seems rather inimical to human life; the intolerable dryness of the place, the burning sands that overwhelm whole armies and cities in general ruin, and the hideous life many roving hordes are compelled to lead, incline me to think, that if ever we form any great settlements therein, it will become the grave of our countrymen. Yet it is nearer to us than the East Indies, and I cannot but imagine, that in many places every production of China, and of the East and West Indies, would flourish, if properly attended to. And as the country is so prodigiously extensive and unknown, what a source of discovery must not it contain! In fact, we know less about the interior of Africa than we do of the Moon; for in this latter we measure the very prominences, and observe the varieties and

inequalities of the surface through our glasses,

"Forests and mountains on her spotted orb."

"But we see nothing in the interior of Africa, but what some compilers of maps or geographers are fanciful enough to imagine. What a happy event, therefore, should we not expect from a voyage of discovery and colonization undertaken in so magnificent a style as the present! what a pride—what an acquisition to philosophy!"

CHAPTER XXV.

COUNT GOSAMER THROWN BY SPHINX INTO THE SNOW ON THE TOP OF TENERIFFE—GOG AND MAGOG CONDUCT SPHINX FOR THE REST OF THE VOYAGE—THE BARON ARRIVES AT THE CAPE, AND UNITES HIS FORMER CHARIOT, ETC., TO HIS NEW RETINUE—PASSES INTO AFRICA, PROCEEDING FROM THE CAPE NORTHWARDS—DEFEATS A HOST OF LIONS BY A CURIOUS STRATAGEM—TRAVELS THROUGH AN IMMENSE DESERT—HIS WHOLE COMPANY, CHARIOT, ETC., OVERWHELMED BY A WHIRLWIND OF SAND—EXTRICATES THEM, AND ARRIVES IN A FERTILE COUNTRY.

THE brave Count Gosamer, with a huge pair of hell-fire spurs on, riding on Sphinx, directed the whole retinue towards the Madeiras. But the count had no small share of an amiable vanity, and perceiving great multitudes of people, Gascons, etc., assembled on the French coast, he could not refrain from showing some singular capers, such as they had never seen before: but especially when he observed all the members of the National Assembly extend themselves along the shore, as a piece of French politeness, to honor this expedition, with Rousseau, Voltaire, and Beelzebub at their head; he set spurs to Sphinx, and at the same time cut and cracked away as hard as he could, holding in the reins with all his might, striving to make the creature plunge and show some uncommon diversion. But sulky and ill-tempered was Sphinx at the time: she plunged indeed—such a devil of a plunge, that she dashed him in one jerk over her head, and he fell precipitately into the water before her. It was in the Bay of

Biscay, all the world knows a very boisterous sea, and Sphinx fearing he would be drowned, never turned to the left or the right out of his way, but advancing furious, just stooped her head a little, and supped the poor Count off the water into her mouth, together with the quantity of two or three tuns of water which she must have taken in along with him, but which were, to such an enormous creature as Sphinx, nothing more than a spoonful would be to any of you or me. She swallowed him, but when she had got him in her stomach, his long spurs so scratched and tickled her, that they produced the effect of an emetic. No sooner was he in, but out he was squirted with the most horrible impetuosity, like a ball or a shell from the calibre of a mortar. Sphinx was at this time quite sea-sick, and the unfortunate Count was driven forth like a sky-rocket, and landed upon the peak of Teneriffe, plunged over head and ears in the snow—*requiescat in pace!*

I perceived all this mischief from my seat in the ark, but was in such a convulsion of laughter, that I could not utter an intelligible word. And now Sphinx, deprived of her postilion, went on a zig-zag direction, and gambolled away after a most dreadful manner. And thus had everything gone to wreck, had I not given instant orders to Gog and Magog to sally forth. They plunged into the water, and swimming on each side, got at length right before the animal, and then seized the reins. Thus they continued swimming on each side, like tritons, holding the muzzle of Sphinx, while I, sallying forth astride upon the creature's back, steered forward on our voyage to the Cape of Good Hope.

Arriving at the Cape, I immediately gave orders to repair my former chariot and machines which were very expeditiously performed by the excellent artists I had brought with me from Europe. And now everything being refitted, we launched forth upon the water: perhaps there never was anything more glorious or more august. 'T was magnificent to behold Sphinx make her obeisance on the water, and the crickets chirp upon the bulls in return of the salute; while Gog and Magog advancing, took the reins of the great John Mowmowsky, and leading towards us, chariot and all, instantly disposed of them to the forepart of the ark by

hooks and eyes, and tackled Sphinx before all the bulls. Thus the whole had a most tremendous and triumphal appearance. In front floated forwards the mighty Sphinx, with Gog and Magog on each side; next followed in order the bulls with crickets on their heads; and then advanced the chariot of Queen Mab, containing the curious seat and orrery of heaven; after which appeared the boat and ark of council, overtopped with two balloons, which gave an air of greater lightness and elegance to the whole. I placed in the galleries under the balloons and on the backs of the bulls, a number of excellent vocal performers, with martial music of clarionets and trumpets. They sung the "Watery Dangers," and the "Pomp of Deep Cerulean!" The sun shone glorious on the water while the procession advanced toward the land under five hundred arches of ice, illuminated with colored lights, and adorned in the most grotesque and fanciful style with sea-weed, elegant festoons and shells of every kind; while a thousand water-spouts danced eternally before and after us, attracting the water from the sea in a kind of cone, and suddenly uniting with the most fantastical thunder and lightning.

Having landed our whole retinue, we immediately began to proceed toward the heart of Africa, but first thought it expedient to place a number of wheels under the ark for its greater facility of advancing. We journeyed nearly due north for several days, and met with nothing remarkable, except the astonishment of the savage natives to behold our equipage.

The Dutch Government at the Cape, to do them justice, gave us every possible assistance for the expedition. I presume they had received instruction on that head from their High Mightinesses in Holland. However, they presented us with a specimen of some of the most excellent of their Cape wine, and showed us every politeness in their power. As to the face of the country, as we advanced, it appeared in many places capable of every cultivation and of abundant fertility. The natives and Hottentots of this part of Africa have been frequently described by travellers, and therefore it is not necessary to say any more of them. But in the more interior parts of Africa, the appearance, manners, and genius of the people are totally different.

We directed our course by the compass and stars, getting every day prodigious quantities of game in the woods, and at night encamping within a proper enclosure for fear of the wild beasts. One whole day in particular we heard on every side, among the hills, the horrible roaring of lions resounding from rock to rock like broken thunder. It seemed as if there was a general rendezvous of all these savage animals to fall upon our party. That whole day we advanced with caution, our hunters scarcely venturing beyond pistol shot from the caravan for fear of dissolution. At night we encamped as usual, and threw up a circular entrenchment round our tents. We had scarce retired to repose when we found ourselves serenaded by at least one thousand lions, approaching equally on every side, and within a hundred paces. Our cattle showed the most horrible symptoms of fear, all trembling, and in cold perspiration. I directly ordered the whole company to stand to their arms, and not to make any noise by firing till I should command them. I then took a large quantity of tar, which I had brought with our caravan for that purpose, and strewed it in a continued stream round the encampment, within which circle of tar I immediately placed another train or circle of gunpowder, and having taken this precaution, I anxiously waited the lions' approach. These dreadful animals, knowing, I presume, the force of our troop, advanced very slowly, and with caution, approaching on every side of us with an equal pace, and growling in hideous concert, so as to resemble an earthquake, or some similar convulsion of the world. When they had at length advanced and steeped all their paws in the tar, they put their noses to it, smelling it as if it were blood, and daubed their great bushy hair and whiskers with it equal to their paws. At that very instant, when, in concert, they were to give the mortal dart upon us, I discharged a pistol at the train of gunpowder, which instantly exploded on every side, made all the lions recoil in general uproar, and take to flight with the utmost precipitation. In an instant we could behold them scattered through the woods at some distance, roaring in agony, and moving about like so many Will-o'-the-Wisps, their paws and faces all on fire from the tar and the gunpowder.

I then ordered a general pursuit: we followed them on every side through the woods, their own light serving as our guide, until, before the rising of the sun, we followed into their fastnesses and shot or otherwise destroyed every one of them, and during the whole of our journey after we never heard the roaring of a lion, nor did any wild beast presume to make another attack upon our party, which shows the excellence of immediate presence of mind, and the terror inspired into the most savage enemies by a proper and well-timed proceeding.

We at length arrived on the confines of an immeasurable desert—an immense plain, extending on every side of us like an ocean. Not a tree, nor a shrub, nor a blade of grass was to be seen, but all appeared an extreme fine sand, mixed with gold-dust and little sparkling pearls.

The gold-dust and pearls appeared to us of little value, because we could have no expectation of returning to England for a considerable time. We observed, at a great distance, something like a smoke arising just over the verge of the horizon, and looking with our telescopes we perceived it to be a whirlwind tearing up the sand and tossing it about in the heavens with frightful impetuosity. I immediately ordered my company to erect a mound around us of a great size, which we did with astonishing labor and perseverance, and then roofed it over with certain planks and timber, which we had with us for the purpose. Our labor was scarcely finished when the sand came rolling in like the waves of the sea; 't was a storm and river of sand united. It continued to advance in the same direction, without intermission, for three days, and completely covered over the mound we had erected, and buried us all within. The intense heat of the place was intolerable; but guessing, by the cessation of the noise, that the storm was passed, we set about digging a passage to the light of day again, which we effected in a very short time, and ascending, perceived that the whole had been so completely covered with the sand that there appeared no hills, but one continued plain, with inequalities or ridges on it like the waves of the sea. We soon extricated our vehicle and retinue from burning sands, but not without great danger, as the heat was very violent, and began to proceed on our voyage. Storms

of sand of a similar nature several times attacked us, but by using the same precautions we preserved ourselves repeatedly from destruction. Having travelled more than nine thousand miles over this inhospitable plain, exposed to the perpendicular rays of a burning sun, without ever meeting a rivulet, or a shower from heaven to refresh us, we at length became almost desperate, when, to our inexpressible joy, we beheld some mountains at a great distance, and on our nearer approach observed them covered with a carpet of verdure and groves and woods. Nothing could appear more romantic or beautiful than the rocks and precipices intermingled with flowers and shrubs of every kind, and palm-trees of such a prodigious size as to surpass anything ever seen in Europe. Fruits of all kinds appeared growing wild in the utmost abundance, and antelopes and sheep and buffaloes wandered about the groves and valleys in profusion. The trees resounded with the melody of birds, and everything displayed a general scene of rural happiness and joy.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FEAST ON LIVE BULLS AND KAVA—THE NATIVES ADMIRE THE EUROPEAN ADVENTURERS—THE EMPEROR COMES TO MEET THE BARON, AND PAYS HIM GREAT COMPLIMENTS—THE INHABITANTS OF THE CENTRE OF AFRICA DESCENDED FROM THE PEOPLE OF THE MOON, PROVED BY AN INSCRIPTION IN AFRICA, AND BY THE ANALOGY OF THEIR LANGUAGE, WHICH IS ALSO THE SAME WITH THAT OF THE ANCIENT SCYTHIANS—THE BARON IS DECLARED SOVEREIGN OF THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA ON THE DECEASE OF THE EMPEROR—HE ENDEAVORS TO ABOLISH THE CUSTOM OF EATING LIVE BULLS, WHICH EXCITES MUCH DISCONTENT—THE ADVICE OF HILARO FROSTICOS UPON THE OCCASION—THE BARON MAKES A SPEECH TO AN ASSEMBLY OF THE STATES, WHICH ONLY EXCITES GREATER MURMURS—HE CONSULTS WITH HILARO FROSTICOS.

HAVING passed over the nearest mountains, we entered a delightful vale, where we perceived a multitude of persons at a feast of living bulls, whose flesh they cut away with great knives, making a table of the creature's carcass, serenaded by the bellowing of the unfortunate animal. Nothing seemed requisite to add to the

barbarity of this feast but *kava*, made as described in Cook's voyages, and at the conclusion of the feast we perceived them brewing this liquor, which they drank with the utmost avidity. From that moment, inspired with an idea of universal benevolence, I determined to abolish the custom of eating live flesh and drinking of *kava*. But I knew that such a thing could not be immediately effected, whatever in future time might be performed.

Having rested ourselves during a few days, we determined to set out towards the principal city of the empire. The singularity of our appearance was spoken of all over the country as a phenomenon. The multitude looked upon Sphinx, the bulls, the crickets, the balloons, and the whole company as something more than terrestrial, but especially the thunder of our fire-arms, which struck horror and amazement into the whole nation.

We at length arrived at the metropolis, situated on the banks of a noble river, and the emperor, attended by all his court, came out in grand procession to meet us. The emperor appeared mounted on a dromedary, royally caparisoned, with all his attendants on foot, through respect for his majesty. He was rather above the middle stature of that country, four feet three inches in height, with a countenance, like all his countrymen, as white as snow! He was preceded by a band of most exquisite music, according to the fashion of the country, and his whole retinue halted within about fifty paces of our troop. We returned the salute by a discharge of musketry and a flourish of our trumpets and martial music. I commanded our caravan to halt, and, dismounting, advanced uncovered, with only two attendants, towards his majesty. The emperor was equally polite, and descending from his dromedary, advanced to meet me. "I am happy," said he, "to have the honor to receive so illustrious a traveller, and assure you that everything in my empire shall be at your disposal."

I thanked his majesty for his politeness, and expressed how happy I was to meet so polished and refined a people in the centre of Africa, and that I hoped to show myself and company grateful for his esteem by introducing the arts and sciences of Europe among the people.

I immediately perceived the true descent of this people, which does not appear of

terrestrial origin, but descended from some of the inhabitants of the Moon, because the principal language spoken there, and in the centre of Africa, is very nearly the same. Their alphabet and method of writing are pretty much the same, and show the extreme antiquity of this people, and their exalted origin. I here give you a specimen of their writing: *Sregnah dna skoohtop*. These characters I have submitted to the inspection of a celebrated antiquarian, and it will be proved to the satisfaction of every one in his next volume, what an immediate intercourse there must have been between the inhabitants of the Moon and the ancient Scythians, which Scythians did not by any means inhabit a part of Russia, but the central part of Africa, as I can abundantly prove to my very learned and laborious friend. The meaning of the above words is, The Scythians are of heavenly origin. The word *Sregnah*, which signifies *Scythians*, is compounded of *sreg* or *sre*, whence our present English word *sire*, or *sir*: and *nah*, or *gnah*, knowledge, because the Scythians united the essentials of nobility and learning together: *dna* signifies heaven, or belonging to the Moon, from *duna*, who was anciently worshipped as goddess of that luminary. And *skoohtop* signifies the origin or beginning of anything from *skoo*, the name used in the Moon for a point in geometry, and *top* or *htop*, vegetation. These words are inscribed at this day upon a pyramid in the centre of Africa, nearly at the source of the river Niger; and if any one refuses his assent, he may go there to be convinced.

The emperor conducted me to his court amidst the admiration of his courtiers, and paid us every possible politeness that African magnificence could bestow. He never presumed to proceed on any expedition without consulting us, and looking upon us as a species of superior beings, paid the greatest respect to our opinions. He frequently asked me about the states of Europe, and the kingdom of Great Britain, and appeared lost in admiration at the account I gave him of our shipping, and the immensity of the ocean. We taught him to regulate the government nearly on the same plan with the British constitution, and to institute a parliament and degrees of nobility. His majesty was the last of his royal line, and on his decease, with the unanimous con-

sent of the people, made me heir to the whole empire. The nobility and chiefs of the country immediately waited upon me with petitions, entreating me to accept the government. I consulted with my noble friends, Gog and Magog, etc., and after much consultation it was agreed that I should accept the government, not as actual and independent monarch of the place, but as viceroy to his majesty of England.

I now thought it high time to do away the custom of eating of live flesh and drinking of kava, and for that purpose used every persuasive method to wean the majority of the people from it. This, to my astonishment, was not taken in good part by the nation, and they looked with jealousy at those strangers who wanted to make innovations among them.

Nevertheless, I felt much concern to think that my fellow-creatures could be capable of such barbarity. I did everything that a heart fraught with universal benevolence and good-will to all mankind could be capable of desiring. I first tried every method of persuasion and incitement. I did not harshly reprove them, but I invited frequently whole thousands to dine, after the fashion of Europe, upon roasted meat. Alas, 't was all in vain! my goodness nearly excited a sedition. They murmured among themselves, spoke of my intentions, my wild and ambitious views, as if I, O heaven! could have had any personal interested motive in making them live like men, rather than like crocodiles and tigers. In fine, perceiving that gentleness could be of no avail, well knowing that when complaisance can effect nothing from some spirits, compulsion excites respect and veneration, I prohibited, under the pain of the severest penalties, the drinking of kava, or eating of live flesh, for the space of nine days, within the districts of Angalinar and Paphagalna.

But this created such an universal abhorrence and detestation of my government, that my ministers, and even myself, were universally pasquinaded; lampoons, satires, ridicule, and insult were showered upon the name of Munchausen wherever it was mentioned; and, in fine, there never was a government so much detested, or with such little reason.

In this dilemma I had recourse to the advice of my noble friend, Hilaro Frosticos. In his good sense I now expected some resource, for the rest of the council,

who had advised me to the former method, had given but a poor specimen of their abilities and discernment, or I should have succeeded more happily. In short, he addressed himself to me and to the council as follows:

"It is in vain, most noble Munchausen, that your Excellency endeavors to compel or force these people to a life to which they have never been accustomed. In vain do you tell them that apple-pies, pudding, roast beef, minced pies, or tarts, are delicious, that sugar is sweet, that wine is exquisite. Alas! they cannot, they will not comprehend what deliciousness is, what sweetness, or what the flavor of the grape. And even if they were convinced of the superior excellence of your way of life, never, never would they be persuaded; and that, if for no other reason, but because force or persuasion is employed to induce them to it. Abandon that idea for the present, and let us try another method. My opinion, therefore, is that we should at once cease all endeavors to compel or persuade them. But let us, if possible, procure a quantity of *fudge* from England, and carelessly scatter it over all the country; and from this disposal of matters I presume—nay, I have a moral certainty, that we shall reclaim this people from horror and barbarity."

Had this been proposed at any other time, it would have been violently opposed in the council; but now, when every other attempt had failed, when there seemed no other resource, the majority willingly submitted to they knew not what, for they absolutely had no idea of the manner, the possibility of success, or how they could bring matters to bear. However, 't was a scheme, and as such they submitted. For my part, I listened with ecstasy to the words of Hilaro Frosticos, for I knew that he had a most singular knowledge of human kind, and could humor and persuade them on to their own happiness and universal good. Therefore, according to the advice of Hilaro, I despatched a balloon with four men over the desert to the Cape of Good Hope, with letters to be forwarded to England, requiring, without delay, a few cargoes of fudge.

The people had all this time remained in a general state of ferment and murmur. Everything that rancor, low wit, and deplorable ignorance could conceive to asperse my government, was put in exe-

cution. The most worthy, even the most beneficent actions, everything that was amiable, were perverted into opposition.

The heart of Munchausen was not made of such impenetrable stuff as to be insensible to the hatred of even the most worthless wretch in the whole kingdom; and once, at a general assembly of the states, filled with an idea of such continued ingratitude, I spoke as pathetic as possible, not, methought, beneath my dignity, to make them feel for me: that the universal good and happiness of the people were all I wished or desired: that if my actions had been mistaken, or improper surmises formed, still I had no wish, no desire but the public welfare, etc., etc., etc.

Hilaro Frosticos was all this time much disturbed; he looked sternly at me—he frowned, but I was so engrossed with the warmth of my heart, my intentions, that I understood him not: in a minute I saw nothing but as if through a cloud (such is the force of amiable sensibility)—lords, ladies, chiefs—the whole assembly seemed to swim before my sight. The more I thought on my good intentions, the lampoons which so much affected my delicacy, good nature, tenderness—I forgot myself—I spoke rapid, violent—beneficence—fire—tenderness—alas! I melted into tears!

"Pish! pish!" said Hilaro Frosticos.

Now, indeed, was my government lampooned, satirized, caribonadoed, bepICKled, and bedevilled. One day, with my arm full of lampoons, I started up as Hilaro entered the room, the tears in my eyes: "Look, look here, Hilaro!—how can I bear all this? It is impossible to please them; I will leave the government—I cannot bear it! See what pitiful anecdotes—what surmises: I will make my people feel for me—I will leave the government!"

"Pshaw!" says Hilaro. At that simple monosyllable I found myself changed as if by magic! for I ever looked on Hilaro as a person so experienced—such fortitude, such good sense. "There are three sail, under the convoy of a frigate," added Hilaro, "just arrived at the Cape, after a fortunate passage, laden with the fudge that we demanded. No time is to be lost; let it be immediately conducted hither, and distributed through the principal granaries of the empire."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PROCLAMATION BY THE BARON—EXCESSIVE CURIOSITY OF THE PEOPLE TO KNOW WHAT FUDGE WAS—THE PEOPLE IN A GENERAL FERMENT ABOUT IT—THEY BREAK OPEN ALL THE GRANARIES IN THE EMPIRE—THE AFFECTIONS OF THE PEOPLE CONCILIATED—AN ODE PERFORMED IN HONOR OF THE BARON—HIS DISCOURSE WITH FRAGRANTIA ON THE EXCELLENCE OF THE MUSIC.

SOME time after I ordered the following proclamation to be published in the *Court Gazette*, and in all the other papers of the empire :

BY THE MOST MIGHTY AND PUISSANT LORD,
HIS EXCELLENCY THE
LORD BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

WHEREAS a quantity of fudge has been distributed through all the granaries of the empire for particular uses ; and as the natives have ever expressed their aversion to all manner of European eatables, it is hereby strictly forbidden, under pain of the severest penalties, for any of the officers charged with the keeping of the said fudge, to give, sell, or suffer to be sold, any part or quantity whatever of the said material, until it be agreeable unto our good will and pleasure.
MUNCHAUSEN.

Dated in our Castle of Gristariska,
this Triskill of the month of
Griskish, in the year Moulikas-
ranavas-kashna-vildash.

This proclamation excited the most ardent curiosity all over the empire. "Do you know what this fudge is?" said Lady Mooshilgarousti to Lord Darnarlaganl. "Fudge!" said he, "fudge! no: what fudge?" "I mean," replied her ladyship, "the enormous quantity of fudge that has been distributed under guards in all the strong places in the empire, and which is strictly forbidden to be sold or given to any of the natives under the severest penalties." "Lord!" replied he, "what in the name of wonder can it be? Forbidden! why it must, but pray do you, Lady Fashashash, do you know what this fudge is? Do you, Lord Trastillaux or you, Miss Gristilarkask? What! nobody know what this fudge can be?"

It engrossed for several days the chit-chat of the whole empire. Fudge, fudge, fudge, resounded in all companies and in all places, from the rising until the setting of the sun; and even at night, when gentle sleep refreshed the rest of mortals, the ladies of all that country were dreaming of fudge!

"Upon my honor," said Kitty, as she was adjusting her modesty piece before the glass, just after getting out of bed, "there is scarce anything I would not give to know what this fudge can be." "La! my dear," replied Miss Killnariska, "I have been dreaming the whole night of nothing but fudge; I thought my lover kissed my hand, and pressed it to his bosom, while I, frowning, endeavored to wrest it from him: that he kneeled at my feet. No, never, never will I look at you, cried I, till you tell me what this fudge can be, or get me some of it. Begone! cried I, with all the dignity of offended beauty, majesty, and a tragic queen. Begone! never see me more, or bring me this delicious fudge. He swore on the honor of a knight, that he would wander o'er the world, encounter every danger, perish in the attempt, or satisfy the angel of his soul!"

The chiefs and nobility of the nation, when they met together to drink their kava, spoke of nothing but fudge. Men, women, and children, all, all talked of nothing but fudge. 'T was a fury of curiosity, one general ferment, an universal fever—nothing but fudge could allay it.

But in one respect they all agreed, that government must have had some interested view in giving such positive orders to preserve it, and keep it from the natives of the country. Petitions were addressed to me from all quarters, from every corporation and body of men in the whole empire. The majority of the people instructed their constituents, and the parliament presented a petition, praying that I would be pleased to take the state of the nation under consideration, and give orders to satisfy the people, or the most dreadful consequences were to be apprehended. To these requests, at the entreaty of my council, I made no reply, or at best but unsatisfactory answers. Curiosity was on the rack; they forgot to lampoon the government, so engaged were they about the fudge. The great assembly of the States could think of

nothing else. Instead of enacting laws for the regulation of the people, instead of consulting what should seem most wise, most excellent, they could think, talk, and harangue of nothing but fudge. In vain did the Speaker call to order; the more checks they got the more extravagant and inquisitive they were.

In short, the populace in many places rose in the most outrageous and tumultuous manner, forced open the granaries in all places in one day, and triumphantly distributed the fudge through the whole empire.

Whether on account of the longing, the great curiosity, imagination or the disposition of the people, I cannot say, but they found it infinitely to their taste; 't was an intoxication of joy, satisfaction, and applause.

Finding how much they liked this fudge, I procured another quantity from England, much greater than the former, and cautiously bestowed it over all the kingdom. Thus were the affections of the people regained: and they, from hence, began to venerate, applaud, and admire my government more than ever. The following ode was performed at the castle, in the most superb style, and universally admired:

ODE.

"Ye bulls and crickets, and Gog, Magog,
And trump'ts high chiming anthrophog,
Come sing blithe choral all in *og*,
Caralog, basilog, fog, and bog!

Great and superb appears thy cap sublime,
Admired and worshipp'd as the rising
sun;

Solemn, majestic, wise, like hoary Time,
And fam'd alike for virtue, sense, and fun.

Then swell the noble strain with song,
And elegance divine,
While goddesses around shall throng,
And all the muses nine.

And bulls and crickets, and Gog, Magog,
And trumpets chiming anthrophog,
Shall sing blithe choral all in *og*,
Caralog, basilog, fog, and bog.

This piece of poetry was much applauded, admired, and *encored* in every public assembly, celebrated as an astonishing effort of genius; and the music, com-

posed by Mynheer Gastrashbark Gkrghh-barwskhk, was thought equal to the sense! Never was there anything so universally admired, the summit of the most exquisite wit, the keenest praise, the most excellent music.

"Upon my honor, and the faith I owe my love," said I, "music may be talked of in England, but to possess the very soul of harmony the world should come to the performance of this ode." Lady FrAGRANTIA was at that moment drumming with her fingers on the edge of her fan, lost in a reverie, thinking she was playing upon—— Was it a forte piano?

"No, my dear FrAGRANTIA," said I, tenderly taking her in my arms while she melted into tears; "never, never, will I play upon any other——!"

Oh! 't was divine, to see her like a summer's morning, all blushing and full of dew!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BARON SETS ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE EMPIRE TO WORK TO BUILD A BRIDGE FROM THEIR COUNTRY TO GREAT BRITAIN—HIS CONTRIVANCE TO RENDER THE ARCH SECURE—ORDERS AN INSCRIPTION TO BE ENGRAVED ON THE BRIDGE—RETURNS WITH ALL HIS COMPANY, CHARIOT, ETC., TO ENGLAND—SURVEYS THE KINGDOMS AND NATIONS UNDER HIM FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE BRIDGE.

"AND now, most noble Baron," said the illustrious Hilario Frosticos, "now is the time to make this people proceed in any business that we find convenient. Take them at this present ferment of the mind, let them not think, but at once set them to work." In short, the whole nation went heartily to the business, to build an edifice such as was never seen in any other country. I took care to supply them with their favorite kava and fudge, and they worked like horses. The Tower of Babylon, which, according to Hermogastricus, was seven miles high, or the Chinese wall, was a mere trifle, in comparison to this stupendous edifice, which was completed in a very short space of time.

It was of an immense height, far beyond anything that ever had been before erected and of such gentle ascent, that a regiment of cavalry with a train of cannon could

ascend with perfect ease and facility. It seemed like a rainbow in the heavens, the base of which appeared to rise in the centre of Africa, and the other extremity stoop into Great Britain. A most noble bridge indeed, and a piece of masonry that has outdone Sir Christopher Wren. Wonderful must it have been to form so tremendous an arch, especially as the artists had certain difficulties to labor against which they could not have in the formation of any other arch in the world—I mean, the attraction of the Moon and planets: Because the arch was of so great a height, and in some parts so elongated from the earth, as in a great measure to diminish in its gravitation to the centre of our globe; or, rather, seemed more easily operated upon by the attraction of the planets; so that the stones of the arch, one would think at certain times, were ready to fall *up* to the Moon and at other times to fall down to the Earth. But as the former was more to be dreaded, I secured stability to the fabric by a curious contrivance; I ordered the architects to get the heads of some hundred numbskulls and blockheads, and fix them to the interior surface of the arch at certain intervals, all the whole length, by which means the arch was held together firm, and its inclination to the earth eternally established; because of all the things in the world, the skulls of these kind of animals have a strange facility of tending to the centre of the earth.

The building being completed, I caused an inscription to be engraved in the most magnificent style upon the summit of the arch, in letters so great and luminous that all vessels sailing to the East or West Indies might read them distinct in the heavens, like the motto of Constantine:

KARDOL BAGARLAN KAI TON FARINGO
SARGAL RA MO PASHROL VATINEAC CAL
COLNITOS RO NA FILNAT AGASTRA SA
DINGANNAL FANO.

That is to say, "As long as this arch and bond of union shall exist, so long shall the people be happy. Nor can all the power of the world affect them, unless the Moon, advancing from her usual sphere, should so much attract the skulls as to cause a sudden elevation, on which the whole will fall into the most horrible confusion."

An easy intercourse being thus established between Great Britain and the centre of Africa, numbers travelled continually to and from both countries, and at my request mail coaches were ordered to run on the bridge between both empires. After some time, having settled the government perfectly to my satisfaction, I requested permission to resign, as a great cabal had been excited against me in England; I, therefore, received my letters of recall, and prepared to return to Old England.

In fine, I set out upon my journey, covered with applause and general admiration. I proceeded with the same retinue that I had before,—Sphinx, Gog and Magog, etc., and advanced along the bridge, lined on each side with rows of trees, adorned with festoons of various flowers, and illuminated with colored lights. We advanced at a great rate along the bridge, which was so very extensive that we could scarcely perceive the ascent, but proceeded insensibly until we arrived on the centre of the arch. The view from thence was glorious beyond conception; 't was divine to look down on the kingdoms and seas and islands under us. Africa seemed in general of a tawny brownish color, burned up by the sun: Spain seemed more inclining to a yellow, on account of some fields of corn scattered over the kingdom; France appeared more inclining to a bright straw-color, intermixed with green; and England appeared covered with the most beautiful verdure. I admired the appearance of the Baltic Sea, which evidently seemed to have been introduced between those countries by the sudden splitting of the land, and that originally Sweden was united to the western coast of Demark; in short, the whole interstice of the Gulf of Finland had no being until these countries, by mutual consent, separated from one another. Such were my philosophical meditations as I advanced, when I observed a man in armor, with a tremendous spear or lance, and mounted upon a steed, advancing against me. I soon discovered by a telescope that it could be no other than Don Quixote, and promised myself much amusement in the rencounter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE BARON'S RETINUE IS OPPOSED IN A HEROIC STYLE BY DON QUIXOTE, WHO IN HIS TURN IS ATTACKED BY GOG AND MAGOG—LORD WHITTINGTON, WITH THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW, COMES TO THE ASSISTANCE OF DON QUIXOTE—GOG AND MAGOG ASSAIL HIS LORDSHIP—LORD WHITTINGTON MAKES A SPEECH, AND DELUDES GOG AND MAGOG TO HIS PARTY—A GENERAL SCENE OF UPROAR AND BATTLE AMONG THE COMPANY, UNTIL THE BARON, WITH GREAT PRESENCE OF MIND, APPEASES THE TUMULT.

"WHAT art thou?" exclaimed Don Quixote, on his potent steed. "Who art thou? Speak! or, by the eternal vengeance of mine arm, thy whole machinery shall perish at sound of this my trumpet!"

Astonished at so rude a salutation, the great Sphinx stopped short, and bridling up herself, drew in her head, like a snail, when it touches something that it does not like: the bulls set up a horrid bellowing, the crickets sounded an alarm, and Gog and Magog advanced before the rest. One of these powerful brothers had in his hand a great pole, to the extremity of which was fastened a cord of about two feet in length, and to the end of the cord was fastened a ball of iron, with spikes shooting from it like the rays of a star; with this weapon he prepared to encounter, and advancing thus he spoke:

"Audacious wight! that thus, in complete steel arrayed, doth dare to venture cross my way, to stop the great Munchausen! Know then, proud knight, that thou shalt instant perish 'neath my potent arm."

When Quixote, Mancha's knight, responded firm:

"Gigantic monster! leader of witches, crickets, and chimeras dire! know thou that here before yon azure heaven the cause of truth, of valor, and of faith right pure shall ordeal counter try it!"

Thus he spoke, and brandishing his mighty spear, would instant prodigies sublime performed, had not some wight placed 'neath the tail of dark Rosinante furze all thorny base: at which, quadrupedanting, plunged the steed, and instant on the earth the knight roared *credo* for his life.

At that same moment ten thousand frogs started from the morions of Gog and Magog, and furiously assailed the knight on every side. In vain he roared, and

invoked fair Dulcinea del Toboso: for frogs' wild croaking seemed more loud, more sonorous than all his invocations. And thus in battle vile the knight was overcome, and spawn all swarmed upon his glittering helmet.

"Detested miscreants!" roared the knight; "avaunt! Enchanters dire and goblins could alone this arduous task perform; to rout the knight of Mancha, foul defeat, and war, even such as ne'er was known before. Then hear, O del Toboso! hear my vows, that thus in anguish of my soul I urge, 'midst frogs, Gridalbin, Hecaton, Kai, Talon, and the Rove! [for such the names and definitions of their qualities, their separate powers.] For Merlin plumed their airy flight, and then in watery moon-beam dyed his rod eccentric. At the touch ten thousand frogs, strange metamorphosed, croaked even thus: And here they come, on high behest, to vilify the knight that erst defended famed virginity, and matrons all bewronged, and pilgrims hoar, and courteous guise of all! But the age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever!"

He spake, and sudden good Lord Whittington, at head of all his raree-show, came forth, armor antique of chivalry, and helmets old, and troops, all streamers, flags and banners glittering gay, red, gold, and purple; and in every hand a square of gingerbread, all gilded nice, was brandished awful. At a word, ten thousand thousand Naples biscuits, crackers, buns, and flannel-cakes, and hats of gingerbread encountered in mid air in glorious exultation, like some huge storm of mill-stones, or when it rains whole clouds of dogs and cats.

The frogs astonished, thunderstruck, forgot their notes and music, that before had seemed so terrible, and drowned the cries of knight renown, and mute in wonder heard the words of Whittington, pronouncing solemn: "Goblins, chimeras dire, or frogs, or whatso'er enchantment thus presents in antique shape, attend and hear the words of peace; and thou, good herald, read aloud the Riot Act!"

He ceased, and dismal was the tone that softly breathed from all the frogs in chorus, who quick had petrified with fright, unless redoubted Gog and Magog, both with poles, high topped with airy bladders by a string dependent, had not

stormed against his lordship. Ever and anon the bladders, loud resounding on his chaps, proclaimed their fury against all potent law, coercive mayoralty; when he, submissive, thus in cunning guile addressed the knight assailant: "Gog, Magog, renowned and famous! what, my sons, shall you assail your father, friend, and chief confessed? Shall you, thus armed with bladders vile, attack my title, eminence, and pomp sublime? Subside, vile discord, and again return to your true 'legiance. Think, my friends, how oft your gorgeous pouch I've crammed, all calapash, green fat and calapee. Remember how you've feasted, stood inert for ages, until size immense you've gained. And think, how different is the service of Munchausen, where you o'er seas, cold, briny float along the tide, eternal toiling like to slaves Algiers and Tripoli. And ev'n on high, balloon like, through the heavens have journeyed late, upon a rainbow, or some awful bridge stretched eminent, as if on earth he had not work sufficient to distress your potent servitudes, but he should also seek in heaven dire cause of labor! Recollect, my friends, even why or wherefrom should you thus assail your lawful magistrate, or why desert his livery? or for what or wherefore serve this German Lord Munchausen, who for all your labor shall alone bestow some fudge and heroic blows in war? Then cease, and thus in amity return to friendship aldermanic, bungy, brown, and sober."

Ceased he then, right worshipful, when both the warring champions instant stemmed their battle, and in sign of peace and unity returning, 'neath their feet reclined their weapons. Sudden at a signal either stamped his foot sinistrine, and the loud report of bursten bladder stunned each ear surrounding, like the roar of thunder from on high convulsing heaven and earth.

"T was now upon the saddle once again the knight of Mancha rose, and in his hand far balancing his lance, full tilt against the troops of bulls opposing ran. And thou, shrill Crillitlirkil, than whom no cricket e'er on hob of rural cottage, or chimney black, more gladsome tuned his merry note, e'en thou didst perish, shrieking gave the ghost in empty air, the sport of every wind; for e'en that heart so jocund and so gay was pierced, harsh spitted

by the lance of Mancha, while undaunted thou didst sit between the horns that crowned Mowmowsky. And now Whittington advanced, 'midst armor antique and the powers Magog and Gog, and with his rod enchanting touched the head of every frog, long mute, and thunderstruck, at which, in universal chorus and salute, they sung blithe jocund, and amain advanced rebellious 'gainst my troop.

While Sphinx, though great, gigantic, seemed instinctive base and cowardly, and at the sight of storming gingerbread, and powers, Magog and Gog, and Quixote, all against her, started fierce, o'erturning boat, balloons, and all; loud roared the bulls, hideous, and the crash of wheels, and the chaos of confusion drear, resounded far from earth to heaven. And still more fierce in charge the great Lord Whittington, from poke of ermine his famed Grimalkin took. She screamed, and harsh attacked my bulls confounded; lightning-like she darted, and from half the troop their eyes devouring tore. Nor could the riders, crickets, throned sublime, escape from rage, from fury less averse, than cannons murder o'er the stormy sea. The great Mowmowsky roared amain and plunged in anguish, shunning every dart of fire-eyed fierce Grimalkin. Dire the rage of warfare and contending crickets, Quixote and great Magog; when Whittington advancing — "Good, my friends and warriors, headlong on the foe bear down impetuous." He spoke, and waving high the mighty rod, tipped wonderful each bull, at which more fierce the creatures bellowed, while enchantment drear devoured their vitals. And all had gone to wreck in more than mortal strife, unless, like Neptune orient from the stormy deep, I rose, e'en towering o'er the ruins of my fighting troops. Serene and calm I stood, and gazed around undaunted; nor did aught oppose against my foes impetuous. But sudden from chariot purses plentiful of fudge poured forth, and scattered it amain o'er all the crowd contending. As when old Catherine or the careful Joan doth scatter to the chickens bits of bread and crumbs fragmented, while rejoiced they gobble fast the proffered scraps in general plenty and fraternal peace, and "hush," she cries, "hush!" hush!"

CHAPTER XXX.

THE BARON ARRIVES IN ENGLAND—THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES COMES TO CONGRATULATE HIM—GREAT REJOICINGS ON THE BARON'S RETURN, AND A TREMENDOUS CONCERT—THE BARON'S DISCOURSE WITH FRAGRANTIA, AND HER OPINION OF THE TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES.

HAVING arrived in England once more, the greatest rejoicings were made for my return; the whole city seemed one general blaze of illumination, and the Colossus of Rhodes, hearing of my astonishing feats, came on purpose to England to congratulate me on such unparalleled achievements. But, above all other rejoicings on my return, the musical oratorio and song of triumph were magnificent in the extreme.

Gog and Magog were ordered to take the maiden tower of Windsor, and make a tambourine or great drum of it. For this purpose they extended an elephant's hide, tanned and prepared for the design, across the summit of the tower, from parapet to parapet, so that in proportion this extended elephant's hide was to the whole of the castle what the parchment is to a drum, in such a manner that the whole became one great instrument of war.

To correspond with this, Colossus took Guildhall and Westminster Abbey, and turning the foundations towards the heavens, so that the roofs of the edifices were upon the ground, he strung them across with brass and steel wire from side to side, and thus, when strung, they had the appearance of most noble dulcimers. He then took the great dome of St. Paul's, raising it off the earth with as much facility as you would a decanter of claret. And when once risen up it had the appearance of a quart bottle. Colossus instantly, with his teeth, cracked off the superior part of the cupola, and then applying his lips to the instrument, began to sound it like a trumpet. 'T was martial, beyond description—*tantara l—tara—ta!*

During the concert I walked in the park with Lady FrAGRANTIA: she was dressed that morning in a *chemise à la reine*. "I like," said she, "the dew of the morning, 't is delicate and ethereal, and, by thus bespangling me, I think it will more approximate me to the nature of the rose [for her looks were like Aurora]; and to confirm

the vermilion I shall go to Spa." "And drink the Pouhon spring," added I, gazing at her from top to toe. "Yes," replied the lovely FrAGRANTIA, "with all my heart; 't is the drink of sweetness and delicacy. Never were there any creatures like the water-drinkers at Spa; they seem like so many thirsty blossoms on a peach-tree, that suck up the shower in the scorching heat.

There is a certain something in the waters that gives vigor to the whole frame, and expands every heart with rapture and benevolence. They drink! good gods! how they do drink! and then, how they sleep! Pray, my dear Baron, were you ever at the Falls of Niagara?" "Yes, my lady," replied I, surprised at such a strange association of ideas; "I have been, many years ago, at the Falls of Niagara, and found no more difficulty in swimming up and down the cataracts than I should to move a minuet." At that moment she dropped her nosegay. "Ah," said she, as I presented it to her, "there is no great variety in these polyanthus. I do assure you, my dear Baron, that there is taste in the selection of flowers as well as everything else, and were I a girl of sixteen I should wear some rose-buds in my bosom, but at five-and-twenty I think it would be more *à propos* to wear a full-blown rose, quite ripe, and ready to drop off the stalk for want of being pulled—heigh-ho!" "But pray, my lady," said I, "how do you like the concert?" "Alas!" said she, languishingly, while she laid her hand upon my shoulder, "what are these bodiless sounds and vibrations to me? and yet what an exquisite sweetness in the songs of the northern part of our island: 'Thou art gone away from me, Mary!' How pathetic and divine the little airs of Scotland and the Hebrides! But never, never can I think of that same Dr. Johnson—that CONSTABLE, as Fergus MacLeod calls him—but I have an idea of a great brown full-bottomed wig and a hog'shead of porter! Oh, 't was base! to be treated everywhere with politeness and hospitality, and in return invidiously to smellfungus them all over; to go to the country of Kate of Aberdeen, of Auld Robin Gray, 'midst rural innocence and sweetness, take up their plaids, and dance. Oh! doctor, doctor!"

"And what would you say, FrAGRANTIA, if you were to write a tour to the He-

brides?" "Peace to the heroes," replied she, in a delicate and theatrical tone; "peace to the heroes who sleep in the isle of Iona; the sons of the wave, and the chiefs of the dark-brown shield! The tear of the sympathizing stranger is scattered by the wind over the hoary stones as she meditates sorrowfully on the times of old! Such could I say, sitting upon some druidical heap or tumulus. The fact is, there is a right and wrong handle to everything, and there is more pleasure in thinking with pure nobility of heart than with the illiberal enmities and sarcasm of a blackguard."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A LITIGATED CONTENTION BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE, GOG, MAGOG, ETC.—A GRAND COURT ASSEMBLED UPON IT—THE APPEARANCE OF THE COMPANY—THE MATRONS, JUDGES, ETC.—THE METHOD OF WRITING, AND THE USE OF THE FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENT QUIZZES—WAUWAU ARRIVES FROM THE COUNTRY OF PRESTER JOHN, AND LEADS THE WHOLE ASSEMBLY A WILD-GOOSE CHASE TO THE TOP OF PLINLIMMON, AND THENCE TO VIRGINIA—THE BARON MEETS A FLOATING ISLAND IN HIS VOYAGE TO AMERICA—PURSUES WAUWAU WITH HIS WHOLE COMPANY THROUGH THE DESERTS OF NORTH AMERICA—HIS CURIOUS CONTRIVANCE TO SEIZE WAUWAU IN A MORASS.

THE contention between Gog and Magog, and Sphinx, Hilaro Frosticos, the Lord Whittington, etc., was productive of infinite litigation. All the lawyers in the kingdom were employed to render the affair as complex and gloriously uncertain as possible; and, in fine, the whole nation became interested, and were divided on both sides of the question. Colossus took the part of Sphinx, and the affair was at length submitted to the decision of a grand council in a great hall, adorned with seats on every side in form of an amphitheatre. The assembly appeared the most magnificent and splendid in the world.

A court or jury of one hundred matrons occupied the principal and most honorable part of the amphitheatre; they were dressed in flowing robes of sky-blue velvet, adorned with festoons of brilliants

and diamond stars; grave and sedate-looking matrons, all in uniform, with spectacles upon their noses; and opposite to these were placed one hundred judges, with curly white wigs flowing down on each side of them to their very feet, so that Solomon in all his glory was not so wise in appearance. At the ardent request of the whole empire, I condescended to be the president of the court, and being arrayed accordingly, I took my seat beneath a canopy erected in the centre. Before every judge was placed a square inkstand, containing a gallon of ink, and pens of a proportionable size; and also right before him an enormous folio, so large as to serve for table and book at the same time.

But they did not make much use of their pens and ink, except to blot and daub the paper; for, that they should be the more impartial, I had ordered that none but the blind should be honored with the employment: so that when they attempted to write anything, they uniformly dipped their pens into the machine containing sand, and having scrawled over a page, as they thought, desiring then to dry it with sand, would spill half a gallon of ink upon the paper, and thereby daubing their fingers, would transfer the ink to their face whenever they leaned their cheek upon their hand for greater gravity.

As to the matrons, to prevent an eternal prattle that would drown all manner of intelligibility, I found it absolutely necessary to sew up their mouths; so that between the blind judges and the dumb matrons, methought the trial had a chance of being terminated sooner than it otherwise would. The matrons, instead of their tongues, had other instruments to convey their ideas: each of them had three quizzes, one quiz pendant from the string that sewed up her mouth, and another quiz in either hand. When she wished to express her negative, she darted and recoiled the quizzes in her right and left hand: and when she desired to express her affirmative, she, nodding, made the quiz pendant from her mouth flow down and recoil again. The trial proceeded in this manner for a long time, to the admiration of the whole empire, when at length I thought proper to send to my old friend and ally, Prester John, entreating him to forward to me one of the spe-

cimens of wild and curious birds found in his kingdom, called a Wauwau. This creature was brought over the great bridge before mentioned, from the interior of Africa, by a balloon. The balloon was placed upon the bridge, extending over the parapets on each side, with great wings or oars to assist its velocity, and under the balloon was placed pendant a kind of boat, in which were the persons to manage the steerage of the machine, and protect Wauwau.

This oracular bird, arriving in England, instantly darted through one of the windows of the great hall, and perched upon the canopy in the centre, to the admiration of all present. Her cackling appeared quite prophetic and oracular; and the first question proposed to her, by the unanimous consent of the matrons and judges, was, Whether or not the Moon was composed of green cheese? The solution of this question was deemed absolutely necessary before they could proceed farther on the trial.

Wauwau seemed in figure not very much differing from a swan, except that the neck was not near so long, and she stood after an admirable fashion like to Vestris. She began cackling most sonorously, and the whole assembly agreed that it was absolutely necessary to catch her, and having her in their immediate possession, nothing more would be requisite for the termination of this litigated affair. For this purpose the whole house rose up to catch her, and approached in tumult, the judges brandishing their pens, and shaking their big wigs, and the matrons quizzing as much as possible in every direction, which very much startled Wauwau, who, clapping her wings, instantly flew out of the hall.

The assembly began to proceed after her in order and style of precedence, together with my whole train of Gog and Magog, Sphinx, Hilario Frosticos, Queen Mab's chariot, the bulls and crickets, etc., preceded by bands of music; while Wauwau, descending on the earth, ran on like an ostrich before the troop, cackling all the way. Thinking suddenly to catch this ferocious animal, the judges and matrons would suddenly quicken their pace, but the creature would as quick outrun them, or sometimes fly away for many miles together, and then alight to take breath until we came within sight

of her again. Our train journeyed over a most prodigious tract of country, in a direct line, over hills and dales, to the summit of Plinlimmon, where we thought to have seized Wauwau; but she instantly took flight, and never ceased until she arrived at the mouth of the Potomac river in Virginia.

Our company immediately embarked in the machines before described, in which we had journeyed into Africa, and after a few days' sail arrived in North America. We met with nothing curious on our voyage, except a floating island, containing some very delightful villages, inhabited by a few whites and negroes; the sugarcane did not thrive there well, on account, as I was informed, of the variety of the climates; the island being sometimes driven up as far as the north pole, and at other times wafted under the equinoctial. In pity to the poor islanders, I got a huge stake of iron, and driving it through the centre of the island, fastened it to the mud and rocks at the bottom of the sea, since which time the island has become stationary, and is well known at present by the name of St. Christopher's, and there is not an island in the world more secure.

Arriving in North America, we were received by the President of the United States with every honor and politeness. He was pleased to give us all the information possible relative to the woods and immense regions of America, and ordered troops of the different tribes of the Esquimaux to guide us through the forests in pursuit of Wauwau, who, we at length found, had taken refuge in the centre of a morass.

The inhabitants of the country, who loved hunting, were much delighted to behold the manner in which we attempted to seize upon Wauwau; the chase was noble and uncommon. I determined to surround the animal on every side, and for this purpose ordered the judges and matrons to surround the morass with nets extending a mile in height, on various parts of which net the company disposed themselves, floating in the air like so many spiders upon their cobwebs. Magog, at my command, put on a kind of armor that he had carried with him for the purpose, corslet of steel, with gauntlets, helmets, etc., so as nearly to resemble a mole.

He instantly plunged into the earth, making way with his sharp steel head-piece, and tearing up the ground with his iron-claws, and found not much difficulty therein, as morass in general is of a soft and yielding texture. Thus he hoped to undermine Wauwau, and suddenly rising, seize her by the foot, while his brother Gog ascended the air in a balloon, hoping to catch her if she should escape Magog. Thus the animal was surrounded on every side, and at first was very much terrified, knowing not which way she had best to go. At length hearing an obscure noise under ground, Wauwau took flight before Magog could have time to catch her by the foot.

She flew to the right, then to the left, north, east, west, and south, but found on every side the company prepared upon their nets. At length she flew right up, soaring at a most astonishing rate towards the sun, while the company on every side set up one general acclamation. But Gog in his balloon soon stopped Wauwau in the midst of her career, and snared her in a net the cords of which he continued to hold in his hand. Wauwau did not totally lose her presence of mind, but, after a little consideration, made several violent darts against the volume of the balloon; so fierce, as at length to tear open a great space, on which the inflammable air rushing out, the whole apparatus began to tumble to the earth with amazing rapidity. Gog himself was thrown out of the vehicle, and letting go the reins of the net, Wauwau got liberty again, and flew out of sight in an instant.

Gog had been above a mile elevated from the earth when he began to fall, and as he advanced the rapidity increased, so that he went like a ball from a cannon into the morass, and his nose striking against one of the iron-capped hands of his brother Magog, just then rising from the depths, he began to bleed violently, and, but for the softness of the morass, would have lost his life.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BARON HARANGUES THE COMPANY, AND THEY CONTINUE THE PURSUIT—THE BARON, WANDERING FROM HIS RETINUE, IS TAKEN BY THE SAVAGES, SCALPED, AND TIED TO A STAKE TO BE ROASTED, BUT HE CONTRIVES TO EXTRICATE HIMSELF, AND KILLS THE SAVAGES—THE BARON TRAVELS OVERLAND THROUGH THE FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA TO THE CONFINES OF RUSSIA—ARRIVES AT THE CASTLE OF THE NARESKIN ROWSKIMOWMOWSKY, AND GALLOPS INTO THE KINGDOM OF LOGGERHEADS—A BATTLE, IN WHICH THE BARON FIGHTS THE NARESKIN IN SINGLE COMBAT, AND GENEROUSLY GIVES HIM HIS LIFE—ARRIVES AT THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS AND DISCOURSES WITH OMAI—THE BARON, WITH ALL HIS ATTENDANTS, GOES FROM OTAHEITE TO THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN, AND HAVING CUT A CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS, RETURNS TO ENGLAND.

"My friends, and very learned and profound *Judiciarii*," said I, "be not disheartened that Wauwau has escaped from you at present: persevere, and we shall yet succeed. You should never despair, Munchausen being your general; and therefore be brave, be courageous, and fortune shall second your endeavors. Let us advance undaunted in pursuit, and follow the fierce Wauwau even three times round the globe, until we entrap her."

My words filled them with confidence and valor, and they unanimously agreed to continue the chase. We penetrated the frightful deserts and gloomy woods of America, beyond the source of the Ohio, through countries utterly unknown before. I frequently took the diversion of shooting in the woods, and one day that I happened with three attendants to wander far from our troop, we were suddenly set upon by a number of savages. As we had expended our powder and shot, and happened to have no side arms, it was in vain to make any resistance against hundreds of enemies. In short, they bound us, and made us walk before them to a gloomy cavern in a rock, where they feasted upon what game they had killed, but which, not being sufficient, they took my three unfortunate companions and myself, and scalped us. The pain of losing the flesh from my head was most horrible; it made me leap in agonies, and roar like a bull. They then tied us to stakes, and making great fires around us, began to

dance in a circle, singing with much distortion and barbarity, and at times putting the palms of their hands to their mouths, set up the war-whoop. As they had on that day also made a great prize of some wine and spirits belonging to our troop, these barbarians, finding it delicious, and, unconscious of its intoxicating quality, began to drink it in profusion, while they beheld us roasting, and in a very short time they were all completely drunk, and fell asleep around the fires. Perceiving some hopes, I used most astonishing efforts to extricate myself from the cords with which I was tied, and at length succeeded. I immediately unbound my companions, and though half roasted, they still had power enough to walk. We sought about for the flesh that had been taken off our heads, and having found the scalps, we immediately adapted them to our bloody heads, sticking them on with a kind of glue of a sovereign quality, that flows from a tree in that country, and the parts united and healed in a few hours.

We took good care to revenge ourselves on the savages, and with their own hatchets put every one of them to death. We then returned to our troop, who had given us up for lost, and they made great rejoicings on our return. We now proceeded in our journey through this prodigious wilderness, Gog and Magog acting as pioneers, hewing down the trees, etc., at a great rate as we advanced. We passed over numberless swamps and lakes and rivers, until at length we discovered a habitation at some distance. It appeared a dark and gloomy castle, surrounded with strong ramparts, and a broad ditch. We called a council of war, and it was determined to send a deputation with a trumpet to the walls of the castle, and demand friendship from the governor, whoever he might be, and an account if aught he knew of Wauwau. For this purpose our caravan halted in the wood, and Gog and Magog reclined amongst the trees, that their enormous strength and size should not be discovered, and give umbrage to the lord of the castle. Our embassy approached the castle, and having demanded admittance for some time, at length the drawbridge was let down and they were suffered to enter. As soon as they had passed the gate, it was immediately closed after them, and on either side they perceived ranks of halberdiers, who made

them tremble with fear. "We come," the herald proclaimed, "on the part of Hilario Frosticos, Don Quixote, Lord Whittington, and the thrice-renowned Baron Munchausen, to claim friendship from the governor of this puissant castle, and to seek Wauwau." "The most noble the governor," replied an officer, "is at all times happy to entertain such travellers as pass through these immense deserts, and will esteem it an honor that the great Hilario Frosticos, Don Quixote, Lord Whittington, and the thrice-renowned Baron Munchausen, enter his castle walls."

In short, we entered the castle. The governor sat with all our company to table, surrounded by his friends, of a very fierce and warlike appearance. They spoke but little, and seemed very austere and reserved, until the first course was served up. The dishes were brought in by a number of bears, walking on their hind-legs, and on every dish was a fricassee of pistols, pistol-bullets, sauce of gunpowder and aqua-vitæ. This entertainment seemed rather indigestible by even an ostrich's stomach, when the governor addressed us, and informed me that it was ever his custom to strangers to offer them for the first course a service similar to that before us, and if they were inclined to accept the invitation, he would fight them as much as they pleased, but if they could not relish the pistol-bullets, etc., he would conclude them peaceable, and try what better politeness he could show them in his castle. In short, the first course being removed untouched, we dined, and after dinner the governor forced the company to push the bottle about with alacrity and to excess. He informed us that he was the Nareskin Rowskinowmowsky, who had retired amidst these wilds, disgusted with the court of Petersburg. I was rejoiced to meet him; I recollected my old friend, whom I had known at the court of Russia when I rejected the hand of the empress. The Nareskin, with all his knights-companions, drank to an astonishing degree, and we all set off upon hobby horses, in full cry, out of the castle. Never was there seen such a cavalcade before. In front galloped a hundred knights belonging to the castle, with hunting horns and a pack of excellent dogs; and then came the Nareskin Rowskinowmowsky, Gog and Magog, Hilario Frosticos, and your humble servant, hallooing and

shouting like so many demoniacs, and spurring our hobby horses at an infernal rate until we arrived in the kingdom of Loggerheads.

The kingdom of Loggerheads was wilder than any part of Siberia, and the Nareskin had here built a romantic summer-house, in a Gothic taste, to which he would frequently retire with his company after dinner. The Nareskin had a dozen bears of enormous stature that danced for our amusement, and their chiefs performed the *minuet de la cour* to admiration. And here the most noble Hilaro Frosticos thought proper to ask the Nareskin some intelligence about Wauwau, in quest of whom we had travelled over such a tract of country, and encountered so many dangerous adventures, and also invited the Nareskin Rowskimowmowsky to attend us with all his bears in the expedition. The Nareskin appeared astonished at the idea; he looked with infinite hauteur and ferocity on Hilaro, and affecting violent passion, asked him, "Did he imagine that the Nareskin Rowskimowmowsky could condescend to take notice of a Wauwau, let her fly what way she could? Or did he think a chief possessing such blood in his veins could engage in such a foreign pursuit? By the blood of all the bears in the kingdom of Loggerheads, and by the ashes of my great-great-grandmother I would cut off your head!"

Hilaro Frosticos resented this oration, and in short a general riot commenced. The bears, together with the hundred knights, took the part of the Nareskin, and Gog and Magog, Don Quixote, the Sphinx, Lord Whittington, the bulls, the crickets, the judges, the matrons, and Hilaro Frosticos, made noble warfare against them.

I drew my sword, and challenged the Nareskin to single combat. He frowned, while his eyes sparkled fire and indignation, and bracing a buckler on his left arm, he advanced against me. I made a blow at him with all my force, which he received upon his buckler, and my sword broke short.

Ungenerous Nareskin! seeing me disarmed, he still pushed forward, dealing his blows upon me with the utmost violence, which I parried with my shield and the hilt of my broken sword, and fought like a game-cock.

An enormous bear at the same time attacked me, but I ran my hand still retaining the hilt of my broken sword down his throat, and tore up his tongue by the roots. I then seized his carcass by the hind legs, and whirling it over my head, gave the Nareskin such a blow with his own bear as evidently stunned him. I repeated my blows, knocking the bear's head against the Nareskin's head, until, by one happy blow, I got his head into the bear's jaws, and the creature being still somewhat alive and convulsive, the teeth closed upon him like nut-crackers. I threw the bear from me, but the Nareskin remained sprawling, unable to extricate his head from the bear's jaws, imploring for mercy. I gave the wretch his life; a lion preys not upon carcases.

At the same time my troop had effectually routed the bears and the rest of their adversaries. I was merciful, and ordered quarter to be given.

At the moment I perceived Wauwau flying at a great height through the heavens, and we instantly set out in pursuit of her, and never stopped until we arrived at Kamschatka; thence we passed to Otaheite. I met my old acquaintance Omai, who had been in England with the great navigator, Cook, and I was glad to find he had established Sunday-schools over all the islands. I talked to him of Europe, and his former voyage to England. "Ah!" said he, most emphatically, "the English, the cruel English, to murder me with goodness, and refine upon my torture—took me to Europe, and showed me the court of England, the delicacy of exquisite life: they showed me gods, and showed me heaven, as if on purpose to make me feel the loss of them."

From these islands, we set out, attended by a fleet of canoes with fighting-stages and the chiefest warriors of the islands, commanded by Omai. Thus the chariot of Queen Mab, my team of bulls, and the crickets, the ark, the Sphinx, and the balloons, with Hilaro Frosticos, Gog and Magog, Lord Whittington, and the Lord Mayor's show, Don Quixote, etc., with my fleet of canoes, altogether cut a very formidable appearance on our arrival at the Isthmus of Darien. Sensible of what general benefit it would be to mankind, I immediately formed a plan of cutting a canal across the isthmus from sea to sea.

For this purpose I drove my chariot with the greatest impetuosity repeatedly from shore to shore, in the same track, tearing up the rocks and earth thereby, and forming a tolerable bed for the water. Gog and Magog next advanced at the head of a million of people from the realms of North and South America, and from Europe, and with infinite labor cleared away the earth, etc., that I had ploughed up with my chariot. I then again drove my chariot, making the canal wider and deeper, and ordered Gog and Magog to repeat their labor as before. The canal being a quarter of a mile broad, and three hundred yards in depth, I thought it sufficient, and immediately let in the waters of the sea. I did imagine, that from the rotatory motion of the earth on its axis from west to east, the sea would be higher on the eastern than the western coast, and that on the uniting of the two seas there would be a strong current from the east, and it happened just as I expected. The sea came in with tremendous magnificence, and enlarged the bounds of the canal, so as to make a passage of some miles broad from ocean to ocean, and make an island of South America. Several sail of trading vessels and men-of-war sailed through this new channel to the South Seas, China, etc., and saluted me with all their cannon as they passed.

I looked through my telescope at the Moon, and perceived the philosophers there in great commotion. They could plainly discern the alteration on the surface of our globe, and thought themselves somehow interested in the enterprize of their fellow-mortals in a neighboring planet. They seemed to think it admirable that such little beings as we men should attempt so magnificent a performance, that would be observable even in a separate world.

Thus, having wedded the Atlantic Ocean to the South Sea, I returned to England, and found Wauwau precisely in the very spot whence she had set out, after having led us a chase all round the world.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE BARON GOES TO PETERSBURG AND CONVERSES WITH THE EMPRESS—PERSUADES THE RUSSIANS AND TURKS TO CEASE CUTTING ONE ANOTHER'S THROATS, AND IN CONCERT CUT A CANAL ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ—THE BARON DISCOVERS THE ALEXANDRINE LIBRARY, AND MEETS WITH HERMES TRISMEGISTUS—BESIEGES SERINGAPATAM, AND CHALLENGES TIPPOO SAIB TO SINGLE COMBAT—THEY FIGHT—THE BARON RECEIVES SOME WOUNDS ON HIS FACE, BUT AT LENGTH VANQUISHES THE TYRANT—THE BARON RETURNS TO EUROPE, AND RAISES THE HULL OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE."

SEIZED with a fury of canal cutting, I took it in my head to form an immediate communication between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and therefore set out for Petersburg.

The sanguinary ambition of the Empress would not listen to my proposals, until I took a private opportunity, taking a cup of coffee with her majesty, to tell her that I would absolutely sacrifice myself for the general good of mankind, and if she would accede to my proposals, would, on the completion of the canal, *ipso facto*, give her my hand in marriage.

"My dear, dear Baron," said she, "I accede to everything you please, and agree to make peace with the Porte on the conditions you mention. And," added she, rising with all the majesty of the Czarina, Empress of half the world, "be it known to all subjects, that we ordain these conditions, for such is our royal will and pleasure."

I now proceeded to the Isthmus of Suez, at the head of a million of Russian pioneers, and there united my forces with a million of Turks, armed with shovels and pickaxes. They did not come to cut each other's throats but for their mutual interest, to facilitate commerce and civilization, and pour all the wealth of India by a new channel into Europe. "My brave fellows," said I, "consider the immense labor of the Chinese to build their celebrated wall; think of what superior benefit to mankind is our present undertaking; persevere, and fortune will second your endeavors. Remember it is Munchausen who leads you on, and be convinced of success."

Saying these words, I drove my chariot with all my might in my former track,

that vestige mentioned by the Baron de Tott, and when I was advanced considerably, I felt my chariot sinking under me. I attempted to drive on, but the ground, or rather immense vault, giving way, my chariot and all went down precipitately. Stunned by the fall, I was some moments before I could recollect myself, when at length, to my amazement, I perceived myself fallen into the Alexandrine Library, overwhelmed in an ocean of books; thousands of volumes came tumbling on my head amidst the ruins of that part of the vault through which my chariot had descended, and for a time buried my bulls, and all beneath a heap of learning. However, I contrived to extricate myself, and advanced with awful admiration through the vast avenues of the library. I perceived on every side innumerable volumes and repositories of ancient learning, and all the science of the Antediluvian world. Here I met with Hermes Trismegistus, and a parcel of old philosophers debating upon the politics and learning of their days. I gave them inexpressible delight in telling them, in a few words, all the discoveries of Newton, and the history of the world since their time. These gentry, on the contrary, told me a thousand stories of antiquity that some of our antiquarians would give their very eyes to hear.

In short, I ordered the library to be preserved, and I intend making a present of it, as soon as it arrives in England, to the Royal Society, together with Hermes Trismegistus, and half a dozen old philosophers. I have got a beautiful cage made; in which I keep these extraordinary creatures, and feed them with bread and honey, as they seem to believe in a kind of doctrine of transmigration, and will not touch flesh. Hermes Trismegistus especially is a most antique-looking being, with a beard half a yard long, covered with a robe of golden embroidery, and prates like a parrot. He will cut a very brilliant figure in the Museum.

Having made a track with my chariot from sea to sea, I ordered my Turks and Russians to begin, and in a few hours we had the pleasure of seeing a fleet of British East Indiamen in full sail through the canal. The officers of this fleet were very polite, and paid me every applause and congratulation my exploits could merit. They told me of their affairs in India, and the ferocity of that dreadful warrior,

Tippoo Saib, on which I resolved to go to India and encounter the tyrant. I travelled down the Red Sea to Madras, and at the head of a few Sepoys and Europeans pursued the flying army of Tippoo to the gates of Seringapatam. I challenged him to mortal combat, and, mounted on my steed, rode up to the walls of the fortress amidst a storm of shells and cannon-balls. As fast as the bombs and cannon-balls came upon me, I caught them in my hands like so many pebbles, and throwing them against the fortress demolished the strongest ramparts of the place; I took my mark so direct that whenever I aimed a cannon-ball or a shell at any person on the ramparts I was sure to hit him: and one time perceiving a tremendous piece of artillery pointed against me, and knowing the ball must be so great it would certainly stun me, I took a small cannon-ball, and just as I perceived the engineer going to order them to fire, and opening his mouth to give the word of command, I took aim, and drove my ball precisely down his throat.

Tippoo, fearing that all would be lost, that a general and successful storm would ensue if I continued to batter the place, came forth upon his elephant to fight me; I saluted him, and insisted he should fire first.

Tippoo, though a barbarian, was not deficient in politeness, and declined the compliment; upon which I took off my hat, and bowing, told him it was an advantage Munchausen should never be said to accept from so gallant a warrior: on which Tippoo instantly discharged his carbine, the ball from which, hitting my horse's ear, made him plunge with rage and indignation. In return I discharged my pistol at Tippoo, and shot off his turban. He had a small field-piece mounted with him on his elephant, which he then discharged at me, and the grape-shot coming in a shower, rattled in the laurels that covered and shaded me all over, and remained pendant like berries on the branches. I then advancing took the proboscis of his elephant, and turning it against the rider, struck him repeatedly with the extremity of it on either side of the head, until I at length dismounted him. Nothing could equal the rage of the barbarian finding himself thrown from his elephant. He rose in a fit of despair, and rushed against my steed and myself;

but I scorned to fight him at so great a disadvantage on his side, and directly dismounted to fight him hand to hand. Never did I fight with any man who bore himself more nobly than this adversary; he parried my blows, and dealt home his own in return with astonishing precision. The first blow of his sabre I received upon the bridge of my nose, and but for the bony firmness of that part of my face, it would have descended to my mouth. I shall bear the mark upon my nose.

He next made a furious blow at my head, but I, parrying, deadened the force of his sabre, so that I received but one scar on my forehead, and at the same instant, by a blow of my sword, cut off his arm, and his hand and sabre fell to the earth; he tottered for some paces, and dropped at the foot of his elephant. That sagacious animal, seeing the danger of his master, endeavored to protect him by flourishing his proboscis round the head of the Sultan.

Fearless I advanced against the elephant, desirous to take alive the haughty Tippoo Saib: but he drew a pistol from his belt, and discharged it full in my face as I rushed upon him, which did me no further harm than wound my cheek-bone, which disfigures me somewhat under my left eye. I could not withstand the rage and impulse of that moment, and with one blow of my sword separated his head from his body.

I returned overland from India to Europe with admirable velocity, so that the account of Tippoo's defeat by me has not as yet arrived by the ordinary passage, nor can you expect to hear of it for a considerable time. I simply relate the encounter as it happened between the Sultan and me; and if there be any one who doubts the truth of what I say, he is an infidel, and I will fight him at any time and place, and with any weapon he pleases.

Hearing so many persons talk about raising the "Royal George," I began to take pity on that fine old ruin of British plank, and determined to have her up. I was sensible of the failure of the various means hitherto employed for the purpose, and therefore inclined to try a method different from any before attempted. I got an immense balloon, made of the toughest sail-cloth, and having descended in my diving-bell, and properly secured the

hull with enormous cables, I ascended to the surface, and fastened my cables to the balloon. Prodigious multitudes were assembled to behold the elevation of the "Royal George," and as soon as I began to fill my balloon with inflammable air the vessel evidently began to move: but when my balloon was completely filled, she carried up the "Royal George" with the greatest rapidity. The vessel appearing on the surface occasioned a universal shout of triumph from the millions assembled on the occasion. Still the balloon continued ascending, trailing the hull after like a lantern at the tail of a kite, and in a few minutes appeared floating among the clouds.

It was then the opinion of many philosophers that it would be more difficult to get her down than it had been to draw her up. But I convinced them to the contrary by taking my aim so exactly with a twelve-pounder, that I brought her down in an instant.

I considered, that if I should break the balloon with a cannon-ball while she remained with the vessel over the land, the fall would inevitably occasion the destruction of the hull, and which, in its fall, might crush some of the multitude: therefore I thought it safer to take my aim when the balloon was over the sea, and, pointing my twelve-pounder, drove the ball right through the balloon; on which the inflammable air rushed out with great force, and the "Royal George" descended like a falling star into the very spot from whence she had been taken. There she still remains, and I have convinced all Europe of the possibility of taking her up.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BARON MAKES A SPEECH TO THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, AND DRIVES OUT ALL THE MEMBERS—ROUTS THE FISHWOMEN AND THE NATIONAL GUARDS—PURSUES THE WHOLE ROUT INTO A CHURCH, WHERE HE DEFEATS THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, ETC., WITH ROUSSEAU, VOLTAIRE AND BEELZEBUB AT THEIR HEAD, AND LIBERATES MARIE ANTOINETTE AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

PASSING through Switzerland on my return from India, I was informed that several of the German nobility had been

deprived of the honors and immunities of their French estates. I heard of the sufferings of the amiable Marie Antoinette, and swore to avenge every look that had threatened her with insult. I went to the cavern of these Anthropophagi, assembled to debate, and gracefully putting the hilt of my sword to my lips—"I swear," cried I, "by the sacred cross of my sword, that if you do not instantly reinstate your king and his nobility, and your injured queen, I will cut the one-half of you to pieces."

On which the President, taking up a leaden inkstand, flung it at my head. I stooped to avoid the blow, and rushing to the tribunal seized the Speaker, who was fulminating against the Aristocrats, and taking the creature by one leg, flung him at the President. I laid about me most nobly, drove them all out of the house, and, locking the doors, put the key in my pocket.

I then went to the poor king, and making my obeisance to him—"Sire," said I, "your enemies have all fled. I alone am the National Assembly at present, and I shall register your edicts to recall the princes and the nobility; and in future, if your majesty pleases, I will be your President and Council." He thanked me, and the amiable Marie Antoinette, smiling, gave me her hand to kiss.

At that moment I perceived a party of the National Assembly, who had rallied with the National Guards, and a vast procession of fishwomen, advancing against me. I deposited their Majesties in a place of safety, and with my drawn sword advanced against my foes. Three hundred fishwomen, with bushes dressed with ribbons in their hands, came hallooing and roaring against me like so many furies; I scorned to defile my sword with their blood; but seized the first that came up, and making her kneel down I knighted her with my sword, which so terrified the rest that they all set up a frightful yell and ran away as fast as they could for fear of being aristocrated by knighthood.

As to the National Guards and the rest of the Assembly, I soon put them to flight; and having made prisoners of some of them, compelled them to take down their national, and put the old royal cockade in its place.

I then pursued the enemy to the top of a hill, where a most noble edifice dazzled

my sight; noble and sacred it was, but now converted to the vilest purposes, their monument *de grands hommes*, a Christian church that these Saracens had perverted into abomination. I burst open the doors, and entered sword in hand. Here I observed all the National Assembly marching round a great altar erected to Voltaire; there was his statue in triumph, and the fishwomen with garlands decking it, and singing "*Ça ira!*" I could bear the sight no longer: but rushed upon these pagans, and sacrificed them by dozens on the spot. The members of the Assembly, and the fishwomen, continued to invoke their great Voltaire, and all their masters in this monument *de grands hommes*, imploring them to come down and succor them against the Aristocrats and the sword of Munchausen. Their cries were horrible, like the shrieks of witches and enchanters versed in magic and the black art, while the thunder growled, and storms shook the battlements, and Rousseau, Voltaire, and Beelzebub appeared, three horrible spectres; one all meagre, mere skin and bone, and cadaverous, seemed death, that hideous skeleton: it was Voltaire, and in his hand were a lyre and a dagger. On the other side was Rousseau, with a chalice of sweet poison in his hand, and between them was their father Beelzebub.

I shuddered at the sight, and with all the enthusiasm of rage, horror, and piety, rushed in among them. I seized that cursed skeleton, Voltaire, and soon compelled him to renounce all the errors he had advanced; and while he spoke the words, as if by magic charm, the whole assembly shrieked, and their pandemonium began to tumble in hideous ruin on their heads.

I returned in triumph to the palace, where the Queen rushed into my arms, weeping tenderly. "Ah, thou flower of nobility," cried she, "were all the nobles of France like thee, we should never have been brought to this!"

I bade the lovely creature dry her eyes, and with the King and Dauphin ascend my carriage and drive post to Mont-Medi, as not an instant was to be lost. They took my advice and drove away. I conveyed them within a few miles of Mont-Medi, when the King, thanking me for my assistance, hoped I would not trouble myself any farther, as he was then, he pre-

sumed, out of danger; and the Queen also, with tears in her eyes, thanked me on her knees, and presented the Dauphin for my blessing. In short, I left the King eating a mutton-chop. I advised him not to delay, or he would certainly be taken, and setting spurs to my horse, wished them a good evening and returned to England. If the King remained too long at table, and was taken, it was not my fault.

END OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN.

DEACON DODD.

DEACON DODD once feelingly said,
About his Betsy, long since dead,
"If ever an angel loved a man,
That angel, sir, was Betsy Ann;
If I happened to scold her, she was so meek,
(Which the Deacon did seven times a week!)
She'd clap her apron up to her eye,
And never say nothin', but only cry."
But, ladies, p'rhaps you'd like to be told,
That Deacon Dodd, like other men,
Waited a year, and married again;
But he married a most inveterate scold.
And now 'tis the Deacon's turn to be meek,
As he gets well rasped from week to week!
But rather than "open his head" he'd
burst,—
He wishes the second was with the first!
But as she's as tough as a hickory limb,
No doubt she'll live to say of him,
"If ever a saint the footstool trod,
That man—that saint—was Deacon Dodd."

Country Love and City Life.

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY:

WITH OCCASIONAL QUESTIONS BY A
FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEARER.

AND so, smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day, George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George

Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple-tree. And he said, Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?"

"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"
 "The apple-tree."
 "Oh!"
 "And George came up and heard them talking about it—"
 "Heard who talking about it?"
 "Heard his father and the men."
 "What were they talking about?"
 "About this apple-tree."
 "What apple-tree?"
 "The favorite tree that George cut down."
 "George who?"
 "George Washington."
 "Oh!"
 "So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"
 "What did he cut it down for?"
 "Just to try his little hatchet."
 "Whose little hatchet?"
 "Why, his own, the one his father gave him."
 "Gave who?"
 "Why, George Washington."
 "Oh!"
 "So George came up and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—'"
 "Who couldn't tell a lie?"
 "Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"
 "His father couldn't?"
 "Why, no; George couldn't."
 "Oh! George? oh, yes!"
 "It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did—"
 "His father did?"
 "No, no; it was George said this."
 "Said he cut his father?"
 "No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."
 "George's apple-tree?"
 "No, no; his father's."
 "Oh!"
 "He said—"
 "His father said?"
 "No, no, no; George said. 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"
 "George did?"
 "No, his father said that."
 "Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"
 "No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than—"
 "Said he'd rather George would?"
 "No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

A QUEER POET.

A WRITER in *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, speaking of the poet Milnes, says: "Many, many stories are told of his peculiarities, among which is an occasional indulgence in a childish affectation, which would almost amount to imbecility, if it were not assumed. I remember two instances, which, both happening on the same evening, raised a good laugh at his expense. The first of these *niaiseries* consisted in entering the room, in which a large party was gathered beneath the hospitable roof of Mrs. Basil Montague, accoutred in his court dress, with sword, and all the other 'fixin's,' as the Yankees would say, of that absurd and pretentious uniform. Observing two very charming ladies, with whom he had not the slightest acquaintance, seated on a couch at one end of the room, engaged evidently in a *tête-à-tête*, 'the member for Parnassus,' as Daniel O'Connell once scornfully termed him in the House of Commons, advanced to where they were seated, and adjusting his sword, he knelt midway between them, listened blandly to their conversation, first turning to one and then to the other, and joining in as a sort of Greek chorus on a diminutive scale. Mrs. Basil Montague, with whom Milnes was an especial favorite, saw the peril of her pet, and rushed to his rescue.

"My dear lady Dash, and my dear lady Dish" (we think it necessary to add that these are not the real names of the "fair astonished," there being no such titles in Debrett's Peerage,) "don't be alarmed. This is my young *protégé*," (Mrs. Mon-

tague was old enough to be Milnes's grandmother), "Mr. Monckton Milnes. He won't hurt you; but he is always doing the most absurd things in the world. But he is a dear fellow and writes the sweetest verses in the world. Pray send your album to him." Milnes took advantage of this little diversion in his favor, and rose to his feet, to be introduced to the hitherto astonished ladies. Sydney Smith, the great clerical wit, who was seated at a little distance, and had seen and heard all, observed to Leigh Hunt, with whom he was then engaged in conversation, "Well, my dear Hunt, I have often *heard* of the *cool* of the evening, but have never *seen* it till now; and it is a great deal *cooler* than I had imagined."

The second *niaiserie* of the member for Pontefract and Parnassus, on this special evening, happened only some half-hour afterwards, when, advancing to the great clerical wit, he said,

"My dear *Sydney*, I promised the Archbishop of Canterbury to drop in at Mrs. Howley's reception to-night. If you are going, we may as well go together."

"I am not invited," replied Sydney Smith; "but I will give you a word of advice. I am very much flattered at your addressing me as Sydney; but, for heaven's sake, don't call the Primate of all England 'Billy;' he might not like it."

Our readers must bear in mind that the private name of the Archbishop of Canterbury was "William Howley," and that he was about eighty years old.

A MUSICAL DUEL.

THE following story is told of Mozart at the time when he was a pupil of Haydn: Haydn had challenged Mozart to compose a piece of music which he could not play at sight. Mozart accepted the banter, and a champagne supper was to be the forfeit. Everything being arranged between the two composers, Mozart took his pen and a sheet of paper, and in five minutes dashed off a piece of music, and, much to the surprise of Haydn, handed it to him, saying, "There is a piece of music which you cannot play, and I can; you are to give the first trial."

Haydn smiled contemptuously at the visionary presumption of his pupil, and placing the notes before him, struck the keys of the instrument. Surprised at its simplicity he dashed away till he reached the middle of the piece, when, stopping all at once he exclaimed, "How's this, Mozart? How's this? Here my hands are stretched out to both ends of the piano, yet there is a middle key to be touched. Nobody can play such music,—not even the composer himself." Mozart smiled at the half-excited indignation and perplexity of the great master, and taking the seat he had quitted, struck the instrument with such an air of self-assurance that Haydn began to think himself duped. Running along the simple passages, he came to that part which his teacher had pronounced impossible to be played. Mozart, it must be remarked, was favored, or at least endowed, with an extremely long nose. Reaching the difficult passage, he stretched both hands to the extreme long ends of the piano, and, leaning forward, bobbed his nose against the middle key which nobody could play. Haydn burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, and after acknowledging he was beaten, he declared that Nature had endowed Mozart with a capacity for music which he had never discovered.

A SEASONABLE PHILANTHROPIST.

What does he do when sidewalks glare,
And every brick seems but a snare
To catch the passer unaware?
He spreads his ashes.

And when down town we creeping go,
And trembling tread a tottering row,
With honest features all aglow,
He spreads his ashes.

Long may he live, that man of soul!
Filled be his bin with red hot coal,
Till halos crown his saintly poll
Who spreads his ashes.

And when he leaves this world of slides,
And with grim death serenely glides,
May this be heard, and naught besides—
"Peace to his ashes."

RIP VAN WINKLE.

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH
KNICKERBOCKER.

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylike day in which I creep into
My sepulchre.—CARTWRIGHT.

[WASHINGTON IRVING, one of the most distinguished of modern authors, and one of the earliest to shed lustre upon American letters, was born in New York city, April 3, 1783. His earliest literary productions were a number of letters on dramatic and social topics, contributed to *The Morning Chronicle*, under the nom de plume of "Jonathan Oldstyle." After some time devoted to the study of law he travelled in Europe for the benefit of his health. Returning in 1806, after an absence of two years, he was admitted to the bar. The following year he began, in fellowship with his brother William, and James K. Paulding, the publication of a semi-monthly magazine, now famous as the *Salmagundi*, or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others. In 1809 was published *The History of New York*, by Diedrich Knickerbocker. Having no inclination for law, Mr. Irving engaged in commerce with his brother as a silent partner, but gave his time to literature. In 1815 he revisited England, and established a friendship with Campbell and Walter Scott. While there the failure of his commercial house obliged him to employ his pen as a livelihood. The *Sketch Book*, portions of which had appeared in New York, was offered to Murray and to Constable, but was declined by both those publishers. Subsequently Murray took it at £200, which sum he afterwards increased to £400. It was originally published in 1820. The author was now famous at home and abroad; and when *Bracebridge Hall* was ready (in 1822), Mr. Murray offered 1000 guineas for the copyright without having seen the MS. For the *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* (1829), he gave £2000, and for the *History of the Life and Voyage of Christopher Columbus* (1831), 3000 guineas. *Tales of a Traveller*, by Geoffrey Crayon, appeared in 1824; and *The Alhambra*, in 1832. In 1829 Mr. Irving accepted the post of Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy at London. In 1830 he was honored with one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals ordered by George IV., to be presented to the two authors adjudged to have attained the highest excellence in historical composition; and the following year he received from the University of Oxford the degree of LL.D. Arriving at New York, May 21st, 1832, after an absence of seventeen years, he met a reception which Edward Everett pronounced "the fairest triumph that has yet been accorded to literary desert in the New World." His subsequent publications were a *Tour on the Prairies* (1835); *Recollections of Abbotford and Newstead Abbey*; *Legends of the Conquest of Spain*; *Astoria* (1836); *Adventures of Capt. Bonneville*,

U. S. A. (1837); a number of *Tales and Sketches* under the title of *Wolfert's Roost* (1855); *Biography and Posthumous Remains of Margaret Miller Davidson* (1841); *Oliver Goldsmith* (1849); *Mahomet and his Successors* (1849-50); *The Life of George Washington* (1855-6).

Edward Everett, advising the young aspirant after literary distinction, says: "If he wishes to study a style which possesses the characteristic beauties of Addison, its ease, simplicity, and elegance, with greater accuracy, point and spirit, let him give his days and nights to the volumes of Irving."

From 1842 to 1846, Mr. Irving was United States Minister to Spain. Returning home in the latter year, he spent the remaining years of his honored life in his charming retreat "Sunnyside," near Tarrytown, N. Y., on the banks of the Hudson, where he died Nov. 28, 1859. He never married.]

WHOEVER has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains; and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which to tell the precise

truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbor, and an obedient hespecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their play-things, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder, for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and

up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences. The women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact he declared it was no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilential little piece of ground in the whole country; every thing about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than any where else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son, Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy; eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family.

Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and every thing he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one

way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle, as years of matrimony rolled on: a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions which sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands, from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun, and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When any thing that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his meretricious wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage, and call the members all to nought; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair, and his only alternative to escape from the labor of the farm and the clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand, and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind, on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-

echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far, below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village; and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing. "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air; "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him: he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach, he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of

breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulders a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which, impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky, and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe, and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings,

and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip, was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such a fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees, Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the wo-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—

"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel; and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs, to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The

morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture, induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered: it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—every thing was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but a day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog, that looked like Wolf, was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind

cut indeed.—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me."

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe, but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke, instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—election—members of Congress—liberty—Bunker's hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long

grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot, with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat." Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm a-kimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"

"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"a tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking. The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tomb-stone in the church-yard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was

killed at the storming of Stony-Point—others say he was drowned in the squall, at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the school-master?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away, at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony-Point!—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows," exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else, got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and every thing's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief; at the very suggestion of which, the self-important man with the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you."

The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New-England pedlar.

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself. Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbor-

hood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine-pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced a hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench, at the inn door, and was revered as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of

states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily, that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was doubtless owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood, but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it credit. Even to this day, they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine-pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE.

The foregoing tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart* and the Kypphauser mountain; the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of

which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt."

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

(FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE
LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER.)

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.
—Castle of Indolence.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappaan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburg, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given it, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about three miles, there is a little valley or rather lap of land among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a wood-pecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my

first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendant from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions, and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the night-mare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of

night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the ruins of a church that is at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege, that the body of the trooper having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head, and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable, that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners and customs, remain fixed, while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water, which border a stream, where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a

worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane, who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out;—an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eelpot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupil's voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard of a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, that ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "spare the rod and spoil the child."—

Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, it behoved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time, thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the cost of schooling a grievous burthen, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dig-

nity and absolute sway, with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilome so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation, and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little make-shifts, in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of head-work, to have a wonderful easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more

bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's *History of New England Witchcraft*, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spell-bound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination; the moan of the whip-poor-will¹ from the hill side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl; or the sudden rustling in the thicket, of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his

¹ The whip-poor-will is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.

nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and sputtering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts, and goblins, and haunted fields and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges and haunted houses, and particularly, of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show its face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path, amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which like a sheeted spectre beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind, that walk in darkness: and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet day-light put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of

the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man, than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together; and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time, and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes, more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. Heseldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within these, everything was snug, happy, and well conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that babbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the

treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings or buried in their bosoms, and others, swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek, unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens, from whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, conveying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea-fowls fretting about it like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish, discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman; clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting pig running about, with a pudding in its belly, and an apple in its mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey, but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savoury sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadowlands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened

with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee—or the Lord knows where!

When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers. The low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wonderful Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion, and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool, ready to be spun; in another, a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar, gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; andirons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conch shells decorated the mantelpiece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it; a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver, and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had any thing but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant to the castle-keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie, and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were for ever presenting new difficulties and impediments, and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

Among these, the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cockfights, and with the ascendancy which bodily strength always acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone that admitted of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and with all his overbearing roughness, there was a

strong dash of waggish good-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions of his own stamp, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farm-houses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks, and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparkling," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk!—he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival, would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had any thing to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and like a reasonable man, and an excellent father, let her have her way in every thing. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage the poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus, while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for a man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He that wins a thousand common hearts, is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined: his horse was no longer seen tied at the paling on Sunday nights, and a

deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to an open warfare, and settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him; he had overheard the boast of Bones, that he would “double the schoolmaster up, and put him on a shelf;” and he was too wary to give him the opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing-school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned every thing topsy-turvy; so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's, to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way, matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situations of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool from whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling

act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making, or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble, skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside, without being put away on the shelves; ink-stands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time; bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his looks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and thus gallantly mounted, issued forth like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost every thing but

his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wheel hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day; the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory-nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud queru-

lous note, and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light blue coat and white under clothes, screaming and chattering, nodding, and bobbing, and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast stores of apples, some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies: and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slap-jacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappaan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was

loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in home-spun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk, withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pin-cushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine riband, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovations. The sons, in short square-skirted coats, with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eelskin for the purpose, it being esteemed throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favourite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty dough-nut, the tender oly-koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies, and peach pies, and pumpkin pies; besides slices of

ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss the banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer, and whose spirits rose with eating, as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped away on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about

the room, you would have thought St. Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window; gazing with delight at the scene; rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with Old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kind of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of Whiteplains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small-sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales

of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered, long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot, by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood: so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and it is said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the church yard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent, whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity, beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of

the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the day-time; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed, that on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing-Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sunk deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some

of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter, until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-a-tête with the heiress; fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no great interval, with an air quite desolate and chapfallen—Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourtously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crestfallen, pursued his travel homewards along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him the Tappaan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him,

but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night drew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by, and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights, and doleful lamentations, told concerning it.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle; he thought his whistle was answered: it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree: he paused, and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered, and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree, a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's Swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered

the wood, a group of oaks and chesnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge, was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chesnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school-boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder-bushes. The school-master now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of

alarm put itself in motion, and with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinaacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless! but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of his saddle! His terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away, then, they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about

a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story; and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by claspings old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer.

For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears: the goblin was hard on his haunches; and, (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the tree now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones' ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprung upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side, and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone.

Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces.

In one part of the road leading to the church, was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes full of dog's ears; and a broken pitch-pipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New-England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted, by several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who, from that time forward, determined to send his children no more to school; observing, that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were

collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion, that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him; the school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time; had been admitted to the bar; turned politician; electioneered; written for the newspapers; and finally, had been made a Justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones, too, who, shortly after his rival's disappearance, conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day, that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe; and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond.

The school-house being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the plough-boy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has

often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

END OF THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW.

A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

ONCE upon a time an aspiring author presented to M. Monvel, the famous comic actor, a manuscript tied with red tape, and begged him to give an impartial opinion of the production. The comedian promised to do so, and the young man—the comedian thought him very young—waited for six months and more before he inquired as to his friend's verdict. At length he put the solemn question, "Was the piece adapted for the stage?" The comedian promised to let him know in a day or two, so three more weeks went by. Then again the author importuned the actor and begged him not to defer his hopes any longer. "Well, then," said the actor, "the fact is your play is decidedly clever, I may say particularly clever, but it is not quite the thing for the stage; the scenes, the acting, the development of the plot, the tag, in fact it requires adapting to the stage before it could be possibly produced. I must decline it; unwillingly, of course, but still—" The young author interrupted him: "Will you be kind enough to point out a fault?" The actor was confused; he toyed with the manuscript, still criticising its defects; the author seized it from him, untied the tape, unrolled the paper, and with a laugh showed him that the whole was blank! The comedian had never untied the packet.

A DISTINCTION.—An eminent judge used to say that, in his opinion, the very best thing ever said by a witness to a counsel, was the reply given to Missing, the barrister, at the time leader of his circuit. He was defending a prisoner charged with stealing a donkey. The prosecutor had left the animal tied up to a gate, and when he returned it was gone. Missing was very severe in his examination of the witness. "Do you mean to say witness, the donkey was stolen from that gate?" "I mean to say, sir," giving the judge and then the jury a sly look, "the ass was Missing."

BEN BLOCK.

BEN BLOCK was a vet'ran of naval renown,
And renown was his only reward ;
For the Board still neglected his merits to crown,

As no int'rest he held with my lord.
Yet brave as old Benbow was sturdy Old Ben,

And he'd laugh at the cannon's loud roar ;

When the death-dealing broadside made worms' meat of men,

And the scuppers were streaming with gore.

Nor could a lieutenant's poor stipend provoke

The staunch tar to despise scanty prog ;
For a biscuit he'd crack, turn his quid, crack his joke,

And drown care in a jorum of grog.
Thus, year after year, in a subaltern state,
Poor Ben for his king fought and bled ;
Till time had unroof'd all the thatch from his pate,

And the hair from his temples had fled.

When, on humbly saluting, with sinciput bare,

A First Lord of the Admiralty once ;
Says his lordship, "Lieutenant, you've lost all your hair,

Since I last had a peep at your sconce."
"Why, my lord," replied Ben, "it with truth may be said,

While a bald pate I long have stood under,

There have so many captains walked over my head,

That to see me quite scalp'd 't were no wonder."

THOMAS DIBDIN, 1771-1814.

MR. MCKENZIE ON THE TARIFF COMMISSION.

[Among the humorists at the bar and in public life, for which Kentucky has become notable, James A. McKenzie, Representative in Congress from 1877 to 1883, from the Second District, is to be reckoned. Born in Christian County in 1840, Mr. McKenzie received a common school education, read law, and soon after being admitted to the bar was elected to the Kentucky Legis-

lature. A farmer by occupation, rather than a politician, he has declined again to be a candidate for Congress, although his few speeches in that body, marked by broad humor, argumentative force, and great powers of satire, have given him much reputation, in spite of the fact that he has been one of the most modest and unobtrusive members of the House.]

[Extract from Mr. McKenzie's speech on the proposed Tariff Commission, in the House of Representatives, April 20th, 1882.]

MR. CHAIRMAN, it is possible to appreciate, but it is not possible to express the embarrassment under which I labor on this occasion. At the close of the debate, and after so many exhaustive speeches upon the subject, I do not expect to say anything either new or novel. The ground has been thoroughly trodden over. The reapers of Boaz have so thoroughly gathered and garnered the field that there is nothing left behind them for a modest and unpretentious Ruth like myself to glean. I am, then, only going to indulge perhaps in some of the hackneyed phrases which have been worn threadbare in this discussion. I do not think the facts can be too often stated, I do not think that even the scrolls of the heavens could contain the enormities, the outrages, and absurd iniquities of this tariff system.

This tariff discussion has been conducted at such great length that I doubt not the outside world is beginning to conclude that Congressmen "think they are under a sacramental obligation to exhaust every subject with a prolixity which scorns consideration of the preciousness of time and brevity of human life." Yet, notwithstanding the great length to which this discussion has been extended, I shall ask the indulgence of the committee while I state as briefly as possible some of my objections to the bill, and discuss in a general way the subject to which it relates.

I pause here and ask any friend of this bill, any friend of protection, any friend of the existing tariff, if in any of the papers on file in this House the name of a single farmer appears as demanding or urging the passage of the bill. We have without number the petitions of the manufacturing interests of every section signed, I doubt not, by their own employees, whose bread and meat and the shelter over the heads of whose families depend upon the dictum of their em-

ployers. I have no doubt we have cart-loads of such petitions on file here; but I ask gentlemen who are pleading for the passage of the bill to answer if the name of a single producer of the great cereals of America is on file in favor of its passage?

Railroads, doubtless, petition for it; banks petition for it; the cotton manufacturers petition for it; the spinners of wool petition for it; manufacturers of Bessemer steel petition for it; the manufacturers of iron petition for it; and I ask you, gentlemen on the other side, who are presumed to be the especial champions of this bill, if in all the annals of the literature of petition on this subject the name of a single American farmer appears? They are satisfied that they have been made for years the victims of this odious system of protection; and every paper on file asking for relief to the muscle that toils in the corn and tobacco fields of this great country asks for relief from the invidious, proscriptive, infamous system that discriminates against their labor and in favor of the capital and the protected industries of the land. There is not much poetry in this sort of statement, gentlemen, but it is God's eternal truth.

I now come to the consideration of a question which I approach with many misgivings. I do not want to say anything unkind; it is not in my nature. I have served here a long time, and I appeal to gentlemen on both sides of the House if I have not been uniformly courteous and considerate of their feelings. But I am going to discuss a question which has somewhat of personality in it. I trust I shall be able to deal with it with that degree of deftness which will leave no sting behind. I come to contemplate the Committee on Ways and Means, and I pause in order to allow the average Congressional mind to grasp the vastness of this subject.

Now I desire to ask why has not the Committee on Ways and Means, that mighty body which is the *arbiter elegantiarum* of this House, and which controls absolutely its economic destinies, why has not this committee revised the tariff? Is it possible that they are willing to confess in the face of Heaven and men that they are incapable of grappling with the grand questions which are referred to them by this House? I am not disposed, gentlemen, to entertain as poor an opinion of

that committee as they seem by their acts to entertain of themselves, and, God knows, modesty is not the weakness of the average American Congressman.

If I were to refer to the Congressional Directory, the finest repository of suppressed vanity that God Almighty ever permitted, I could satisfy you that divine wisdom never permitted a book to emanate from the American press, which contained as much modest assumption. Suppose I were to entertain the House upon the theory that this bill is a confession of weakness, that it is a confession that the Committee on Ways and Means of this House are not equal, intellectually, to the great task of grappling with the subject of the tariff, and I submit to every member upon this floor, in common fairness and justice, if the bill does not show that to be the fact? Suppose, following out that idea, I were to refer to the biographical sketches so kindly furnished to Mr. Ben. Perley Poore by these gentlemen themselves; suppose I were to trace out the intellectual estimates placed upon themselves by these gentlemen—and I presume they wrote the biographies themselves. But I will not do it, because I have not now time. Still I invite the attention of the House and the country to the modest, shrinking, girlish estimate placed upon themselves by these God-fearing men.

I had begun to think, Mr. Chairman, that I had manifested a spirit of modesty myself, a sort of shrinking nature upon the floor of the House; but when I came to read these sketches by the members of the Committee on Ways and Means published in the Congressional Directory, I felt that I had been bold, self-assuming, and presumptuous, and was no longer entitled to believe myself a modest man. I invite attention to them; no more interesting reading exists in the annals of literature since the *Canterbury Tales* were written. Look at the ages of these men. They are no spring chickens. They are about as thoroughly matured a set of individuals as I have ever encountered in this House. I thought I had the whole matter before me here, unless some of them have been too modest to insert it in the Record; but I will not take up the time of the committee now by reading them; still, if gentlemen choose to look they will find here about as interesting

reading as they ever came across, and they will see that the compiler of this Directory has succeeded in getting their ages, I suppose after the fashion of the census officers, who, when they found an old maid who declined to give her age, declared that they would set her down at eighty years, by which they generally managed to get a response.

As the Representative of 180,000 people on this floor, I demand of these gentlemen who support this bill that they inform this House what necessity exists for making the Executive the autocrat of the legislative department? We have had a good deal of experience in this commission business. In the Forty-fourth Congress we created a commission that did not turn out in a very satisfactory sort of way. It succeeded in foisting upon the American people as the President of the United States, a man who had as much moral right to the office as I have to a quarter section of land in the moon; and by the way, it was an administration that will go down in history remarkable for but two things, weak vetoes and cold water at state dinners. I will ask the untamed patriots on the Republican side of the House what is the necessity of placing in the hands of an accidental President the power to create the commission? Why not create it ourselves? Have you no confidence in your fellow-members? I have, on this side of the aisle.

Will not your constituents, and I use the pronoun "your" when I refer to the members who will vote for this enormity—will not your constituents say to you when you shall have enacted this bill into law by your votes, that you have confessed your weakness, confessed your inability to deal with the great economic questions presented for your consideration? Will they not say you have degraded the legislative department of the government by avoiding the duties which they impose upon you?

Do you intend to adopt it upon the idea that these people know immeasurably more about the true theory of revenue and protection than we do? An angel direct from Heaven could not make a revelation in regard to the general literature of protection that would illuminate some members on that side of the House. Are you going to admit the conclusions of these people; are you going to admit that

their conclusions are wiser than any that could possibly be arrived at by the nearly four hundred representatives sent here by the people to look after their interests? Whence their superiority? They ought to go home and run for Congress. If these people are so much our intellectual and moral superiors, if they are able to deal with these questions, divesting themselves of all partisan prejudices, if they are able to deal with them in a spirit of fairness, justice, and liberality toward every section, then why in the name of all that is wonderful do not the American people recognize their superior abilities and send them here to Congress in place of this Committee on Ways and Means, that solemnly and gravely admits, in the face of God and man that they have not the ability to tackle this question? I feel sorry for that committee; I think of it in the night-watches. It excites the commiseration of a heart naturally tender, when I awake at night and think that the American people are here through their representatives with a Committee on Ways and Means that comes before the House and blubberingly says, "We cannot tackle this thing ourselves, but we have got a gang of fellows outside that are able to do it at \$10 per day and found."

I want to ask you another question on the subject of Iron (and that is where the iron enters into my soul); on the subject of iron will the consumers or manufacturers be heard or heeded before this august tribunal of nine? On the subject of woolen goods will the ragged and suffering poor that pay the enormous duty on the wool and the manufactured products that constitute their miserable squalid covering have an audience? Will ear be given to the complaints of the lowly, the stricken, the oppressed, and an effort made to relieve their grievances? Or will these *doctrinaires* be wined and dined by the manufacturing and protected interests, and listen to appeals whereby the thumb-screws of taxation and protection can be so applied as to wring an additional penny from the unwilling hand of penury and want? Will the shivering, ague-stricken people of our malarial bottoms be listened to in their cry for untaxed medicinal herbs, or will the quinine kings of Philadelphia and New York be heard in their efforts to restore a tax on quinine which, if ever enacted, should be styled

"An act for the promotion of malarial fever?"

These are questions, as Lord Byron said, at once answerless and yet incessant; they appeal to our sense of justice and to all the finer, higher, and nobler instincts and impulses of our better natures.

Little as you may think it, gentlemen, Republicans are not wholly depraved. I say this in the interest of humanity, I say this for the general credit of our common country. It is an admission not extorted from me, but voluntarily made because I realize it, and I ask them, notwithstanding the great burden of sin and iniquity that hangs upon them like a cloud, and notwithstanding the great dust and smoke that obscure the few good actions they have done, I ask them in the name of the shivering people of our malarial bottoms, I ask them in the interest of the half-starved and half-naked people of the whole country, if they are willing to perpetuate a system of mere party supremacy that works so great ill and injustice to that class of our people that needs the protection of your laws.

Pay attention to this. Here is an incongruity which possibly has not occurred to the occult mind of the average tariff investigator. I invite the attention of both sides to one of the greatest economic curiosities presented in this great national museum which we have been for two weeks parading before the American people. Under the general law now in force on the subject, the Holy Scriptures, printed in our mother-tongue, are forbidden to enter the ports of the country without the payment of a duty, and yet during the last Congress the Committee on Ways and Means—this committee for which I have such unbounded respect, and which in the face of their protestation I have endeavored to defend—through their agent, Mr. Tucker, of Virginia, reported, and this House passed a bill to place Bibles printed in the Chinese language upon the free list.

Now, think of this; it will grow on you the more you think about it. Thus while we are enacting a law to prohibit the Chinamen from coming to this country, we are at the same time legislating to give Chinese Bibles an advantage over King James's version and the new translation.

Mr. Chairman, with all your sense of

fairness, which I am quite ready to concede, I appeal to you as the organ of this committee, if a more laughable absurdity, incongruity, and injustice in the interest of morals, and the reformation of the American people ever was presented than the fact that after we prevent the Chinaman through the aid of my friend from California [Mr. Page] and his *confrères* from coming to this country, we admit the Bible printed in his language, which no man born of American parentage ever did or ever will understand, at the same time imposing a duty of twenty-five per cent. on King James's translation, which has sent all our ancestors to Heaven.

God knows if ever there was a time in the history of the American people when free Bibles were needed it is to-day. Just look on that side of the House. I ask any moral reformer, I appeal to Moody and Sankey, I appeal to all the evangelists now living, in the name of mercy to come and exercise their best endeavors just beyond that aisle. I am willing for the attempt to be made to convert these bold, bad people, notwithstanding I realize the fact that it will be an enormous strain upon the general plan of salvation.

A CONSCIENTIOUS EPITAPH.

How beautiful, how noble is the poet's art when used to sooth the mourning heart! One of the sweetest and tenderest specimens of elegiac verse has been composed by an English gentleman who accidentally got the remains of four wives somewhat mixed during their removal to a new burial ground. He was determined, was Mr. Sparks, that there should be no mistake as to the various Mrs. Sparkses' last abode; and accordingly calmed his wounded spirit and displayed strict truthfulness by the composition of the following beautiful inscription: "Here lies Jane (and probably part of Susan) Sparks." "Sacred to the memory of Maria (to say nothing of Jane and Hannah) Sparks."

"Stranger, pause and drop a tear.
For Susan Sparks lies buried here;
Mingled in some perplexing manner,
With Jane, Maria and portions of Hannah."

INFLEXIBILITY; OR HOW SOME WOMEN MANAGE.¹

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE: *Berkeley Square. Lady Mary Leslie's Boudoir.*

PERSONS: LADY MARY and THE HONORABLE MRS. LESLIE.

Mrs. Leslie. I'll not go; that's positive-sure. Lady Mary, you won't let Mr. Leslie drag you down to that horrible old place; just to humour the unreasonable whims of our honoured papa and mamma-in-law, by keeping Christmas with them, and the bats and owls, and old family portraits, (monsters! how I hate the sight of them!) instead of joining the select of Beau-Vallon, where you know we have half engaged ourselves to take part in the private theatricals, and half promised for our sposi.

Lady Mary. Yes; without their knowing anything of the matter, poor dear souls!

Mrs. Leslie. That does not signify. I've told Colonel Leslie, he *must* put off the old people; and he *must* go with me to Beau-Vallon; so that point's settled;—you have only to be as determined with his brother, and when we once get them down, they can't refuse to take the characters cast for them. Mr. Leslie will make a capital Jaffier, and my 'honest man' (he always puts me in mind of Lord G.), will do well enough for one of the Senators.

Lady Mary. Upon my word, you've arranged it all admirably, ma petite sœur! But has Colonel Leslie actually given up the point of going down to Hendon Castle!

Mrs. Leslie. Oh, as good as given it up! though not without some prosing, about duty and affection, and Lord and Lady Hendon's disappointment, and old family customs, and all that. But he knows it's no use to persevere, when I'm determined.—I wish you had half my spirit.

Lady Mary. Perhaps it would not succeed quite so well with my 'Glove

Omnipotente,' as a certain degree of delicate management, which stands me in good stead, par fois. A besieged fortress is not always taken by storm, you know. There are such ways and means as sapping and mining.

Mrs. Leslie. Why, you've been studying Vauban! But just as you please; manage it your own way; only—manage it.

Lady Mary. That is precisely what I mean to do; and to tell you the truth (*à l'oreille*), my theatrical wardrobe is already packed up.

Mrs. Leslie. Well done, conjugal submission! Mine is not yet ordered; but I'll not lose a minute, and I shall take down a senator's dress for Colonel Leslie; you'd better settle about Jaffier's. *Au revoir.* [*Exit.*]

Lady Mary. *Au revoir, ma petite sœur!* Every one works in her own way.

Enter the Honourable Mr. Leslie, in great indignation.

Mr. Leslie. Upon my soul, it's too bad! My brother's a fool!—an absolute fool. By heaven! if I had such a wife—Lady Mary! of course, your arrangements are all made for Sunday. I won't start a minute later than ten o'clock, remember—you know we must be at Hendon at half-past five the next day,—for I make it a point, never to infringe on any of Lord Hendon's good old-fashioned rules and customs, and he keeps to his six o'clock dinner hour.

Lady Mary. Rather horrid, to be sure; but you know I have no will but yours, love! I suppose, Colonel and Mrs. Leslie will be equally punctual?

Mr. Leslie. Colonel Leslie's a fool, and his wife.—My brother really makes himself too contemptible. That virago of a woman leads him like a puppy-dog in a string. Would you believe it? they are actually sending down excuses to Lord and Lady Hendon, and are going to Beau-Vallon!

Lady Mary. 'Est il possible?' What can have induced them to change their plans so suddenly?

Mr. Leslie. Devil take me, if I believe Mrs. Leslie ever intended to go to Hendon: and for my brother—his weakness is inconceivable!—pitiable!—absolutely pitiable! A woman's cat's-paw!—nothing better, upon my soul! Really, Lady

¹From the *Literary Souvenir*, 1829.

Mary, it would be but charitable in you, to give that confounded wife of his a few hints on conjugal duty. I must say, *you* set her a very different example.

Lady Mary. Poor thing!—one must make allowance. Perhaps, if Colonel Leslie was more like you, love!—But Mrs. Leslie and I have drawn very different lots.

Mr. Leslie. My dear Lady Mary, I know you would feel the impropriety of such conduct, exactly as I feel it. So very improper—so inconsistent—so trifling—so ill-bred—so disrespectful to Lord and Lady Hendon, and their party! And there were particular reasons, very important reasons, for Lord Hendon's wishing us all to be down there this Christmas—I would not absent myself for the universe. It's not a mere Christmas party. Some of the most leading men of the kingdom will be there!—and private arrangements, involving the most important results, may be entered into. That is, we may form—you understand me.

Lady Mary. Indeed! but you know, my dear Mr. Leslie, I make it a rule never to pry into state secrets; who shall we meet, though?

Mr. Leslie. The Duke of Dundee, Lord Wigblock, Lord Archibald McWigion, and Lord Paul Pop (the Duchess, and Lady Wigblock, of course); and then—you'd never guess—you'll be astonished!—we're to be joined by—(the thing's a profound secret, remember)—by—(quite unexpectedly, you understand)—by—who do you think?

Lady Mary. O, I am such a simpleton at guessing political riddles. By—by—

Mr. Leslie. Let me whisper it in your ear—by Mr. Secretary Humbug!!!

Lady Mary. 'Est il possible'??

¹ I know but one instance, in which King James II. made a reply of wit and humour. After King William had landed, it was announced to James II.: "Sire, such a great lord has left you, and gone over to King William." Prince George, of Denmark, exclaimed, "est il possible?" Again it was announced to James, that another great lord had gone over to William; "est il possible?" again exclaimed Prince George, and so he did always—exclaiming, "est il possible?" upon every new defection. At last, Prince George himself went over to William; and when his defection was announced to James II., "What, said the King, 'is 'est il possible' gone too?"—See *Bridgewater Papers*.

Mr. Leslie. All an arranged thing! Understood on both sides; though, till the meeting has actually taken place, we observe the most profound secrecy. Such measures in agitation—such a coalition! and my brother to absent himself at so momentous a crisis! A man must have very little patriotic feeling; very little sense of his duty as an Englishman, and his dignity as a man, to suffer himself to be so wound about a woman's finger. And I more than half suspect, Mrs. Leslie will drag him down to Beau-Vallon, where they say the Carberrys are getting up private theatricals, or some such nonsense.

Lady Mary. Ah! that reminds me, by the by—I'd forgotten to tell you—we've had an invitation, too; and to take part in the theatricals; and they wanted you to accept—How luckily you have mentioned it—I must write our excuses directly.

Mr. Leslie. Me!—I accept!—what did you say?—I take part in their confounded mummery! By heavens, that's too good!—when the vital interests of the country are at stake, and my mind absorbed in—My brother may do as he pleases,—play Jerry Sneak, if he likes it.

Lady Mary. Oh! Colonel Leslie is to take the part of a senator, for the play will be 'Venice Preserved.'

Mr. Leslie. Devilish good that!—a senator, by the nonce! His Gandersfield constituents will find him a rare senator!—a zealous representative.—When I took my seat for Cackletown—

Lady Mary. Shall you bring in the Cackletown Inclosure Bill next session?

Mr. Leslie. My dear Lady Mary! though I know your discretion; yet, on these subjects—you understand me—one can't be too cautious—too scrupulous.

Lady Mary. Oh! I would not, for the world, intrude on your confidence. I spoke heedlessly; for the fact is, I really hardly thought of what I was saying, for—[looking at Mr. Leslie with great anxiety].—Are you quite well to-day, my dear Mr. Leslie?

Mr. Leslie. Yes; quite well—I think. At least, I—But why do you ask, eh?

Lady Mary. Oh! nothing—I only fancied, to own the truth, I've been a little anxious about you this last day or two. I fancied I saw something about your eyes—your general appearance, in-

dicative of a return of those horrid spasms, that—but, thank God, I must be mistaken, as you feel so perfectly well.

Mr. Leslie. Why, to say the truth, now I think of it, I'm not, exactly; I have had some old feelings of late—[walks to the glass]—I certainly look very unwell.—Dev'lish unlucky, just as we're off for Hendon!

Lady Mary. Why, as to that, if an attack should come on, you know we could send off express, and Sir Henry Halford might be with us in three days.

Mr. Leslie. Three days, Lady Mary!—why, I might be dead in three hours! You're vastly considerate—vastly kind.—I'm infinitely obliged to you.

Lady Mary. Nay, my dear Mr. Leslie! God knows, if I only consulted my own feelings,—but, alas! I know too well what yours are; and that you will run all risks, rather than break engagements so important as—

Mr. Leslie. Why, my love, they are, to be sure, of the last importance; but when one's life is at stake, there is a paramount duty which a man owes to himself, and to those tenderly interested for him. And, when I think of our darling boy, and of yourself, my dear Lady Mary, I—[Mr. Leslie takes out his pocket handkerchief, Lady Mary applies hers to her eyes].—However, don't distress yourself, my love! I do not feel very ill; and I hope there is no great danger of an immediate attack. It is of the utmost importance, that I should meet the party at Hendon.

Lady Mary. And I am sure I would not, for the whole world, attempt to influence you in a matter of such moment,—yet,—

Mr. Leslie. [Smiling, and pulling up his neckcloth, with conscious importance]. No, my love, you know any attempt to influence me on any point would be too absurd—perfectly ridiculous. But what were you about to add?

Lady Mary. Oh! nothing of any consequence; only I was just going to observe, that if anything could have reconciled me to give up Hendon, and accept the Carberrys' invitation, it would have been, that their place is so near town we could have had Sir Henry down in a few hours, in case of—but I really think there is no danger. By the by, I do wish, though, their theatricals had been put off till our return; you would have made such a capital Jaffier.

Mr. Leslie. Oh! they'll find Jaffiers enough without me; and besides, really, with a mind so absorbed as mine is at present, in matters that concern the vital interest of nations—I wonder who they'll get to do Jaffier?

Lady Mary. Why, I heard, that in case you could not be prevailed on to take the part, it was to be offered to Harry Dormer; he's rather a favourite of Lady Carberry's, you know.

Mr. Leslie. Harry Dormer! a rare Jaffier he'll make. I wish them joy,—I can't think what the devil the women see in that fellow, to make such a fuss about. As for Lady Carberry's taste! *entre nous*, her Ladyship was never much to my taste. Harry Dormer act Jaffier!—I could have shown them how it ought to be acted; but, thank God! I shall be very differently occupied at Hendon.

Lady Mary. By the by, my dear Mr. Leslie, do be cautious about your diet, while we are there. Do you know, they say that since Lord Hendon parted with Petitjean he has picked up some English *empoisonneur*, who sends up the most atrocious inventions!

Mr. Leslie. Parted with Petitjean—Lord Hendon parted with Petitjean!—you're not serious, Lady Mary.

Lady Mary. Why, didn't you know it, love? I'm astonished!—about a paltry hundred a year, that poor Petitjean asked, in addition to his very moderate salary. He only stipulated for that, and to be allowed French wines at his table; (how could Lord Hendon expect him to set his throat on fire with port and sherry!) and yet his very reasonable demands were refused. So the invaluable creature was suffered to depart, and the Carberrys secured him instantly, on his own terms.

Mr. Leslie. Lord Hendon's mad—actually insane! Better to have cut off his right-hand than parted with Petitjean—who the devil will eat his dinners now? There's not a man in England, besides Petitjean, who can send up a *salmi* or a *vol au vent*.—Lord Hendon must take the consequences. If the Duke and Lord Wigblock hear this, I should not be surprised, if—and who could blame them? Carberry's a lucky man!

Lady Mary. Yes; and really, every thing at Beau-Vallon is in the best taste, *du meilleur ton*. So rigidly exclusive—no odd people ever get in there; and what-

ever you may say, my dear Mr. Leslie, Lady Carberry is an enchanting woman, though rather too fastidious. She has settled, by the by, that you are the only creature existing who can take Jaffier.

Mr. Leslie. Oh! there's Harry Dormer, you know; ha, ha, ha! Harry Dormer—why the fellow is not five-feet six!

Lady Mary. And you are just six feet!—that's what Lady Carberry said—"such height," said she, "such a figure to set off the dress; *et puis des moustaches*; ah, ciel!" You know how enthusiastic she is.

Mr. Leslie. A fascinating creature, certainly, at times, and not without considerable tact; but, won't Harry Dormer's mustachios do?—ha, ha, ha! they *might* drop off, to be sure—

Lady Mary. I hear he does nothing, from morning to night, but practice before a pier glass; and says you're just six inches too tall for the part.

Mr. Leslie. Good; excellent; capital!—he makes quite sure of it then?

Lady Mary. Oh, yes! for when I was sounded on the subject, I gave no hope whatever of our breaking the Hendon engagement.

Mr. Leslie. Confound the Hendon engagement!—you might have consulted me.

Lady Mary. I never give definite answers; and I hate a decisive tone in women.

Mr. Leslie. My brother may be led by the nose, if he pleases, but I—However, my life! I know your intention was admirable, but another time—are you sure they've really got Petitjean at Beau-Vallon?

Lady Mary. Oh, positive!—Lord and Lady Cormorant are just come from thence, and they rave about the *new chef de cuisine*; and poor Marchmont, who had been down at Hendon, *filant le parfait amour* with your sister, you know, and is really devotedly attached to her, told me the other day, he was absolutely obliged to run up to town to get a decent feed. Such a table at Hendon now! *des infamies*—he swore he could not stand it a day longer.

Mr. Leslie. Nor will I try the experiment, by all that's good. Lord Hendon must take the consequences; for, in my state of health—under existing circumstances—taking everything into consideration—I know how wretched you would be

on my account, my dear Lady Mary—and there's a certain duty a man owes to himself—and, and all that sort of thing—and therefore—Do you think the part of Jaffier is open yet?

Lady Mary. Oh, I'm sure of it—or if it were not, Lady Carberry would not hesitate a moment to discard Harry Dormer, and make room for you. But consider a moment, what will Lord and Lady Hendon say? what will people think? They may fancy you are influenced by me.

Mr. Leslie. Oh, no! they know me too well—that would be vastly too absurd; but, when a man's life's at stake (and I really do not feel well); and as my Lord Hendon pleases to forget what is due to his family and friends; and—and then, Beau-Vallon being near town; that all things considered, you may accept Lady Carberry's invitation, and I will arrange the other matter. Poor Dormer! ha, ha, ha! 'six inches too tall'; capital!—[*Exit laughing.*]

APHORISMS FROM JOSH BILLINGS.

THE hardest dollar for a man to git is too often the one he needs the most.

SUCKCESS is not allways a sure sign ov merit, but it iz a fust rate way to suckceed.

YUNG man, alwuss pla to win—a game that aint' worth winning aint worth playing.

THE choicest kompliment that kan be paid to virtew is, that the best lies we hav are thozе whitch most resemble the truth.

MI friend, don't never strike a dog—thare never waz a dog yet who had haff a chance, who didn't luv sumboddy else better than he loved himself.

YUNG man, don't git down on yure knees before the world—if yu do, it won't be long before the world will insist upon yure gitting down a peg lower.

MEN ov moderate abilitys make the best companyuns—men ov grate wit may be compared to a grate fire, you kant git near enuff to it to git warm, without gitting burnt.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

THE MULE OF THAT NAME.

You, Nebuchadnezzah, whoa, sah!
 Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
 I'd hab you for to know, sah?
 I's a holdin' ob de lines.
 You better stop dat prancin';
 You's pow'ful fond of dancin';
 But I'll bet my yeah's advancin'
 Dat I'll cure you ob your shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out—
 Fust t'ing you know you'll fin' out
 How quick I'll wear dis line out
 On your ugly, stubbo'n back.
 You needn't try to steal up
 An' lif' dat precious heel up;
 You's got to plow dis fiel' up,
 You has, sah, for a fac'.

Dar, dat's de way to do it!
 He's comin' right down to it;
 Jes' watch him plowin' t'roo it!
 Dis nigger ain't no fool.
 Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
 Now, dat would only heat him—
 I know jes' how to treat him,
 You mus' reason wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
 If he was only bigger
 He'd fotch a mighty figger,
 He would, I tell you! Yes, sah!
 See how he keeps a clickin'!
 He's as gentle as a chicken,
 An' nebber t'inks o' kickin'—
 Whoa, dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

* * * * *

Is dis heah-me, or not me?
 Or is de debbil got me!
 Was dat a cannon shot me?
 Hab I laid heah mor'n a week?
 Dat mule do kick amazin'!
 De beast was sp'iled in raisin'—
 But now I 'spect he's grazin'
 On de oder side de creek.

IRWIN RUSSELL.

AN UNFRIENDLY QUESTION.

"Here's yer nice roast chick'n," cried an
 aged colored man, as the cars stopped at
 a Virginia railway station. "Here's yer

roast chick'n, 'n taters, all nice and hot,"
 holding his plate aloft and walking the
 platform. "Where did you get that
 chicken, Uncle?" asked a passenger.
 Uncle looks at the intruder sharply, and
 then turns away, crying, "Here's yer nice
 roast chick'n, gentl'm'n, all hot; needn't
 go in de house for dat." "Where did
 you get that chicken," repeats the inquisi-
 tive passenger. "Look-a-yer," says
 Uncle, speaking privately, "is you from
 the Norf?" "Yes." "Is you a friend of
 the cullud man?" "I hope I am." "Den
 don't you nebber ask me whar I got dat
 chick'n. Here's yer nice roast chick'n,
 all hot."—*New York Tribune.*

AN EXPERIENCED SHOPPER.

An old fellow who was noted through
 the town for his stuttering as well as for
 his shrewdness in making a bargain,
 stopped at a grocery and inquired:

"How m-m-many t-t-t-turkeys have
 you g-g-got?"

"Eight, sir," replied the grocer.

"T-t-t-tough or t-t-tender?"

"Some are tender and some tough,"
 was the reply.

"I k-keep b-b-b-boarders," said the
 new customer. P-pick out the four
 t-t-toughest t-t-turkeys, if you p-p-please."

The delighted grocer very willingly
 complied with the unusual request, and
 said in his politest tones:

"These are the tough ones, sir."

Upon which the merchant coolly put
 his hand on the remaining four, and ex-
 claimed:

"I'll t-t-take th-th-th-these!"

STIK and hang, yung man, dont forgit
 that it iz the last six inches that wins
 the race.

When the dog meets yu with a wagging
 tale at the threshold, yu may be sure ov
 a kindly welkum at the fireside within.

It iz the way a thing iz sed or done that
 givs it importance. I hav met people
 who couldn't say "*Good-morning*" with-
 out biteing off both ends ov the sentence.

JOSH BILLINGS.

THE TURF.

MR. JORROCKS AT NEWMARKET.

[Fifty years ago, 1835.]

Among the collections of books to be found in the houses of the nobility and gentry of England, none are so popular and frequent as the series of sporting novels written by Robert Smith Surtees, an English barrister at law, who wrote about 50 years ago, (1832) and, subsequently, illustrated by John Leech.

John Jorrocks, a sporting grocer, is one of the principal characters in several of the novels, and in "Handley Cross," where he partially retires from active business and takes the mastership of The Handley Cross Fox Hounds, he "comes out" *strongest*.

One of his first "trials" with this (now) celebrated pack, will form the extract from the novel of "Handley Cross," but in order to give a better idea of who Mr. Jorrocks is we introduce him on a visit to New Market along with his old friend's son, Charley Stubbs, who subsequently falls in love with Jorrocks' niece and heiress, Belinda. Some good judges class Surtees, as the equal of Thackeray and Dickens.

A "muffin—and *The Post*, sir," said George to Stubbs the Yorkshireman,—on one of the fine fresh mornings, that gently usher in the returning spring, and draw from the town-pent Cits, sighs for the verdure of the fields,—as he placed the above-mentioned articles on his usual breakfast table in the coffee-room of the Piazza Hotel, Covent Garden, London.

With the calm deliberation of a man whose whole day is unoccupied, the Yorkshireman sweetened his tea, drew the muffin and a select dish of prawns to his elbow, and turning sideways to the table, crossed his legs and prepared to con the contents of the paper. The first page as usual was full of advertisements.—Sales by auction—Favor of your vote and interest—If the next of kin—Reform your tailor's bills—Law—Articled clerk—An absolute reversion—Pony phaeton—Artificial teeth—Messrs. Tattersall—Brace of pointers—Dog lost—Boy found—Great sacrifice—No advance in coffee—Matrimony—A single gentleman—Board and lodging in an airy situation—To omnibus proprietors—Steam to Leith and Hull—Stationery—Desirable investment for a small capital—The fire reviver or lighter.

Then turning it over, his eye ranged over a whole meadow of type, consisting of the previous night's debate, followed

on by City News, Police Reports, Fashionable arrivals and departures, Dinners given, Sporting Intelligence, Newmarket Craven meeting. "That's more in my way," said the Yorkshireman to himself as he laid down the paper and took a sip of his tea. "I've a great mind to go, for I may just as well be at Newmarket as here, having nothing particular to do in either place. I came to stay a hundred pounds in London it's true, but if I stay ten of it at Newmarket, it'll be all the same, and I can go home from there just as well as from here;" so saying he took another turn at the tea. The race list was a tempting one, Riddlesworth, Craven stakes, Column stakes, Oatlands, Port, Claret, Sherry, Madeira, and all other sorts. A good week's racing in fact, for the saintly sinners who frequent the Heath had not then discovered any greater impropriety in travelling on a Sunday, than in cheating each other on the Monday. The tea was good, so were the prawns and eggs, and George brought a second muffin, at the very moment that the Yorkshireman had finished the last piece of the first, so that by the time he had done his breakfast and drawn on his boots, which were dryer and pleasanter than the recent damp weather had allowed of their being, he felt completely at peace with himself and all the world, and putting on his hat, sallied forth with the self-satisfied air of a man who had ate a good breakfast, and yet not too much.

Newmarket was still uppermost in his mind; and as he sauntered along in the direction of the Strand, it occurred to him that perhaps Mr. Jorrocks might have no objection to accompany him. On entering that great thoroughfare of humanity, he turned to the East, and having examined the contents of all the caricature shops in the line, and paid three-pence for a look at the York Herald, in the Chapter Coffee House, St. Paul's Church Yard, about noon he reached the corner of St. Botolph Lane. Before Jorrocks & Co.'s warehouse, great bustle and symptoms of brisk trade were visible. With true city pride, the name on the door-post was in small dirty-white letters, sufficiently obscure to render it apparent that Mr. Jorrocks considered his house required no sign; while, as a sort of contradiction, the covered errand-cart before it, bore "JORROCKS & Co.'s WHOLESALE TEA WARE-

HOUSE," in great gilt letters on each side of the cover, so large that "he who runs might read," even though the errand-cart were running too.

Into this cart, which was drawn by the celebrated rat-tail hunter, they were pitching divers packages for town delivery, and a couple of light porters nearly upset the Yorkshireman, as they bustled out with their loads. The warehouse itself gave evident proof of great antiquity. It was not one of your fine, light, lofty, mahogany countered, banker-like establishments of modern times, where the stock in trade often consists of books and empty canisters, but a large, roomy, gloomy, dirty, dingy sort of a cellar above ground, full of hogsheads, casks, flasks, sugar loaves, jars, bags, bottles and boxes.

The floor was half an inch thick at least, with dirt, and was sprinkled with rice, currants, raisins, &c., as though they had been scattered for the purpose of growing. A small corner seemed to have been cut off, like the fold of a Leicestershire grazing ground, and made into an office, in the centre of which was a square or two of glass that commanded a view of the whole warehouse. "Is Mr. Jorrocks in?" inquired the Yorkshireman of a porter, who was busy digging currants with a wooden spade. "Yes, sir, you'll find him in the counting-house," was the answer; but on looking in, though his hat and gloves were there, no Jorrocks was visible. At the further end of the warehouse a man in his shirt sleeves, with a white apron round his waist and a brown paper cap on his head, was seen under a very melancholy-looking skylight, holding his head over something, as if his nose were bleeding. The Yorkshireman groped his way up to him, and, asking if Mr. Jorrocks was in, found he was addressing the grocer himself. He had been leaning over a large tray—full of little white cups—with teapots to match—trying the strength, flavor, and virtue of a large purchase of tea, and the beverage was all smoking before him. "My vig," exclaimed he, holding out his hand, "who'd have thought of seeing you in the city, this is something unkinmon! However, you're wery welcome in St. Botolph Lane, and as this is your first visit, why I'll make you a present of some tea—wot do you drink?—black, or green, or perhaps both—four pounds of one and two of

tother. Here Joe!" summoning his foreman, "put up four pounds of that last lot of black that came in, and two pounds of superior green, and this gentleman will tell you where to leave it.—And when do you think of starting?" again addressing the Yorkshireman—"egad this is fine weather for the country—have half a mind to have a jaunt myself—makes one quite young—feel as if I'd laid full fifty years aside, and were again a boy—when did you say you start?" "Why I don't know exactly," replied the Yorkshireman, "the weather's so fine that I'm half tempted to go round by Newmarket." "*Newmarket!*" exclaimed Jorrocks, throwing his arm in the air, while his paper cap fell from his head with the jerk—"by *Newmarket!* why, what in the name of all that's impure, have you to do at Newmarket?"

"Why nothing in particular; only when there's neither hunting nor shooting going on, what is a man to do with himself?—I'm sure you'd despise me if I were to go fishing." "True," observed Mr. Jorrocks somewhat subdued, and jingling the silver in his breeches-pocket. "Fox 'unting is indeed the prince of sports. The image of war without its guilt and only half its danger. I confess I'm a martyr to it—a perfect victim—no one knows wot I suffer from my ardor—If ever I'm visited with the last infirmity of noble minds, it will be caused by my ungovernable passion for the chase. The sight of a saddle makes me sweat. An 'ound makes me perfectly wild. A red coat throws me into a scarlet fever. Never throughout life have I had a good night's rest before an 'unting morning. But werry little racing does for me; Sadler's Wells is well enough of a fine summer evening—especially when they plump the clown overhead in the New River cut, and the ponies don't misbehave in the Circus,—but oh! *Newmarket's* a dreadful place, the werry name's a sickener. I used to hear a vast about it from poor Will Softly of Friday Street. It was the ruin of him—and wot a fine business his father left him, both wholesale and retail, in the tripe and cow-heel line—all went in two years, and he had nothing to show at the end of that time for upwards of twenty thousand golden sovereigns, but a hundred weight of children's lamb's-wool socks, and warrants for thirteen hogsheads of damaged sherry in the docks. No,

take my advice, and have nothing to say to them—stay where you are, or, if you're short of swag, come to Great Coram Street, where you shall have a bed, wear-and-tear for your teeth, and all that sort of thing found you, and, if Saturday's a fine day, I'll treat you with a jaunt to Margate."

"You are a regular old trump," said the Yorkshireman, after listening attentively until Mr. Jorrocks had exhausted himself, "but you see you've never been at Newmarket, and the people have been hoaxing you about it. I can assure you from personal experience that the people there are quite as honest as those you meet every day on 'Change, besides which, there is nothing more invigorating to the human frame—nothing more cheering to the spirits than the sight and air of Newmarket Heath on a fine fresh spring morning like the present. The wind seems to go by you at a racing pace, and the blood canters up and down the veins with the finest and freest action imaginable. A stranger to the race-course would feel, and almost instinctively know, what turf he was treading, and the purpose for which that turf was intended.

'There's a magic in the web of it.'

"Oh I know's you are a most persuasive cock," observed Mr. Jorrocks interrupting the Yorkshireman, "and would convince the devil himself that black is white, but you'll never make me believe the Newmarket folks are honest, and as to the fine hair (air) you talk of, there's quite as good to get on the Hampstead Heath, and if it doesn't make the blood canter up and down your veins, you can always amuse yourself by watching the donkeys cantering up and down with the sweet little children—haw haw haw!—But tell me what is there at Newmarket that should take a man there?" "What is there?" rejoined the Yorkshireman, "why there's everything that makes life desirable and constitutes happiness, in this world, except hunting. First there is the beautiful, neat, clean towns with groups of booted professors, ready for the rapidest march of intellect; then there are the strings of clothed horses—the finest in the world—passing indolently at intervals to their exercise,—the flower of the English aristocracy residing in the place. You leave

the town and stroll to the wide open heath, where all is brightness and space; the white rails stand forth against the clear blue sky—the brushing gallop ever and anon startles the ear and eye; crowds of stable urchins, full of silent importance, stud the heath; you feel elated and long to bound over the well groomed turf and to try the speed of the careering wind. All things at Newmarket train the mind to racing. Life seems on the start, and dull indeed were he who could rein in his feelings when such inspiring objects meet together to madden them!"

'Bravo!' exclaimed Jorrocks, throwing his paper cap in the air as the Yorkshireman concluded—"Bravo!—werry good indeed! You speak like ten Lord Mayors—never heard nothing better. Dash my vig, if I won't go. By Jove, you've done it. Tell me one thing—is there a good place to feed at?"

"Capital!" replied the Yorkshireman, "beef, mutton, cheese, ham, all the delicacies of the season, as the sailor said;" and thereupon the Yorkshireman and Jorrocks shook hands upon the bargain.

Sunday night arrived, and with it arrived, at the Belle Sauvage, in Ludgate hill, Mr. Jorrocks's boy "Binjamin," with Mr. Jorrocks's carpet bag; and shortly after Mr. Jorrocks, on his chestnut hunter, and the Yorkshireman, in a hack cab, entered the yard. Having consigned his horse to Binjamin, after giving him a very instructive lesson relative to the manner in which he would chastise him if he heard of his trotting or playing any tricks with the horse on his way home, Mr. Jorrocks proceeded to pay the remainder of his fare in the coach office. The mail was full inside and out, indeed the book-keeper assured him he could have filled a dozen more, so anxious were all London to see the Riddlesworth run. "Inside," said he, "are you and your friend, and if it weren't that the night air might give you cold, Mr. Jorrocks," (for all the book-keepers in London know him) "I should have liked to have got you out—sides, and I tried to make an exchange with two black-legs, but they would hear of nothing less than two guineas a head, which wouldn't do, you know. Here comes another of your passengers—a great foreign nobleman they say—Baron something—though he looks as much like a foreign pickpocket as anything else."

"Vich be de voiture?" inquired a tall, gaunt-looking foreigner, with immense moustache, a high conical hat, with a bright buckle, long loose bluish-blackish frock coat, very short white waistcoat, baggy brownish striped trousers, and long footed Wellington boots, with a sort of Chinese turn up at the toe. "Vich be de Newmarket voiture?" said he, repeating the query, as he entered the office and deposited a silk umbrella, a camlet cloak, and a Swiss knapsack on the counter. The porter, without any attempt at an answer, took his goods and walked off to the mail, followed closely by the Baron, and after depositing the cloak inside, so that the Baron might ride with his "face to the horses," as the saying is, he turned the knapsack into the hind boot, and swung himself into the office till it was time to ask for something for his exertions. Meanwhile the Baron made a tour of the yard, taking a lesson in English from the lettering on the various coaches, when, on the hind boot of one, he deciphered the word Cheapside—"Ah, Cheapside!" said he, pulling out his dictionary, and turning to the letter C. "Chaste, chat, chaw,—*sheep*, dat be it. Cheap, to be had at a low price—small value. Ah! I hev (have) it," said he, stamping and knitting his brows, *sacré e-e-e nom de Dieu*," and the first word being drawn out to its nasal longitude, three strides brought him and the conclusion of the oath into the office together. He then opened out upon the book-keeper, in a tremendous volley of French, English, and Hanoverian oaths, for he was a cross between the first and last named countries, the purport of which was "dad he had paid de best price, and he be dem if he vod ride on de Cheapside of the coach." In vain the clerks and bookkeepers tried to convince him he was wrong in his interpretation. With the full conviction of a foreigner that he was about to be cheated, he had his cloak shifted to the opposite side of the coach, and the knapsack placed on the roof.

The fourth inside having cast up, the outside passengers mounted, the insides took their places, three-pences and six-pences were pulled out for the porters, the guard twanged his horn, the coachman turned out his elbow, flourished his whip, caught the point, cried "All right! sit tight!" and trotted out of the yard.

Jorrocks and the Yorkshireman sat op-

posite each other, the Baron and old Sam Spring, the betting man, did likewise. Who doesn't know old Sam, with his curious tortoise shell-rimmed spectacles, his old drab hat turned up with green, careless neckcloth, flowing robe, and comical cut? *He* knew Jorrocks—though, tell it not in Coram Street, he didn't know his name; but concluding from the disparity of age between him and his companion, that Jorrocks was either a shark or a shark's jackall, and the Yorkshireman a victim, with due professional delicacy, he contented himself with scrutinizing the latter through his specs. The Baron's choler having subsided, he was the first to break the ice of silence. "Foine noight," was the observation, which was thrown out promiscuously to see who would take it up. Now Sam Spring, though he came late, had learned from the porter that there was a Baron in the coach, and being a great admirer of the nobility, for whose use he has a code of signals of his own, consisting of one finger to his hat for a Baron Lord as he calls them, two for a Viscount, three for an Earl, four for a Marquis, and the whole hand for a Duke, he immediately responded with "Yes, my lord," with a fore-finger to his hat. There is something sweet in the word "Lord" which finds its way home to the heart of an Englishman. No sooner did Sam pronounce it, than the Baron became transformed in Jorrocks's eyes into a very superior sort of person, and forthwith he commenced ingratiating himself by offering him a share of a large paper of sandwiches, which the Baron accepted with the greatest condescension, eating what he could and stuffing the remainder into his hat. His lordship was a better hand at eating than speaking, and the united efforts of the party could not extract from him the precise purport of his journey. Sam threw out two or three feasible offers in the way of bets, but they fell still-born to the bottom of the coach, and Jorrocks talked to him about hunting and had the conversation all to himself, the Baron merely replying with a bow and a stare, sometimes diversified with, or "I tank you—vare good." The conversation by degrees resolved itself into a snore, in which they were all indulging, when the raw morning air rushed in among them, as a porter with a lanthorn opened the door and announced their arrival at New-

market. Forthwith they turned into the street, and the outside passengers having descended, they all commenced straddling, yawning, and stretching their limbs, while the guard and porters sorted their luggage. The Yorkshireman having an eye to a bed, speedily had Mr. Jorrocks's luggage and his own on the back of a porter on its way to the Rutland Arms, while that worthy citizen followed in a sort of sleepy astonishment at the smallness of the place, inquiring if they were sure they had not stopped at some village by mistake. Two beds had been ordered for two gentlemen who could not get two seats by the mail, which fell to the lot of those who did, and into these our heroes trundled, having arranged to be called by the early exercising hour.

Whether it was from want of his usual night-cap of brandy and water, or the fatigues of travelling, or what else, remains unknown, but no sooner was Mr. Jorrocks left alone with his candle, than all at once he was seized with a sudden fit of trepidation, on thinking that he should have been inveigled to such a place as Newmarket, and the tremor increasing as he pulled four five pound bank notes out of his watch-pocket, besides a vast of silver and his great gold watch, he was resolved, should an attempt be made upon his property, to defend it with his life, and having squeezed the notes into the toe of his boots, and hid the silver in the wash-hand stand, he very deliberately put his watch and the poker under the pillow, and set the heavy chest of drawers with two stout chairs and a table against the door, after all which exertions he got into bed and very soon fell sound asleep.

Most of the inmates of the house were up with the lark to the early exercise, and the Yorkshireman was as early as any of them. Having found Mr. Jorrocks's door he commenced a loud battery against it without awakening the grocer; he then tried to open it, but only succeeded in getting it an inch or two from the post, and after several holloas of "Jorrocks my man! Mr. Jorrocks! Jorrocks, old boy! holloa Jorrocks!" he succeeded in extracting the word "*Wot?*" from the worthy gentleman as he rolled over in his bed. "Jorrocks!" repeated the Yorkshireman, "it's time to be up." "*Wot?*" again was the answer. "Time

to get up. The morning's breaking." "*Let it break,*" replied he, adding in a mutter, as he turned over again, "*it owes me nothing.*"

Entreaties being useless, and a large party being on the point of setting off, the Yorkshireman joined them, and spent a couple of hours on the dew-bespangled heath, during which time they not only criticised the figure and action of every horse that was out, but got up tremendous appetites for breakfast. In the meantime Mr. Jorrocks had risen, and having attired himself with his usual care, in a smart blue coat with metal buttons, buff waistcoat, blue stocking-netted tights, and Hessian boots, he turned into the main street of Newmarket, where he was lost in astonishment at the insignificance of the place. But wiser men than Mr. Jorrocks have been similarly disappointed, for it enters into the philosophy of few to conceive the fame and grandeur of Newmarket compressed into the limits of the petty, outlandish, Icelandic place that bears the name. "Dash my vig," said Mr. Jorrocks, as he brought himself to bear upon Rogers's shop window, "this is the werry meanest town I ever did see. Pray, sir," addressing himself to a groomish-looking man in a brown cut-away coat, drab shorts and continuations, who had just emerged from the shop with a race list in his hand, "Pray, sir, be this your principal street?" The man eyed him with a mixed look of incredulity and contempt. At length putting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, he replied, "I bet a crown you know as well as I do." "Done," said Mr. Jorrocks, holding out his hand. "No—I won't do that," replied the man, "but I'll tell you what I'll do with you—I'll lay you two to one, in fives or fifties if you like, that you knew before you axed, and that Thunderbolt don't win the Riddlesworth." "Really," said Mr. Jorrocks, "I'm not a betting man." "Then wot the 'ell (hell) business have you at Newmarket?" was all the answer he got. Disgusted with such inhospitable impertinence, Mr. Jorrocks turned on his heel and walked away. Before the White Hart Inn was a smartish pony phaeton, in charge of a stunted stable lad. "I say young chap," inquired Jorrocks, "whose is that?" "How did you know that I was a young chap?" inquired the abor-

tion, turning round. "Guessed it," replied Jorrocks, chuckling at his own wit. "Then *guess* whose o'it."

"Pray, are your clocks here by London time?" he asked of a respectable elderly-looking man whom he saw turn out of the entry leading to the Kingston rooms, and take the usual survey first up the town and then down it, and afterwards compose his hands in his breeches pockets, there to stand to see the "world."¹ "Come now, *old 'un*—none o' your tricks here—you've got a match on against time, I suppose," was all the answer he could get after the man (old R——n the ex-flagellator) had surveyed him from head to foot.

We need hardly say after all these rebuffs that when Mr. Jorrocks met the Yorkshireman, he was not in the best possible humor; indeed, to say nothing of the extreme sharpness and suspicion of the people, we know of no place where a man, not fond of racing, is so completely out of his element as at Newmarket, for with the exception of a little "elbow shaking" in the evening, there is literally and truly nothing else to do. It is "Heath," "Ditch in," "Abingdon mile," "T. Y. C. Stakes," "Sweepstakes," "Handicaps," "Bet," "Lay," "Take," "Odds," "Evens," morning, noon, and night.

Mr. Jorrocks made bitter complaints during the breakfast, and some invidious comparisons between racing men and fox-hunters, which, however, became softer towards the close, as he got deeper in the delicacy of a fine Cambridge brawn. Nature being at length appeased, he again thought of turning out, to have a look, as he said, at the shows on the course, but the appearance of his friend the Baron opposite the window, put it out of his head, and he sallied forth to join him. The Baron was evidently incog: for he had on the same short dirty-white waistcoat, Chinese boots, conical hat, &c., that he travelled down in, and being a stranger in the land, of course he was uncommonly glad to pick up Jorrocks, so after he had hugged him a little, called him a "bon garçon," and a few other endearing terms, he run his great long arm through his, and walked him

down street, the whole peregrinations of Newmarket being comprised in the words "*up street*" and "*down*." He then communicated in most unrepresentable language, that he was on his way to buy "an 'oss," and Jorrocks informing him that he was a perfect connoisseur in the article, the Baron again assured him of his distinguished consideration. They were met by Joe Rogers, the trainer, with a ring key in his hand, who led the way to the stable, and having unlocked a box in which was a fine slapping four-year old, according to etiquette he put his hat in a corner, took a switch in one hand, laid hold of the horse's head with the other, while the lad in attendance stripped off its clothes. The Baron then turned up his wrists, and making a curious noise in his throat, proceeded to pass his hand down each leg, and along its back, after which he gave it a thump in the belly and squeezed its throat, when, being as wise as he was at starting, he stuck his thumb in his side, and took a mental survey of the whole. "Ah," said he at length—"foin oss,—foin oss;—vot ears he has?" "Oh," said Rogers, "they show breeding." "Non, non, I *say* vot ears he has?" "Well, but he carries them well," was the answer. "Non, non," stamping, "I *say* vot ears (*years*) he has?" "Oh, hang it, I twig—four years old." Then the Baron took another long look at him. At length he resumed: "I vill my wet." "What's that?" inquired Rogers of Jorrocks. "His *wet*—why a drink to be sure," and thereupon Rogers went to the pump and brought a glass of pure water, which the Baron refused with becoming indignation. "*Non, non*," said he, stamping, "*I vill my vet*." Rogers looked at Jorrocks, and Jorrocks looked at Rogers, but neither Rogers nor Jorrocks understood him. "*I vill my vet*," repeated the Baron with vehemence. "He must want some brandy in it," observed Mr. Jorrocks, judging of the Baron by himself, and thereupon the lad was sent for three-penn'orth. When it arrived, the Baron dashed it out of his hand with a prolonged *sacré-e-e-e*—! adding, "I vill von *wet-tin-nin-na-ary* surgeon." The boy was despatched for one, and on his arrival the veterinary surgeon went through the process that the Baron had attempted, and not being a man of many words, he just gave the Baron a nod at the end.

¹Newmarket or London—it's all the same. "The World" is but composed of *one's own* acquaintance.

"How moch?" inquired the Baron of Rogers. "Five hundred," was the answer. "Vot, five hundred livre?" "Oh d—n it, you may take him or leave him just as you like, but you won't get him for less." The "vet" explained that the Baron wished to know whether it was five hundred francs (French ten-pences), or five hundred guineas English money, and being informed that it was the latter, he gave his conical hat a thrust on his brow, and bolted out of the box.

But race-hour approaches, and the people begin to assemble in groups before the "rooms," while tax-carts, pony-gigs, post-chaises, the usual aristocratical accompaniments of Newmarket, come dribbling at intervals into the town. Here is old Sam Spring in a spring-cart, driven by a ploughboy in fustian, there the Earl of — on a ten-pound pony, with the girths elegantly parted to prevent the saddle slipping over its head, while Miss —, his jockey's daughter, dashes by him in a phaeton with a powdered footman, and the postillion in scarlet and leathers, with a badge on his arm. Old Crockey puts on his great coat; Jem Bland draws the yellow phaeton and greys to the gateway of the White Hart to take up his friend Crutch Robinson; Zac, Jack, and another, have just driven in a fly. In short it's a brilliant meeting.¹ Besides four coronetted carriages with post-horses, there are three phaetons-and-pair; a thing that would have been a phaeton if they'd have let it; General Grosvenor's dog-carriage, that is to say, his carriage with a dog upon it; Lady Chesterfield and the Hon. Mrs. Anson in a pony-phaeton with an out-rider (Miss — will have one next meeting instead of the powdered footman); Tattersall in his double carriage, driving without bearing reins; Old Theobald in leather breeches and a buggy; five Bury butchers in a tax-cart; Young Dutch Sam on a pony; "Short-odds Richards" on a long-backed crocodile-looking rosinante; and no end of pedestrians.

But where is Mr. Jorrocks all this time? Why, eating brawn in the Rutland Arms with his friend the Baron, perfectly unconscious that all these passers-by were

not the daily visibles of the place. "Dash my vig," said he, as he bolted another half of the round, "I see no symptoms of a stir. Come, my lord, do me the honor to take another glass of sherry." His lordship was nothing loath, so by mutual entreaties they finished the bottle, besides a considerable quantity of porter. A fine, fat, chestnut, long-tailed, Suffolk-punch cart-mare—fresh from the plough—having been considerably provided by the Yorkshireman for Mr. Jorrocks, with a cob for himself, they proceeded to mount in the yard, when Mr. Jorrocks was concerned to find that the Baron had nothing to carry him. His lordship, too, seemed disconcerted, but it was only momentary; for walking up to the punch mare, and resting his elbow on her hind quarter to try if she kicked, he very coolly vaulted up behind Mr. Jorrocks. Now Jorrocks, though proud of the patronage of a lord, did not exactly comprehend whether he was in earnest or not, but the Baron soon let him know; for thrusting his conical hat on his brow, he put his arm round Jorrocks's waist, and gave the old mare a touch in the flank with the Chinese boot, crying out—"Along me brave garçon, along ma cher," and the owner of the mare living at Kentford, she went off at a brisk trot in that direction, while the Yorkshireman slipped down the town unperceived. The sherry had done its business on them both; the Baron, and who, perhaps, was the most "cut" of the two, chaunted the Marseillaise hymn of liberty with as much freedom as though he was sitting in the saddle. Thus they proceeded laughing and singing until the Bury pay-gate arrested their progress, when it occurred to the steersman to ask if they were going right. "Be this the way to Newmarket races?" inquired Jorrocks of the pike-keeper. The man dived into the small pocket of his white apron for a ticket, and very coolly replied, "*Shell out, old'un.*" "How much?" said Jorrocks. "Tuppence," which having got, he said "*now* then you may turn, for the heath be over yonder," pointing back, "at least it was there this morning, I know." After a volley of abuse for his impudence, Mr. Jorrocks, with some difficulty, got the old mare pulled round, for she had a deuced hard mouth of her own, and only a plain snaffle in it; at last, however, with the

¹ The poverty, both in numbers and appearance, of a Newmarket turn-out, must have surprised many a beholder.

aid of a boy to beat her with a furze bush, they got her set a-going again, and retracing their steps, they trotted "down street," rose the hill, and entered the spacious wide-extending flat of Newmarket heath. The races were going forward on one of the distant courses, and a slight, insignificant black streak, swelling into a sort of oblong (for all the world like an overgrown tadpole) was all that denoted the spot, or interrupted the verdant aspect of the quiet extensive plain. Jorrocks was horrified, having through life pictured Epsom as a mere drop in the ocean compared with the countless multitude of Newmarket, while the Baron, who was wholly indifferent to the matter, nearly had old Jorrocks pitched over the mare's head by applying the furze bush (which he had got from the boy) to her tail while Mr. Jorrocks was sitting loosely, contemplating the barrenness of the prospect. The sherry was still alive, and being all for fun, he shuffled back into the saddle as soon as the old mare gave over kicking; and giving a loud tally-ho, with some minor "hunting noises," which were responded to by the Baron in notes not capable of being set to music, and aided by an equally indescribable accompaniment from the old mare at every application of the bush, she went off at score over the springy turf, and bore them triumphantly to the betting post just as the ring was in course of formation, a fact which she announced by a loud neigh on viewing her companion of the plough, as well as by upsetting some half-dozen black-legs as she rushed through the crowd to greet her. Great was the hubbub, shouting, swearing, and laughing,—for though the Newmarketites are familiar with most conveyances, from a pair of horses down to a pair of shoes, it had not then fallen to their lot to see two men ride into the ring on the same horse,—certainly not with such a hat between them as the Baron's.

The gravest and weightiest matters will not long distract the attention of a black-leg, and the laughter having subsided without Jorrocks or the Baron being in the slightest degree disconcerted, the ring was again formed; horses' heads again turn towards the post, while carriages, gigs, carts, etc., form an outer circle. A solemn silence ensues. The legs are scanning the list. At length one gives

tongue. "What starts? Does Lord Eldon start?" "No, he don't," replies the owner. "Does Trick, by Catton?" "Yes, and Conolly rides—but *mind*, three pounds over." "Does John Bull?" "No, John's struck out." "Polly Hopkins does, so does Talleyrand; also O, Fy! out of Penitence. Beagle and Paradox also—and perhaps Pickpocket."

Another pause, and the pencils are pulled from the betting books. The legs and lords look at each other, but no one likes to lead off. At length a voice is heard offering to take nine to one he names the winner. "It's short odds, doing it cautiously." "I'll take eight then," he adds—"sivin!" but no one bites. "What will anyone lay about Trick, by Catton," inquires Jem Bland. "I'll lay three to two again him." "I'll take two to one—two ponies to one, and give you a suv for laying it." "Carn't," is the answer. "I'll do it, Jem," cries a voice. "No you won't," from Bland, not liking his customer. Now they are all at it, and what a hubbub there is! "I'll back the field—I'll lay—I'll take—I'll bet—ponies—fifties—hundreds—five hundred or two." "What do you want my lord?" "Three to one against Trick, by Catton." "Carn't afford it—the odds really arn't that in the ring." "Take two—two hundred to one." "No." "Crockford, you'll do it for me?" "Yes, my lord. Twice over if you like. Done, done." "Do it again?" "No, thank you."

"Trick by Catton, don't start!" cries a voice. "*Impossible!*" exclaims his backers. "Quite true, I'm just from the weighing-house and—told me so himself," "Shame! Shame! Shame!" roar the legs who have backed him, (it being a play or pay race) and "honour—rascals—rogues—thieves—robbery—swindle—turf-ruined"—fly from rogue to rogue, but they are all speakers with never a speaker to cry *order*. Meanwhile the lads have galloped by on their hacks with the horses' clothes to the rubbing house, and the horses have actually started and are now visible in the distance sweeping over the open heath, apparently without guide or beacon.

The majority of the ring rush to the white judge's-box, and have just time to range themselves along the rude stakes and ropes that guard the run-in, and the

course-keeper in a shooting-jacket on a rough pony to crack his whip, and cry to half a dozen stable lads to "clear the course," before the horses come flying towards home. Now all is tremor; hope and fear vacillating in each breast. Silence stands breathless with expectation—all eyes are rivetted—the horses come within desecrating distance—"beautiful!" three close together, two behind. "Clear the course! clear the course! *pray* clear the course?" "Polly Hopkins! Polly Hopkins!" roar a hundred voices as they near; "O, Fy! O, Fy!" respond an equal number. "The horse! the horse!" bellow a hundred more, as though their yells would aid his speed, as Polly Hopkins, O, Fy! and Talleyrand rush neck-and-neck along the cords and pass the judge's box. A cry of "dead heat!" is heard. The by-standers see as suits their books, and immediately rush to the judge's box, betting, bellowing, roaring, and yelling the whole way. "What's won? what's won? what's won?" is vociferated from a hundred voices. "Polly Hopkins! Polly Hopkins! Polly Hopkins!" replies Mr. Clark with judicial dignity. "By how much? By how much?" "Half a head—half a head," replies the same functionary. "What's second?" "O, Fy!" and so amid the song of "Pretty, pretty Polly Hopkins," from the winners, and curses and execrations long, loud, and deep, from the losers, the scene closes.

The admiring winners follow Polly to the rubbing-house, while the losing horses are left in the care of their trainers and stable-boys, who console themselves with hopes of "better luck next time."

After a storm comes a calm, and the next proceeding is the wheeling of the judge's box, and the removal of the old stakes and ropes to another course on a different part of the heath, which is accomplished by a few ragged rascals, as rude and uncouth as the furniture they bear. In less than half an hour the same group of anxious care-worn countenances are again turned upon each other at the betting-post, as though they had never separated. But see, the noble owner of Trick, by Catton, is in the crowd, and Jem B* * eyeing him like a hawk. "I say Waggey," cries he, (singling out a friend stationed by his lordship) had you ought on Trick by Catton!" "No, Jem," roars Wagstaff, shaking his head, "I knew

my man *too* well." "Why now, Waggey, do you know I wouldn't have done such a thing for the world! no, not even to have been *made* a *Markiss*!" A hoarse laugh follows this denunciation, at which the newly created marquis bites his livid lips.

The Baron, who appears to have no taste for walking, still sticks to the Punch mare, which Mr. Jorrocks steers to the newly formed ring, aided by the Baron and the furze bush. Here they come upon Sam Spring, whose boy has just brought his spring-cart to bear upon the ring formed by the horsemen, and thinking it a pity a nobleman of any country should be reduced to the necessity of riding double, very politely offers to take one into his carriage. Jorrocks accepts the offer, and forthwith proceeds to make himself quite at home in it. The chorus again commences, and Jorrocks interrogates Sam as to the names of the brawlers. "Who be that?" said he, "offering to bet a thousand to a hundred." Spring, after eyeing him through his spectacles, with a grin and a look of suspicion, replies, "Come now—come—let's have no nonsense—you know as well as I." "Really," replies Mr. Jorrocks most earnestly, "*I don't.*" "Why, where have you lived all your life?" "First part of it with my grandmother at Lisson Grove, afterwards at Camberwell, but now I resides in Great Coram Street, Russell Square—a verry fashionable neighbourhood." "Oh, I see," replies Sam, "you are one of the reg'lar city coves then—now what brings you here?" "Just to say that I have been at Newmarket, for I'm blowed if ever you catch me here again." "That's a pity," replied Sam, "for you look like a promising man—a handsome bodied chap in the face—don't you sport any?" "O a vast!—unt regularly—I'm a member of the Surrey 'unt—capital one it is too—best in England by far." "What do you hunt?" inquired Sam. "Foxes to be sure." "And are they good eating?" "Come," replied Jorrocks, "you know as well as I do, we don't eat 'em." The dialogue was interrupted by some one calling to Sam to know what he was backing.

"The Bedlamite colt, my lord," with a fore-finger to his hat. "Who's that?" inquired Jorrocks. "That's my lord L—, a baron-lord—and a verry nice one—best baron-lord I know—always bets

with me—that's another baron-lord next him, and the man next him is a baron-knight, a stage below a baron-lord—something between a nobleman and a gentleman." "And who be that stout, good-looking man in a blue coat and velvet collar next him, just rubbing his chin with the race card—he'll be a lord too I suppose?" "No,—that's Mr. Gully, as honest a man as ever came here,—that's Crockford, before him. The man on the right is Mr. C——, who they call the 'cracksman,' because formerly he was a professional horsebreaker, but he has given up that trade, and turned gentleman, bets, and keeps a gaming table. This little ugly black-faced chap, that looks for all the world like a bilious Scotch terrier, has lately come among us. He was a tramping pedlar—sold worsted stockings—attended country courses, and occasionally bet a pair. Now he bets thousands of pounds, and keeps race-horses. The chaps about him all covered with chains and rings and brooches, were in the duffing line—sold brimston'd sparrows for canary birds, Norwich shawls for real Cachemere, and dried cabbage-leaves for cigars. Now each has a first-rate house, horses and carriages, and a play-actress among them. Yon chap with the extravagantly big mouth, is a cabinet-maker at Cambridge. He'll bet you a thousand pounds as soon as look at you.

"The chap on the right of the post with the red tie, is the son of an ostler. He commenced betting thousands with a farthing capital. The man next him, all teeth and hair, like a rat-catcher's dog, is an Honourable by birth, but not very honourable in his nature." "But see," cried Mr. Jorrocks, "Lord—is talking to the Cracksman." "To besure," replies Sam, "that's the beauty of the turf. The lord and the leg are reduced to an equality. Take my word for it, if you have a turn for good society you should come upon the turf.—I say my Lord Duke!" with all five fingers up to his hat, "I'll lay you three to two on the Bedlamite colt." "Done, Mr. Spring," replies his grace, "three ponies to two." "There!" cried Mr. Spring, turning to Jorrocks, "didn't I tell you so?" The riot around the post increases. It is near the moment of starting, and the legs again become clamorous for what they want. Their vehemence increases. Each man is *in extremis*. "They

are off!" cries one. "No, they are not," replies another. "False start," roars a third. "Now they come!" "No, they don't!" "Back again." They are off at last, however, and away they speed over the flat. The horses come within descriing distance. It's a beautiful race—run at score the whole way, and only two tailed off within the cords. Now they set to-whips and spurs go, legs leap, lords shout, and amid the same scene of confusion, betting, galloping, cursing, swearing and bellowing, the horses rush past the judge's box.

But we have run *our* race, and will not fatigue our readers with repetition. Let us, however, spend the evening, and then the "Day at Newmarket" will be done.

Mr. Spring, with his usual attention to strangers, persuades Mr. Jorrocks to make one of a most agreeable dinner party at the White Hart, on the assurance of spending a delightful evening. Covers are laid for sixteen in the front room down stairs, and about six o'clock that number are ready to sit down. Mr. Badchild the accomplished keeper of an oyster-room and minor hell, in Pickering Place, is prevailed upon to take the chair, supported on his right by Mr. Jorrocks, and on his left by Mr. Tom Rhodes, of Thames Street, while the stout, jolly, portly Jerry Hawthorn fills—in the fullest sense of the word—the vice-chair. Just as the waiters are removing the covers, in stalks the Baron, in his conical hat, and reconnoitres the viands. Sam, all politeness, invites him to join the party. "I tank you," replies the Baron, "but I have my *wet* in de next room." "But bring your wet with you," rejoins Sam, "we'll all have our *wet* together after dinner," thinking the Baron meant his wine.

The usual inn grace—"For what we are going to receive, the host expects to be paid,"—having been said with great feeling and earnestness, they are set to at the victuals, and little conversation passed until the removal of the cloth, when Mr. Badchild calling upon his Vice, observed that as in all probability there were gentlemen of different political and other opinions present, perhaps the best would be to give a comprehensive toast, and so get over any debateable ground,—he therefore proposed to drink in a bumper, "The King, the Queen, and all the Royal Family, the Ministry, particularly the

Master of the Horse, the Army, the Navy, the Church, the State, and after the excellent dinner they had eaten, he would include the name of the landlord of the White Hart." (great applause.) Song from Jerry Hawthorn—"The King of the Cannibal Islands." The chairman then called upon the company to fill their glasses to a toast upon which there could be no difference of opinion. "It was a sport which they all enjoyed, one that was delightful to the old and to the young, to the peer and to the peasant, and open to all. Whatever might be the merits of other amusements, he had never yet met any man with the hardihood to deny that racing was at once the noblest and most legitimate," loud cheers, and thumps on the table, that set all the glasses dancing—"not only was it the noblest and most legitimate, but it was the most *profitable*, and where was the man of high and honorable principle who did not feel when breathing the pure atmosphere of that Heath, a lofty self-satisfaction at the thought, that though he might have left those who were near and dear to him in a less genial atmosphere, still he was not selfishly enjoying himself, without a thought for their welfare; for racing, while it brought health and vigor to the father, also brought what was dearer to the mind of a parent—the means of promoting the happiness and prosperity of his family—(immense cheers.) With these few observations he should simply propose 'the Turf,' and may we long be above it;" (applause, and on the motion of Mr. Spring, three cheers for Mrs. Badchild and all the little Badchildren were called for and given.) When the noise had subsided, Mr. Jorrocks very deliberately got up, amid whispers and inquiries as to who he was. "Gentlemen," said he, with an indignant stare, and a thump on the table, "Gentlemen, I say, in much of what has fallen from our worthy chairman, I go in-sides, save in what he says about racing—I insists that '*unting*' is the sport of sports," immense laughter, and cries of "wot an old fool!" "Gentlemen may laugh, but I say it's a fact, and though I doesn't wish to create no displeasancy whatsomever, yet I should despise myself most confoundedly—should consider myself unworthy of the great and distinguished 'unt to which I have the honor to belong, if I sat quietly down without

sticking up for the Chase (laughter)—I say it's one of the balances of the Constitution! (laughter)—I say it's the sport of kings! the image of war without its guilt! (hisses and immense laughter.) He would fearlessly propose a bumper toast—he would give them "Fox-hunting." There was some demur about drinking it, but on the interposition of Sam Spring who assured the company that Jorrocks was one of the right sort, and with an addition proposed by Jerry Hawthorn, which made the toast more comprehensible, they swallowed it, and the chairman followed it up with "The Sod,"—which was drunk with great applause. Mr. Cox of Blue Hammerton returned thanks. "He considered cock-fighting the finest of all fine amusements. Nothing could equal the rush between two prime grey-hackles—that was his color. The chairman had said a vast for racing, and to cut the matter short, he might observe that cock-fighting combined all the advantages of making money, with the additional benefit of not being interfered with by the weather. He begged to return his best thanks for himself and brother sods, and only regretted he had not been taught speaking in his youth, or he would certainly have convinced them all, that 'Cocking' was the sport." "Coursing" was the next toast—for which Arthur Purvis, the jockey, returned thanks. "He was very fond of the 'long dogs' and thought, after racing, coursing was the *true* thing. He was no orator, and so he drank off his wine to the health of the company." "Steeple chasing" followed, for which Mr. Coalman of St. Albans returned thanks, assuring the company that it answered his purpose remarkably well; then the Vice gave the Chair, and the Chair gave the Vice, and by way of a finale, Mr. Badchild proposed the game of Chicken-hazard, observing in a whisper to Mr. Jorrocks that perhaps he would like to subscribe to a joint stock purse¹ for the purpose of going to hell. To which Mr. Jorrocks, with great gravity replied—"Sir, I'm d—d if I do."

¹ It is common for parties to club their money and appoint one of their body to play the game.

JORROCKS' HUNT.

Mr. Jorrocks, having made his fortune as a grocer, accepts the mastership of the Handley Cross Fox Hounds, partially retires from business, and, on a visit from Charley Stubbs, his young Yorkshire friend, (who is now the accepted lover of Jorrocks's niece, Belinda,) they have a quiet day's hunt, with the following result.

"Ow are ye, my lad o' wax?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, bouncing out in his sky-blue dressing-gown and slippers, as Charley Stubbs appeared at the garden gate.

"Delighted to see you!" continued Mr. Jorrocks, wringing his hand, and hopping about on one leg; "most 'appy indeed! Bed for yourself, stable for your 'oss; all snug and comfey, in fact. Binjimin!—I say, Binjimin!"

"Coming, sir!—coming!" replied the boy, setting himself into a fustian coat.

"Take this 'ere 'oss to the stable, and bid Pigg treat him as one of 'is own—warm stall, thick blanket, lots o' straw, and crushed corn without end. Now, come in," said he to Stubbs, "and get some grub; and let's 'ear all about it."

Pretty Belinda took Charles's proffered hand with a blush, and Mrs. Jorrocks reentered the room in a clean cap and collar just as the trio were settling into seats. What a burst of inquiries followed!

"Ow's the dad?" asked Mr. Jorrocks.

"Ow did you come?" inquired Mrs. Jorrocks.

"How is your sister?" half whispered Belinda.

"Where have you been since we last saw you?" was demanded before Stubbs had answered any of the preceding, and a great cry of conversation was got up.

In the evening Mr. Jorrocks celebrated the event with a couple of bottles of fine fruity port, and a night-cap of the usual beverage—"B. and W.," as he briefly designated his brandy and water.

* * * * *

Our master took a cooling draught—a couple of Seidlitz powders—the next morning, intending to "lie at earth" as he said, and was later than usual in getting down stairs. Stubbs improved his opportunity, and got sixteen kisses of Belinda, according to Ben's reckoning, who was

listening outside, ere Mrs. Jorrocks made her appearance either. A voluminous correspondence—a week's St. Botolph's-lane letters, and many private ones, some about hounds, some about horses, awaited our master's descent. The first he opened was from his old friend, Dick Bragg:—

"London:

"Dear Mr. J.,

"Though I fear it may involve a charge of fickleness, I feel it due to myself to make the following communication:—

"The fact of my having offered my services to you having transpired, I have been so persecuted with remonstrances from those whose judgment and good opinion I value, and representations of the impolicy of accepting office, other than in similar administrations to those I have heretofore co-operated with, that I really have no alternative but most respectfully to request that you will allow me to withdraw my previous communication. It is, I assure you, with great reluctance that I make the announcement, knowing, as I do, by sad experience, the difficulty there is in obtaining talent even under the most favourable circumstances, let alone in the middle of a season, when everybody worth having is taken up; but it is one of those casualties that cannot be helped, and, in making this communication, allow me to assure you, sir, that I shall always speak of you with respect, sir—yes, sir, I shall always speak of you with respect, sir, and esteem you, sir, as an upright gentleman and a downright fox-hunter. Allow me to subscribe myself, Yours very faithfully,

"RICHARD BRAGG.

"To — Jorrocks, Esq.,

"Handley Cross."

"Ah! Rich. Bragg, indeed!" grunted Mr. Jorrocks, when he read it, "you must think I've a deal more o' the Michaelmas bird i' me than I 'ave, 'o believe you wrote this afore you got my letter. There, Batsay," said he, as the handsome maid now entered with the hissing urn, "take that," handing it to her, "and make curl-papers on 't, and don't you be so 'eavy on my witey-brown."

The next letter he selected was from Mr. Bowker.

"Lincoln's Inn, London.

"Dear Sir:—On calling to pay the 'Life' for your advertisement of 'A hunting man wanted,' he expressed a wish for you to contribute information respecting the sport with your hounds; and, knowing I had the honor of your acquaintance, he wished me to sound you on the subject. He says he gets lots of pot-house accounts of stag, and bag fox-hunting, with harriers, and such like rubbish; but what he wants is real sporting accounts of runs with superior establishments like yours. An editor, you know, can't be everywhere, or he would like to have a horse in every hunt in the kingdom; but he says if you would have the kindness to furnish off-hand accounts, he would spice them up with learning and Latin. He has 'Moore's Dictionary of Quotations,' and can come the classical quite as strong as the great Mr. Pomponius, Esq., whom they reckon the top-sawyer in that line. Some gentlemen, 'The Life' says, send their accounts to a third party, to be copied and forwarded as from an indifferent person; but that consumes time without answering a good end, as the utmost secrecy may be relied upon, and 'The Life' is most particular in combing them into English. In short, gentlemen unaccustomed to public writing may forward their accounts to him with perfect confidence.

"You will be sorry to hear the Slander is in trouble. He had long been suspected of certain spiritual runnings in the shape of an illicit still, at the back of his horse-slaughtering premises in Copenhagen Fields, and an exciseman was despatched last Thursday to watch, and, if necessary, take him. Somehow or other the exciseman has never cast up again, and poor Billy has been taken up on suspicion of having sent him to 'that bourne from whence no traveller returns.' I hope he has not, but time will show.

"Susan Slummers has cut the Cobourg, and got engaged at Sadlers' Wells, under the name of Clarissa Howard. I said if she was choosing a name, she might as well take a good one: she is to do genteel comedy, and is not to be called upon to paint black or wear tights. Her legs have got rather gummy of late, from too constant strain on the sinews, and the manager wanted to reduce her salary, and Susan kicked in consequence; and

this reminds me that I have seen a blister in your stable—James's or Jones's, I forget which—that your groom, Benjamin, told me you applied to horses' legs when they are enlarged. Might I take the liberty of asking if you think it would be beneficially applied in this case?

As I presume from a letter I had from Mr. Stubbs the other day that he will be with you by this time, perhaps you will have the kindness to inform him that Mrs. B. will send his "baccy" by the early train to-morrow, along with your Seidlitz powders, so as to make one parcel do. Old Twist's business is sadly fallen off—my fees have diminished a third—though *my* twist hasn't. We have only half the number of pupils we had. That, however, makes no difference to me, as I never got anything from them but sauce. I hope Mr. and Mrs. Jorrocks are enjoying the pure air of Handley Cross. We are enjoying a dense yellow fog here—so thick and so damp, that the gas-lights, which have been burning all day, are hardly visible; I tripped over a child at the corner of Chancery Lane, and pitched headforemost into an old chestnut-woman's roasting oven.

"By the way, I read an advertisement in a north country paper the other day of 'the eatage of the fog in a park to let.' I wish some one would take the eatage of it here; he'd get a good bellyful, I'm sure. Adieu. Excuse haste and a bad pen, as the pig said when he ran away from the butcher; and believe me to remain,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours most respectfully,

"WM. BOWKER.

"To JOHN JORROCKS, Esq.,

"MASTER OF FOX-HOUNDS, &c., &c.,
"HANDLEY CROSS SPA."

Then before Mr. Jorrocks got half through his city letters and made his pencil observations thereupon—who to do business with, whose respectability to inquire into, who to dun, who to decline dealing with, the gossiping Handley Cross Paul Pry, with its list of arrivals, fashionable millinery, dental surgery advertisements, &c., having passed the ordeal of the kitchen, made its appearance with the following important announcement:—

"THE HANDLEY CROSS (MR. JORROCKS'S) FOX HOUNDS

"Will meet on Wednesday at the Round of Beef and Carrots, Apple-door-road, and on Saturday at the Mountain Daisy, near Hookey's Hutch, each day at ten o'clock.

"N. B. These hounds will hunt Mondays and Fridays, with an occasional bye on the Wednesdays in future."

"Why, your'e advertising, I see!" exclaimed Charley, on reading the above.

"I am," replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a grin, "comin' it strong, ain't I?"

"Very," replied Stubbs, "three days a week—will want a good many horses for that."

"O, I sha'n't be much troubled on the Wednesdays," rejoined Mr. Jorrocks; "shall jest make that long or short 'cord-in' as it suits."

"But you'll go out I s'pose," observed Stubbs.

"In course," replied Jorrocks. "In course—only I shall go out at my own hour—may be height, may be sivin, may be as soon as we can see. Not many o' these waterin' place birds that'll get hup for an 'unt, only ye see as I wants their money, I must give them value received—or summut like it; but there's nothing like the mornin' for makin' the foxes cry 'Capevi!' added he, with a grin of delight."

"Nothing," assented Stubbs.

"We'll 'ave some rare chiveys?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, his eyes glistening as he spoke.

"Hope so," replied Stubbs, adding, "let's give them a trot out to-day."

"To-day," mused our master—"to-day," repeated he, thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, and then taking a dry shave of his chin—"couldn't well go out to-day. To-morrow if you like—got a lot o' letters to write and things to do—not quite right nouth—feel as if I'd eat a hat or a pair o' worsted stockins."

"To-morrow will be too near your regular day," observed Stubbs.

"Ah, true, so it would," assented Mr. Jorrocks, thinking he must attend to appearances at first, at all events.

"Better give them a round to-day," continued Stubbs, returning to his point.

"Not prepared," mused Jorrocks—"not prepared. Pigg hasn't got himself 'fettled oop' yet, as he calls it."

"Oh yes he has," replied Stubbs—"saw him trying on his tops as I came down stairs, and his red coat and waistcoat were lying on the kitchen table."

"Indeed," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "wonder 'ow he looks in 'em. Only a hugely beggar out on 'em."

"He's a varmint looking chap," observed Stubbs.

"Yes, he is," assented Mr. Jorrocks; "'ope he's keen."

"How's Ben off that way?" asked Stubbs.

"Oh, Bin's a fine bouy," observed Jorrocks, "and I makes no doubt 'ill train on. Rome wasn't built in a day, Constantinople nouthier."

"Certainly not," assented Stubbs, thinking if Ben made a sportsman he was very much mistaken.

After a vigorous attack upon the muffins, kidneys, fried ham, marmalade, and other good things adorning Mr. Jorrocks's breakfast table, our Yorkshire friend again tried to draw the great M. F. H. for a day.

"Couldn't we give the 'ounds a trot out by way of exercise, think ye?" asked he.

"Don't know," grunted Jorrocks from the bottom of his coffee-cup. "Wot good would that do?"

"Make 'em handy," replied Stubbs.

"'Andy enough," replied our master, bolting a large piece of muffin, "'Andy as ladies' maids. Can do everything 'cept pay their own pikes."

Despite this confident assertion, Stubbs still stuck to him. First he proposed that Pigg and he should take the hounds out together. This Jorrocks wouldn't stand. "Be sure to get into mischief." Then Stubbs thought it would do Jorrocks a vast deal of good to have a bump on one of his great rough horses. Our master couldn't quite gainsay this, though he did look out of the window, observing that he thought it would rain, and he shouldn't like to get wet.

"Oh, it 'ill not rain," replied Stubbs—"not till night at least," added he confidently.

"Don't know that," grunted Mr. Jorrocks; "Gabey seems to be of a different 'pinion," added he, as the noble old peacock emerged from under a sun-bright Portugal laurel, and stretching his neck, and flapping his wings, uttered a wild, piercing scream.

"Dash my vig, but that looks like it!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, adding, as he caught up his right foot with a shake of his head, "Gabriel Junks is seldom wrong, and my corns are on his side."

Still Stubbs persevered, and, by dint of agitation, at length succeeded in getting Jorrocks not only to go out, but to have a draw in Newtimber Forest, Stubbs observing, and Jorrocks assenting that there would be very little more trouble in running the hounds through the cover than in trotting them along the road. And, with some misgivings, Jorrocks let Stubbs go to make the arrangements, while he applied himself vigorously to his letters.

A QUIET BYE.

Pigg was all eager for the fray, and readily came into Stubbs's suggestion, that they should go out, and just take their chance of finding a fox, and of his going to ground or not as luck and his courage served.

"Ar'll gan to'ard Duncan's, and get his grey for wor Ben," said Pigg, "gin ye'll set the lad on the saddle the rest;" adding, "the Squi-er ar's warned 'ill ride Arterxerxes."

Off the Pigg went to Duncan Nevins, and returned with a woebegone looking horse in a halter, before Stubbs had made any progress in his department. Ben was not to be found. Neither at Mrs. Candy, the tart-woman's, nor at Mrs. Biffin's apple-stall, nor at Strap the saddler's, nor at any of the usual haunts, was anything to be heard of the boy. The fact was, he had been unable to resist a ride at the back of a return chaise passing along Juniper street, and being caught by his apron in the spikes, had been carried nearly to Copse Field before he got himself disentangled.

The oracle Gabriel having continued his monitions, Mr Jorrocks thought to make the absence of the boy an excuse for not going, but now having both Stubbs and Pigg ranged against him, he was soon driven from the attempt. Pigg said "Squi-er Stubbs wad do quite as weal as Ben," and Jorrocks, little loth at heart, perhaps, at length hoisted himself on to Arterxerxes with a swag that would have sent a light-carcased horse over, letting the now smartly-clad Pigg ride the redoubtable Xerxes. So with Stubbs in

front, Jorrocks with the hounds, and Pigg behind, they set off at a gentle trot, telling the inquirers that they were only going to exercise, a delusion that Mr. Jorrocks's hat seemed to favor.

Bump, bump,—jog, jog,—on they went, Mr. Jorrocks now chiding, now coaxing, now dropping an observation fore or aft, now looking at the sky, and now at his watch.

"Des say we shall find pretty soon," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "for they tells me the cover has not been disturbed this long time, and there's lots of lyin'—nice, and dry, and warm—foxes like damp beds as little as Christians. Uncommon pretty betch, that Barbara,—like Bravery as two peas,—by Billin'sgate out o' Benedict, I think. 'Opes we may get blood; it'll do them a deal o' good, and make them steady for the Beef and Carrots. When we gets the 'ounds all on the square, we 'ill 'ave the great Mr. Pomponious Hego to come and give us a good hoiling. Nothin' like soap.

"Hooi! you chap with the turnip-cart!" now roared our master to a cartman coming up; "vot do you mean by stickin' your great ugly wheicle right afore my 'ounds!—Mr. Jorrocks's 'ounds, in fact! I'll skin ye alive!" added he, looking at the man, who stood staring with astonishment. And again they went, bump, bump, jog, jog, at that pleasant post-boy pace, that has roused the bile of so many sportsmen, and set so many riders fighting with their horses.

At length they reached the cover side, —a long wood stretching up the sides of a gently sloping hill, and widening towards the summit. On the crown there stood a clump of Scotch firs and hollies, forming a landmark for many miles round. Turning from the high-road into a grass field on the right, the party pulled up to reconnoitre the ground, and make their final arrangements.

"Now," said Mr. Jorrocks, standing erect in his stirrups, and pointing with his whip, which had the effect of making half the pack break towards the cover,— "Now," said he, as soon as he had got them turned, "this is a good big wood,—two 'undred acres or more—and they tells me the foxes generally lie on the risin' ground, towards the clump. The vind's north-vest, so if we puts hin at this point, we shall draw up it, and p'rhaps get close

to the warmint at startin', which is a grand thing; but, howsomever, let's be doin'. Draw your girths, Pigg, or your 'oss 'll slip through his saddle. Now observe, there are three rides—one on each side, one on hup the middle, *all* leadin' to the clump; and there are cross ones in all directions; so no man need be 'fraid o' losin' himself. Now let's put in. Pigg, open the wicket."

"It's locked," observed Pigg, running the hammer of his whip into the rails, throwing himself off his horse and pulling a great clasp-knife out of his pocket as he spoke. "Sink, but it aye gars mar knife laugh to see a lock put upon leather," added he, as he drew the huge blade across the stiff band that secured the gate. Open flew the wicket—in went the pack with a dash, a crash, and a little music from the riotous ones, which gradually yielded to "Have a care!" and "Gently, Wenus;" Gently, Lousey;" (Louisa), with the cracks of the whips of Mr. Jorrocks and his huntsman.

"Now, Pigg, my frind, let's have a touch o' north country science," observed Mr. Jorrocks, bringing his horse alongside of his huntsman. "I'd like *well* to kill a fox to-day; I'd praise you very much if we did."

"*Aye, aye,*" said Pigg. "Hoic in, Lousey! Solid puddin's better nor empty praise. Have at him there, Statesman, old boy,—ye look like a finder. Deil bon me, but ar thought ar winded him at the crossin' there," added Pigg, pulling his horse short back to a cross ride he had just passed. "Hoic in there, Priestess, ould gal," said he, to an old black and white bitch, feathering round some gorse among the underwood, waving his hand as he spoke. "That's gospel, ar warrant ye," continued he, watching her movements.

"What will't take for t'ard nag?" inquired Pigg, of a besom-maker, who now came down the ride with a wretched white Rosinante, laden with stolen brushwood. "Have at him, there, Challenger!" speaking to a hound.

"Twenty shillin'," replied the man.

"Gie ye eight!" was the answer.

"Yooi, push him up!" to the hound.

"Tak' twelve," rejoined the tinker.

"Good horse—can get up of hisself, top puller and all!"

"Aye, but we dinna want him to poole;

we want him to eat," replied Pigg. "*Had still!*" exclaimed he; "*ar has him!*"—**TALLY HO!**" roared Pigg, cramming his spurs into his horse, and dashing past Jorrocks like a shot. Out went both horns—twang—twang—twang sounded Pigg's; wow! wow! wow! went Jorrocks's, in deeper and more substantial notes, and in a very short time the body of the pack were laid on the scent, and opened the concert with an overpowering burst of melody.

"Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in rapture, as each hound put his nose to the ground, and acknowledged the correctness of the scent. "Oh, beautiful indeed!" added he, thumping the end of his horn upon his thigh, as though he were cutting large gun-waddings out of his breeches. "Ow true to the line! best 'ounds in England by far—never were such a pack! Shall have a rare Chevy—all alone to ourselves; and when I gets home I'll write an account to 'Bell's Life,' and 'The Field,' which nobody *can* contradict. Hark forrard! hark forrard! hark forrard! away!" continued he, ramming the spurs into Arterxerxes's sides, to induce him to change his lumbering trot into a canter, which having accomplished, Mr. Jorrocks settled himself into a regular home seat in his saddle, and pounded up a grass ride through the centre of the wood in a perfect frenzy of delight, as the hounds worked their way a little to his right with a full and melodious cry.

"Hould hard, ye sackless ould sinner!" now cried Pigg, crossing the main ride at a canter, and nearly knocking Jorrocks off his horse, as he charged him in his stride. "*Had* (hold) *bye, ar say!*" he roared in his master's ear, "or ar'll be dingin' on ye down—fox crossed reet in onder husse's tail, and thou sits glowerin' there and never see'd him."

Out went both the horns again—twang! twang!—twang; wow! wow! wow!

"Hark together! hark! get forrard, hounds, get forrard!" cried Mr. Jorrocks, cracking his ponderous whip at some lingers that loitered on the ride, questioning the correctness of their comrades' cry. "*Get forrard, I say!*" repeated he, with redoubled energy. "Confound your unbelievin' souls!" added he, as they went to cry. "Now they are all on him again! Oh, beautiful, beautiful!" exclaimed Mr.

Jorrocks, in ecstasies. "I'll lay five pounds to a fiddler's farthin' they kill him. Mischief in their cry!—a rare scent—can wind him myself."

So saying, he gathered up his reins again, thrust his feet home in the stirrups, crammed the spurs into his horse, and rolled back on the ride he had just come up. "Hark!" now cried our master, pulling up short and holding his hand in the air, as though he had a hundred and fifty horsemen at his tail to check in their career. "Hark!" again he exclaimed; "whoay, 'oss, whoay!" trying to get Arterxerxes to stand still and let him listen. "Now, fool, vot are you champing the bit for?—whoay, I say! He's turned short again! Hoick back! Hoick back! They've overrun the scent," continued he, listening, as the chorus gradually died out; "or," added he, "he *may* have got to ground."

"Tally ho!" now screamed Jorrocks, as a magnificent fellow in a spotless suit of ruddy fur crossed the ride before him at a quiet, stealing, listening sort of pace, and gave a whisk of his well-tagged brush on entering the copse-wood across. "*Hoop! hoop! hoop! hoop!*" roared Mr. Jorrocks, putting his finger in his ear, and halloaing as loud as ever as he could shout; and just as he got his horn fumbled past the guard, Dexterous, Affable and Mercury dashed across the ride, lashing their sterns and bristling for blood, and Pigg appeared a little below cantering along with the rest of the pack at his horse's heels. "*Here, Pigg! there, Pigg!*" roared Mr. Jorrocks; "just by the old hoak-stump. *Gently* now! ah, ware 'eel—that's not the vay of him; he's hover to the left, I tells ye. That's him! Mercury has him. Hoick to Mercury, hoick! *get away, get away, get away, 'ounds!* hoick together! hoick together! Oh, Pigg, wot a wopper he is!" observed Mr. Jorrocks, as Pigg joined him in the ride. "The biggest fox whatever was seen—if we do but kill him—my vig! I'll eat his tongue for supper. Have it grilled, '*cum grano salis*,' with a *lee-tle* Cayenne pepper, as Pomponious Hego would say."

"Aye," replied Pigg, grinning with delight, his cap-peak in the air and the tobacco-juice streaming down his mouth like a Chinese mandarin. "Ar'll be the *death of a shillin'* mysel'!" Saying which he hustled his horse and turned to his hounds.

Away they go again full cry across the cover to the utmost limits, and then back again to the far side. Now the fox takes a full swing round, but won't quit—now he cuts across—now Mr. Jorrocks views him, and swears he'll have his brains as well as his tongue for supper. Pigg has been next, and again comes Mr. Jorrocks's turn. "Dash my vig, but he's a tough 'un!" observed Mr. Jorrocks to James Pigg, as they met again on the rising ground at the top of the ride, where Mr. Jorrocks had been fifteen times and Pigg seventeen, both their horses streaming with perspiration, and the blue and yellow worsted fronts of the bridles embossed with foam. "Dash my vig, but it's a million and a half of petties," continued Mr. Jorrocks, looking at his watch, and seeing it wanted but twenty minutes to four, "that we adwertised, for there's a wast o' go left in him yet, and he'll take the shine out of some of our 'ounds before he's done with them—send them dragglin' 'ome with their sterns down—make 'em cry capevi', I'm thinking."

"Niver fear!" exclaimed Pigg—"niver fear!—whatever ye de keep Tamboreen a rowlin'—yonder he gans! ar wish it mayn't be a fresh un. Arn't draggled a bit."

"Oh, I 'opes not!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, the picture of despair. "Would eat him, brush and all, sooner than that. Oh, dear! oh, dear! a fresh fox would be cruel—'ounds deserve him—worked him well."

"Now they begin to *chass*!" exclaimed Pigg, listening to the ripening chorus. "Aye, there's a grand scent!—Ar'll be the death of a shillin' if we de but kill him. How way, ould man, how way," continued Pigg, cheeringly, jerking his arm to induce his master to follow. "Whatever ye de, keep Tamboreen a rowlin'!" continued Pigg, spurring and jaggling his horse into a canter.

On man and master go—now they meet Charley, and all three are together. Again they part company for different rides, each according to his fancy. There is an evident improvement in the scent, but whether from a fresh fox, or the hounds having got nearer the hunted one, is matter of doubt. Mr. Jorrocks is elated and excited beyond expression. The hounds are evidently working the fox, but the fear of a fresh one rather mars his enjoyment. The hounds turn short, and Pigg and Charles again join Mr. Jorrocks.

"A! man alive, but they are a dustin' his jacket!" exclaimed Pigg, pulling up to listen;—"iv'ry hund's at him;" saying which he pulled out a large steel box and stuffed his mouth full of tobacco.

* * * * *

A sudden pause ensues—all still as death—not a note—not even a whimper!

"Who hoop!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks in ecstasies—"Who hoop!" I say—heard the leadin' 'ound crack his back! Old Cruiser for a guinea!"

* * * * *

"Yonder they gan!" cried Pigg, pointing to a hog-backed hill on the left, over which three couple of hounds were straining to gain the body of the pack—saying which he clapt spurs to his horse and dashed off at full gallop, followed by Charles.

* * * * *

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, the picture of despair—"wot shall I do? wot shall I do?—gone away at this hour—strange country—nobody to pull the 'edges down for me or catch my 'oss if I gets spilt, and there's that Pigg ridin' as if there was not never no such man as his master. Pretty kettle of fish!" continued Mr. Jorrocks, trotting on in the line they had taken. A bridle-gate let him out of cover, and from the first hill our master sees his hounds going like pigeons over the large grazing grounds of Beddington Bottoms, with Pigg and Stubbs a little in the rear, riding as hard as ever their horses can lay legs to the ground.

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"Ow that Scotch beggar rides!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing Pigg going as straight as an arrow, which exclamation brought him to his first fence at the bottom of the hill, over which both horsemen had passed without disturbing a twig.

"OLD UP, 'oss!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, seizing his reins and whip with one hand and the cantrel of the saddle with the other, as Arterxerxes floundered sideways through a low fence with a little runner on the far side. "'OLD UP!" repeated he, as they got scrambled through, looking back and saying, "Terribly nasty place—wonders I ever got over. Should ha' been drund to a certainty if I'd got in. Wouldn't ride at it again for nothin' under knighthood—Sir John Jorrocks, Knight!" continued he, shortening his

hold of his horse. "And my ladyship Jorrocks!" added he. "She'd be bad to 'old—shouldn't wonder if she'd be for goin' to Halmack's. Dash my buttons, but I wish I was off this beastly fallow," continued he; "wonderful thing to me that the farmers can't see there'd be less trouble i' growin' grass than in makin' these nasty rutty fields. 'Eavens be praised, there's a gate—and a lane too," saying which he was speedily in the latter, and gathering his horse together he set off at a brisk trot in the direction he last saw the hounds going.

Terribly deep it was, and great Arterxerxes made a noise like the drawing of corks as he blobbed along through the stiff, holding clay.

Thus Mr. Jorrocks proceeded for a mile or more, until he came upon a red-cloaked gipsy wench stealing sticks from a rotten fence on the left.

"'Ave you seen my 'ounds, ould gal?" inquired he, pulling up short.

"Bless your beautiful countenance, my cock angel!" exclaimed the woman, in astonishment at the sight of a man in a scarlet coat with a face to match; "bless your beautiful countenance, you're the very babe I've been looking for all this blessed day—cross my palm with a bit o' siller, and I'll tell you *sich* a fortin!"

"CUSS YOUR FORTIN!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, sticking spurs into his horse, and grinning with rage at the idea of having pulled up to listen to such nonsense.

"I hope you'll brick your neck, ye nasty ugly ould thief!" replied the gipsy, altering her tone.

"Opes I sharn't," muttered Mr. Jorrocks, trotting on to get out of hearing. Away he went, blob, blob, blobbing through the deep holding clay as before.

Presently he pulled up again with a "Pray, my good man, 'ave you seen my 'ounds—Mr. Jorrocks's 'ounds, in fact?" of a laborer scouring a fence-gutter. "Don't you 'ear me, man?" bellowed he, as the countryman stood staring with his hand on his spade.

"I be dull of hearin', sir," at length drawled the man, advancing very slowly towards our master with his hand up to his ear.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, starting off again "was there ever sich a misfortunate individual as

John Jorrocks?—"Ark! vat's that? Pigg's 'orn?" "Oh, dear, only a cow! Come hup, 'oss, I say, you hugly beast lapped in leather as you," giving Arterxerxes a good double thonging as he spoke. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" continued he, "I wish I was well back at the Cross, with my 'ounds safe i' kennel.—Vot a go is this!—Dinner at five—baked haddocks, prime piece of fore chine, Portingal honions and fried plum-pudding; and now, by these dark-enin' clouds, it must be near four, and here I be's, miles and miles away—'ounds still runnin', and adwertised for the Beef and Carrots on Wednesday—never will be fit to go, nor to the Daisy nouter."

"Pray, my good man," inquired he of a drab-coated, big-basketed farmer, on a bay cart-horse, whom he suddenly encountered at the turn of the road, "'ave you seen anything of my 'ounds? Mr. Jorrocks's 'ounds, in fact?"

"Yes, sir," replied the farmer, all alive; "they were running past Langford plantations, with the fox dead beat close afore them."

"Ow long since, my friend?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, brightening up.

"Oh, why just as long as it's taken me to come here, mebbe ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, not longer certainly. If you put on you may be in at the death yet."

Away went spurs, elbows, and legs, Arterxerxes was again impelled into a canter, and our worthy master pounded along, all eyes, ears, and fears. Night now drew on, the darkening clouds began to lower, bringing with them fog and a drizzling rain. "Bad go, this," said Mr. Jorrocks, rubbing his hand under his coat-sleeve, and raising his face to ascertain the precise amount of the fall. "Bad go, indeed. Got my Sunday 'at on, too. Hooi, bouys! did you see th' 'ounds?" inquired he of a troop of satchel-slung youths, plodding their ways homeward from school.

"Y-e-a-s," at length drawled out one, after a good stare at the inquirer.

"Ow long since? come, *quick*, bouy?"

"May be twenty minutes; just as we com'd past Hookem-Snivey church we seed fox, and hounds were close ahint; he was *varra* tired."

"Twenty minutes," repeated Mr. Jorrocks, aloud to himself; "twenty minutes—may be a werry long way off by this;

foxes travel fast. Vich way were they a-goin'?"

"Straight for Staunton-Snivey," drawled the boy.

"My vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "vot a run; if we don't kill werry soon, it'll be pitch dark' and then there'll be a pretty kittle o' fish; th' 'ounds will kill all the ship (sheep) i' the country; shall have a bill as long as my h'arm to pay."

Fear lent fresh impetus to our worthy friend, and tightening his hold of Arterxerxes' head, who now began tripping and stumbling, and floundering along in a most slovenly manner, Mr. Jorrocks trotted on, and reaching Hookem-Snivey, saw by the foot-people standing on the church-yard wall, that the hounds were "forrad;" he turned down a lane to the left of the village stocks, in the direction the people were looking, and catching Staunton-Snivey in the distance, set off for it as hard as ever he could tear. A pretty clattering he made down the stony road.

Night now drew on apace, and heavy darkening clouds proclaimed a fast approaching storm. At Staunton-Snivey, he learned that the hounds had just crossed the turnpike on to the Downs, with the fox "dead beat close afore them;" and still unwilling to give in, though every moment increased his difficulties, he groped open a bridle-gate, and entered upon the wide-extending plain. The wind had now risen, and swept with uncommon keenness over the unprotected open. The drizzling rain, too, became changed into larger, heavier drops, and thrusting his hat upon his brow, Mr. Jorrocks buttoned his coat up to the throat, and wrapping its laps upon his thighs, tucked them in between his legs and the saddle. Dismal and disheartening were his thoughts, and many his misgivings for his rashness. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" muttered he, "vot a most momentous crisis—lost! lost! lost!—completely lost! Dinner lost! 'ounds lost—all lost together! Oh, vot evil genius ever tempted me from the lovely retirement o' Great Coram Street? Oh! why did I neglect the friendly warnin' o' Gabriel Junks? Change, change, storm, storm, was in his every scream, and yet I would go. Cuss the rain, it's gettin' down my werry back, I do declare;" saying which, he turned the blue collar of his coat up to his ears,

and both laps flew out with a desperate gust of wind. "Ord rot it," said he, "it's not never no use persewerin', may as well give in at once and 'ark back to Snivey; my Berlins are wet through, and I shall be drenched in another second. Who-ay, 'oss! who-ay; stand still, you hugly beast, and let me listen. The ducking-headed brute at length obeyed.

"It is the 'orn," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, after sitting listening for some time, with his hand to his ear; "it is the 'orn, Pigg's not far off! There it goes again, but the 'owling wind carries so many ways, there's no saying whereabouts he is. I'll blow, and see if I can 'ail him." Mr. Jorrocks then drew out his horn, and puffed and blew most lustily, but the raging tempest scattered the notes before they were well out of his mouth, and having exhausted his breath, he again paused, horn in hand, to listen. Between each blast of the raging hurricane, the faint notes of the horn were heard, some coming more fully as the gale blew more favorably, and a fuller one falling on his ear, during a period of partial lull, Mr. Jorrocks determined on advancing and endeavouring to rejoin his lost huntsman. "Come hup, I say, you hugly beast!" exclaimed he, getting Arterxerxes short by the head, and digging the spurs freely into his sides. The lumbering brute acknowledged the compliment with a sort of half hitch of a kick. "Great henterpriseless brute—do believe you'd rayther 'ave a feed o' corn than the finest run wot ever was seen," observed Mr. Jorrocks, cropping him. Night had now closed in, and even the sort of light of darkness that remains so long to the traveler who journeys onward with the closing day, deserted him, and earth and sky assumed the same sombre hue:—

"The dragon wing of night o'erspread the earth":

Scarce a star was visible in the firmament, and the few scattered lights that appeared here and there about the country, seemed like snatches of hope lit up for the moment to allure and perplex the wanderer.

"If ever mortal man catches me in such a quandary as this again," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "I 'opes—*oh dear!* Who's there?—Cus those Seidlitz pooders!—*Speak, I say!*—*vot are you?* Come hup, 'oss I say!" roared he, ramming the

spurs into Arterxerxes, who had suddenly shied off with a loud snort. "Now for a murder!" ejaculated Jorrocks, still cramming in the spurs.

"E-yah! E-yah! E-yah!" went the donkey, greatly to the relief of Mr. Jorrocks's mind, who had clenched his huge hammer-headed whip by the middle, so as to give an assailant the full benefit of its weight. Out then went his horn again, and the donkey brayed a full accompaniment.

"Oh, the deuce be with the hanimal!" cried Jorrocks grinning with vexation, "never saw a donkey yet that knew when to 'old his tongne. Oh, my vig, vot a vind! almost blows the 'orn itself; shall be blown to hatoms, I do believe. And the rain too! I really thinks I'm wet to the werry waistband o' my breeches. I'll lay a guinea 'at to a half-crown gossamer I haven't a dry thread upon me in 'alf a minute. Got a five-pund note i' my pocket that will be hutterly ruined. Sarves me right, for bein' such a hass as to take these 'ounds—vy wasn't I content with the glorious old Surrey, and an occasional turn with the Cut-em-downs? Well; I thinks this night will be the last of John Jorrocks! Best master of 'ounds wot ever was seen. 'Orrible termination to a hactive life; starved on a common, eat by wolves, or shepherds' dogs, which is much of a muchness as far as comfort's concerned. Why even yon donkey would be 'shamed of such an end. There goes the vind with my 'at—lucky it's tied on," added he, trying to catch it as it dangled at his back, "or I should never have seen it no more. I'd give fifty puns to be back at 'Andley Cross—I'd give a 'undred puns to be back at 'Andley Cross—knows no more where I am than if I was among the Bohea mountains—oh, dear, 'ow it pours! I'd give two 'undred puns to be back at 'Andley Cross—yonder's a light, I do declare, *two* on 'em—come hup, 'oss, I say. The hanimal seems to have no sense! I'll lead you, you nasty hugly brute, for I do believe you'll brick my neck or my back, or both, arter all;" so saying, Mr. Jorrocks clambered down, and getting on to the sheltered side of the animal, proceeded to plunge and roll, and stagger and stumble across the common, with the water churning in his great boots, in the direction of lights.

After a good hour's roll about the open Downs, amid a most pelting, pitiless storm, our much-respected master at length neared the longed-for lights, which he had kept steadily in view, and found they proceeded from lamps at lodges on either side of handsome gates, betokening the entrance to a large demesne. Mounting his horse, he rode quickly through the gates, and trusting to the sound of Arterxerxes' hoofs for keeping the road, he jogged on in search of the mansion. Tall stately pines, rising like towers to heaven, with sombre yews in massive clumps, now made darkness visible, and presently a sudden turn of the road brought a large screen full of lights to view, some stationary, others gliding about, which acted like sunbeams on our master's mind; more grateful still was the shelter afforded by the lofty portals of the entrance, under which, as if by instinct, Arterxerxes bore his master, and then stood still to be delivered of his load. "The bell 'ill be somewhere here, I guess," observed Mr. Jorrocks, dismounting and running his hand up either side of the door-posts. "Here's as much door as would serve Jack the Giant-killer's castle, and leave a little over." So saying, having grasped the bulky handle of a wall-ensconced bell, he gave it a hearty pull, and paused as they say for an answer.

In an instant, two tall, highly-powdered footmen, in rich scarlet and white lace-bedaubed liveries, threw wide the folding doors as though they expected Daniel Lambert, or the great Durham ox, exhibiting a groom of the chamber and a lusty porter, laying down the newspapers, and hurrying from a blazing fire in the background.

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"Perhaps you would like to be shown to your room, sir, as you seem wet?" observed the groom of the chamber, after a mutual stare, which Mr. Jorrocks did not seem likely to interrupt.

"*Seem* vet!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, stamping and shaking himself, "*seem* vet; I'm just as vet as a man can be, and no vetter; but what shall I do with my 'oss? The musciful man, you know, is musciful to his quad."

"Oh, there's a stall all ready for him, sir; your servant's been here this 'alf-hour and more; I'll send the 'orse round

for you, if you'll allow me, sir. Here, Jones, take hold of him, and you, Peters, run down-stairs, and tell Saul to come and take it round."

"Yes," added Mr. Jorrocks; "and tell Pigg to let him have some warm gruel directly, and to get him well done hup, for he's had a hard day. Werry clever of the chap," continued Mr. Jorrocks, "runnin' to ground here—seems a capital house—wot a passage! like the Thames Tunnel." Jorrocks then stumped in.

"This way, if you please, sir," said the groom of the chamber, motioning him across a magnificent old baronial hall, and turning short up a well-lit, softly-carpeted, winding staircase, he preceded Mr. Jorrocks, with a chamber candle, along a lengthy gallery, all hung with portraits of grim-visaged warriors, and small-waisted, large looming ladies. — "This is *your* room, sir," said he, at length, opening a partially closed door, and ushering Mr. Jorrocks into a splendidly furnished apartment, whose blazing fire, gleaming on the rich crimson curtains and hangings of the room, imparted a glow that long exposure to the unruly elements made appear quite enchanting. "'Eavens be praised for these and all other mercies!" exclaimed the grateful Mr. Jorrocks, throwing his hat and whip upon the sofa, and plunging into the luxurious depths of a many-cushioned easy-chair.

"Your clothes *are* laid out, I think, sir," observed the groom of the chamber, casting a glance at another sofa, on which clean linen, dress clothes, shiny thin shoes, were arranged in the most orthodox order. "P'rhaps you'd like some hot water, sir?"

"Yes, I should," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "werry much—and a little brandy, if you've no objection."

"Certainly, sir, certainly," replied the well-drilled servant, giving the top log on the fire a lift so as to make it blaze, and lighting the toilet-table candles.

All this passed with such extraordinary rapidity—the events of the day had been so numerous and exciting—the transition from the depths of misery to the height of luxury so sudden, and, above all, the perfect confidence of the servant so seductively convincing, that not doubting of the accuracy of everything, and placing all to the credit of his renowned name

and the acuteness of his northern huntsman, Mr. Jorrocks proceeded with the aid of a boot-jack to suck off his adhering boots, and divest himself of his well-soaked garments. The servant presently returned with a long-necked bottle of white brandy on a massive silver tray, accompanied with hot water, lemon, sugar, nutmeg, and a plate of biscuits. Seeing Mr. Jorrocks advancing rapidly to a state of nudity, he placed them on a table near the fire, and pointing to a bell beside the bed, observed that if he would ring when he was ready, he would come and conduct him to the drawing-room. The servant then withdrew.

"Wonder if Pigg's killed the fox," observed Mr. Jorrocks to himself, pouring out half a tumbler of brandy and filling the glass up with hot water. "Capital fun 'unting, to be sure," said he, sipping away; "specially ven one gets into a good quarter like this," continued he, jerking his head, "but desperation poor fun sleepin' on a common!" and thereupon, after a few more preliminary sips, he drained off the tumbler.

"May as well vet both eyes," observed he, as he felt the grateful influence of the brandy upon his nearly exhausted frame, saying which he poured himself out another half tumbler of brandy, and adding sugar and lemon, drank off a good part of it, and left the remainder till he got himself washed.

"Werry considerate this," said he, "werry considerate indeed," he repeated, taking a large Turkey sponge out of the handle of a hip bath of warm water, shaded from the fire by a glass screen, inside of which upon a rail hung a row of baked towels. "Kettle too," said he, now attracted by its simmering, "may as well have a boil;" so saying, he emptied the contents into the bath, and pulling off his wig, proceeded to wash and disport himself therein, using the sponge as if it was his own. In the midst of his ablutions the door opened, and through the glass screen he saw a servant in a dark coat and scarlet waistcoat enter, and hastily retire as he caught a glimpse of our white Hottentot-like hero squatting in the water. Out Mr. Jorrocks got, and bolted the door, and hearing something going on in the passage, he listened for a moment and caught divers scraps of conversation, apparently between a servant

and his master, such as, "Why, you stupid fool, don't you know the room? You certainly are the greatest ass ever man encumbered himself with."

"Beg pardon, sir, I could have sworn that was the room."

"Stuff and nonsense! look along the passage, the doors are all so much alike, no wonder a fool like you is puzzled"; saying which the voices moved along, and Mr. Jorrocks heard the knocking and opening of doors all along the gallery, until they gradually died away in the distance. Our hero had just done with his bath, and finished his brandy and water, when the sound of returning footsteps again drew his attention to his door, and an angry voice and a meek one sounded alternately through the panels.

"Now what *are* you staring there about, you great idiot—keeping me shivering in my wet clothes. If this *is* the room, why don't you knock?"

"Please, sir, there's a gen'leman in."

"How d' you know?"

"Saw him, sir."

"Then it can't be my room."

"Laid your clothes out in it howsomever, sir."

"How do you know this is it?"

"'Cause I tied this bit of straw round the 'andle of the door."

"Then knock and ask the gentleman to let you in, and get my clothes out again. You've put them into the wrong room, that's the long and short of the matter—stupid fool!" The servant then ventured a very respectful double tap.

"WHO'S THERE?" roared Jorrocks, in a voice of thunder.

"Beg pardon, sir,—but I think I've made a mistake, sir, with master's clothes, sir."

"NO, YOU HAVEN'T!" replied Mr. Jorrocks, in the same sweet tone as before.

"Oh, beg pardon, sir," rejoined the servant.

"NOW ARE YOU SATISFIED?" roared the master in the Jorrockian strain. "Go along, you fool, and seek a servant."

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In a few minutes there was a renewed and increased noise outside, and Mr. Jorrocks now recognized the bland voice of his friend the groom of the chamber.

"Beg pardon, sir," said he softly through the door, "but would you allow me to speak to you for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "talk through the door."

"Please, sir, would you 'blige me with your name, sir?'"

"Certainly! Mr. Jorrocks, to be sure! The M. F. H. ! Who else should it be?"

"Oh, I fear, sir, there's a mistake, sir. This room, sir, was meant for Captain Widowfield, sir. Those are *his* clothes, sir."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in disgust. "Didn't Pigg tell you I was a comin'?"

"It was the captain's servant I took for yours, sir."

"*Humph!*" grunted Mr. Jorrocks, "that won't do; at all events, I can't part with the garments."

"I will thank you, sir, to let *my* servant remove *my* clothes from *my* room," observed Captain Widowfield, in a slow, determined tone through the door.

"My good friend," replied Mr. Jorrocks, altering his accent, "'ow is it possible for me to part with the garments when I've nothin' o' my own but wot's as drippin' wet as though I'd been dragged through the basin of the Paddin'ton Canal? reg'larly salivated in fact!"

"I have nothing to do with that, sir," exclaimed the captain, indignantly; "I'm wet myself. *Will you open the door, I say?*"

"*No I won't,*" replied Mr. Jorrocks, "and that's the plain English of it!" So saying, he swaggered back to the fire with the air of a man resisting an imposition. He then mixed himself a third tumbler of brandy and water.

It may be well here to mention that the mansion in which Mr. Jorrocks so suddenly found himself was Onger Castle, where Michael Hardy, the founder of the hunt, found himself at the end of his long and successful run. The vicissitudes of many years had thrice changed the ownership of the castle since the day when the good earl greeted our primitive sportsman on killing his fox before the castle windows, and the present possessor was nephew to that nobleman, who having that day attained his majority, was about to celebrate the event among a party of friends and neighbors.

Having waited until half-past six to welcome Captain Widowfield, before dressing, his lordship at length concluded the storm had prevented his coming; and the party, consisting of five or six

and twenty, were in the act of retiring to their respective apartments to prepare for dinner, when Walker, the aforesaid groom of the chamber, came hurrying along, pale in the face from the *parley* in the passage, followed by the captain in a high state of exasperation, to announce the appearance of an uninvited guest. No sooner was the name "Jorrocks" announced than a shout of triumph and a roar of laughter burst from all present; and after learning the particulars of his arrival, which seemed to fill every one with ecstasies, (for during the long wait before dressing, they had talked over and abused all their absent friends,) his lordship begged the gallant captain to be pacified, and put up with a suit of his clothes for the evening.

"It was no use being angry with old Jorrocks," he observed, "whom everybody said was mad; and he trusted the amusement he would afford the company would atone for the inconvenience he had subjected his good friend, the captain, to."

The doctrine, though anything but satisfactory to a man burning for vengeance, seemed all the consolation the captain was likely to get, so returning with Walker, he borrowed the roomiest suit of Lord Brambers' clothes, and while attiring himself in them, he considered how best he could have his revenge.

Meanwhile our hero, having disposed of his third tumbler of stiff brandy and water, which contributed materially to the restoration of his usual equanimity, began to appropriate the clothes so conveniently laid out on the sofa.

Captain Widowfield was a stout, big fellow, as bulky as Jorrocks, and much taller, and being proud of his leg was wont to adorn his lower man in shorts on high days and holidays; so having drawn on a pair of fine open-ribbed black-silk stockings over the gauzeones, Mr. Jorrocks speedily found himself in a pair of shorts, which, by dint of tight girding, he managed to bring up to the middle of his calves. The captain's cravat was of black satin, the waistcoat a white one, articles, as Mr. Jorrocks observed, that could be reeved or let out to fit any one, and having plunged into the roomy recesses of a blue coat, with conservative buttons, he surveyed the whole in the cheval glass, and pronounced them "werry good." He

then exchanged the captain's lily and rose-worked slippers for his patent-leather pumps, and the brandy acting forcibly on an empty stomach, banished all diffidence, and made Jorrocks ring the bell as though the house were his own.

* * * * *

"You've got me into a pretty scrape with the Earl," said Walker, entering the room; "I thought you were Captain Widowfield."

"Did you?" replied Mr. Jorrocks, placing himself before the fire with a coat-lap over each arm.—"You'll know better another time.—But tell me, what heart is it you are talkin' about?"

"The Earl of Bramber, to be sure," replied the servant.

"What! this is his shop, is it?" inquired Jorrocks—"Onger Castle, in fact?"

"Yes; I thought you had been one of the party when I showed you in here," replied Walker.

"Oh, never mind," said Mr. Jorrocks, "where there's ceremony there's no frindship—I makes no doubt I shall be werry welcome—See; there's five shillin's for you," giving him a dollar. "You mustn't let the captain in here though, mind. Now tell us, is there any grub to get?"

"Dinner will be served in a quarter of an hour," replied Walker.

"*Dinner!*" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, looking at his watch; "ten minutes past seven, and not dined yet; what will the world come to next? Dead o' winter, too!"

Walker then conducted him down stairs, and ushered him into a splendid drawing-room, brilliantly lighted up, whose countless mirrors reflected his jolly person a hundred-fold. The housemaids were just giving the finishing sweep to the grates, and the footmen lighting the candles and lamps, when our master entered; so making up to a table all covered with pamphlets and papers, he drew an easy chair towards it, and proceeded to make himself comfortable.

Lord Bramber was the first to enter. He was a tall, handsome young man, of delicate appearance and gentlemanly manners. He wore moustachios, and was dressed in a black coat and trousers, with a white waistcoat.

Seeing a stranger, he had no difficulty in settling who he was, so he advanced

with a bow and extended hand to greet him.

Mr. Jorrocks was up in an instant.

"My Lord, '*necessitas non habet leges*,' as that classical statesman, Mr. Pomponius Hego, would say—or, 'unger makes a man bold,' as I would say—I'm werry glad to see you;" saying which, he shook his lordship's hand severely.

"Thank you," replied Lord Bramber, smiling at his guest's hospitality; "thank you," repeated he—"hope you left Mrs. Jorrocks and your family well."

"Thank'e" said Mr. Jorrocks, "thank'e, my lordship," as the existence of his better half was brought to his recollection; "'opes I sharn't find her as I left her."

"How's that? I hope she is not unwell?" inquired his lordship with well-feigned anxiety.

"Oh, no," replied Mr. Jorrocks, raising his eye-brows with a shrug of his shoulders; "oh, no, only I left her in a werry bad humour, and I 'opes I shall not find her in one when I gets back—*haw, haw, haw*,—he, he, he,—s'pose your 'at (hat) covers your family—wish mine did too, for atwixt you and I and the wall, my lordship, women are werry weary warmints. I say, my lord, a gen'leman should do nothin' but 'unt,—it's the sport of kings, the image of war, without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger. You've got a werry good shop here—capital shop, I may say," added he, surveying the rich orange silk furniture and gilding of the room. "Wonder how long this room is? Sixty feet, I dare say, if it's a hinch;—let's see." So saying, Mr. Jorrocks, having set his back against the far wall, took a coat-lap over each arm, and thrusting his hands into Captain Widowfield's breeches pockets, proceeded to step the apartment. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen," when he was interrupted in his measurement by the opening of the door, and entrance of some of the guests. He was introduced to each in succession, including Captain Widowfield, a big, red-whiskered, pimply-faced, choleric-looking gentleman, to whom our worthy master tendered the hand of fellowship, in perfect ignorance of his being the person with whom he had held communion sweet through the door.

Dinner was then announced.

We suppose our readers will not care to have the names of the guests who sat down to the banquet, or yet the wines or viands that constituted the repast; suffice it to say, that the company consisted chiefly of people in the neighborhood, sprinkled with a few idle Honourables, who lend themselves out to garnish country-houses in the dull season, and the best French and English cookery furnished the repast.

Despite the prevailing non-wineing fashion, everybody, save Captain Widowfield, drank wine with Mr. Jorrocks, and before the dessert appeared, the poor gentleman, what from the effects of brandy on an empty stomach before dinner, and wine on a full one during it, began to clip her Majesty's English very considerably. "Never were such 'ounds as mine," he kept hiccupping, first into one neighbour's ear and then into another. "Never were such 'ounds (hiccup), certainly—hurrah, I say (hiccup), Jorrocks is the boy! Forward! hark, forward, away! (hiccup). You must come and 'unt with me," hiccupped he to the gentleman on the left. "Beef and Onions on Wednesday, (hiccup)—Candid Pig—no, Mountain Daisy, (hiccup)—Saturday—James Pigg is a real warmin't (hiccup)—a trump, a real trump, (hiccup) and no mistake. Give me port, none o' your clarety wines."

The Earl of Bramber's health, of course, was proposed in a bumper, with "all the honours." Mr. Jorrocks hooped and holloed at the top of his voice—an exertion that put the finishing stroke to his performance, for on attempting to resume his seat he made a miscalculation of distance, and fell with a heavy thump upon the floor. After two or three rolls he was lifted into his chair; but speedily resuming his place on the floor, Walker was summoned with two stout footmen to carry him to bed.

Captain Widowfield followed to make sure of his clothes: the gap caused by Mr. Jorrocks' secession was speedily closed in, and the party resumed the convivialities of the evening.

The room to which our master was transferred was the dressing-room, over a large swimming-bath, on the eastern side of the castle, and very cozily he was laid into a little French bed. Walker wound up his watch, Captain Widowfield walked off with his clothes, and our drunken hero was left alone in his glory.

The events of the day, together with the quantity of brandy and wine he had drank, and the fatigue consequent upon his exertions, combined to make Mr. Jorrocks feverish and restless, and he kept dreaming, and tossing, and turning, and tumbling about, without being able to settle to sleep. First, he fancied he was riding on the parapet of Waterloo Bridge with Arterxerxes, making what he would call a terrible fore-paw (*faux pas*), or stumble; next, that he was benighted on the common, and getting devoured by shepherds' dogs; then, that having bought up all the Barcelona nuts in the world, and written to the man in the moon to secure what were there, he saw them become a drug in the market, and the firm of Jorrocks and Co. figuring in the "Gazette."

Next, he dreamt that he had got one of James Pigg's legs and one of his own—that on examination they both turned out to be left ones, and he could not get his boots on. Now that he was half-famished, and chained to a wall in sight of a roast goose—anon that the Queen had sent to say she wanted to dance with him, and he couldn't find his pumps; "No! give him all the world, sir, he couldn't find his pumps." Now that the Prince wanted to look at Arterxerxes, and he couldn't find the ginger. "No: give him all the world, sir, he couldn't find the ginger!" Then he got back to the chase, and in a paroxysm of rage, as he fancied himself kicking on his back in a wet ditch, with Benjamin running away with his horse, his dreams were interrupted by a heavy *crack, bang, splash* sort of sound, and in an instant he was under water. All was dark and still. His dreams, though frightful, had all vanished as he awoke, and after rising to the top he waited an instant to see if this would not do likewise; but the sad reality was too convincing, so he began bellowing, and roaring, and splashing about in a most resolute manner.

"Hooi! hooi! hooi!" spluttered he, with his eyes and mouth full of water. "'Elp! 'elp! 'elp! 'elp! I'm a drownin', I'm a drownin'! Mr. Jorrocks is a drownin'—oh, dear, oh, dear, will nobody come?—Oh, vere am I? vere am I? Binjimin! I say, Binjimin! James Pigg! James Pigg! James Pigg! Batsay! Batsay! Murder! 'elp! Murder! 'elp!"

"What's happen'd? what's happen'd? what's happen'd? Who's there? who's there? Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed half-a-dozen voices at once, rushing with candles into the gallery of the swimming-bath.

"Vot's 'appen'd?" replied Mr. Jorrocks, blobbing and striking out for hard life with his white cotton night-capped head half under water; "Vy, I'm drownin'.—'Elp! 'elp! 'elp, I say! Oh, vill nobody come to 'elp?"

"Throw out the rope! throw out the rope!" cried half-a-dozen voices.

"No; get a boat," responded Mr. Jorrocks, thinking there was little choice between hanging and drowning. "Oh dear, I'm sinkin', I'm sinkin'!"

"Come to this side," cried one, "I'll lend you a hand out"; thereupon Mr. Jorrocks struck out with a last desperate effort, and dashed his head against the wall.

They then pulled him out of the bath, and with great care and condolence put him to bed again. He was still rather drunk—at least, not quite sober; for when pressed to exchange his wet shirt for a dry one, he hugged himself in it, exclaiming "No, no; they'll worry it! They'll worry it!"

* * * * *

"Your master's just gone through," said Anthony Smith at the Barrow Hill Gate.

"Mar maister!" replied Pigg, "what, Squire Jorrocks?"

"Yeas," said the man, "he was axing if I could tell him what became of his hounds yesterday."

"Indeed," replied Pigg, "give me fourpence and a ticket."

On Pigg trotted as well as he could with a pack of hounds without a whipper-in, and catching a view of Mr. Jorrocks's broad red back rounding a bend of the road, he gave a puff of his horn that acted like magic.

Mr. Jorrocks stopped as though he were shot.

Turning short back, he espied his huntsman and the hounds, and great was the joy and exultation at meeting.

"Killed him did you say!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in ecstasies, "*vere's his brush?*"

"A, sink 'em, they'd spoil'd it," replied Pigg, "afore iver I gat te them—but ar's gotten his head i' my pocket!"

"*Fetch it out!*" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "vy, man, you should ride with it at your osses' side. Have you never a couple loup to your saddle?—run a bit of vipcord through his snout, and let the world see the wonders we've done—you've no proper pride about you! There now," continued he, having adjusted the head at Pigg's saddle side, "let the world see it—don't let your coat lap hang over it."

Thus Mr. Jorrocks and Pigg proceeded at a foot's pace, relating their mutual adventures. Before they had got to the end of their stories, who but Charles should pop upon them from a by-road, and the three having got together again, they entered Handley Cross in triumphant procession, as though they had never parted. Rumors of the run had been rife all the morning, but in what direction it had been, nobody could tell. The stables and kennel were besieged by inquirers, and Mr. Fribbleton, the man-milliner, who edited the "Paul Pry," having been granted an audience, managed from Mr. Jorrocks's account to manufacture the following article for the second edition of his paper. It was headed—

BRILLIANT RUN WITH MR. JORROCKS'S HOUNDS!

and proceeded—

"As this unrivalled pack were taking their daily exercise on the Summerton road, accompanied by the huntsman, their worthy master, and his friend, Mr. Charles Stubbs, a large dog-fox suddenly crossed before them, with which the pack went away in gallant style, despite all efforts to stop them, as they were advertised to meet at the Round-of-Beef and Carrots to-morrow. The place the fox so suddenly popped upon them was just at the four-mile-stone, near the junction on the Appledove road, and as there were some coursers on Arthington open fields, it is conjectured bold Reynard having been suddenly disturbed by the long dogs, had come upon the hounds in a somewhat ruffled state of mind, without dreaming of his danger. However, he was quickly convinced that there was some, by the cry of his redoubtable pursuers, and the shortness of his start caused him to put his best leg foremost; and setting his head for Wallaton Plantations, he went straight as an arrow toward them, passing near the main earths on Thoresby Moor, and

going through the low end of the plantation, where they run out into a belt.

"Here he was chased by a woodman's dog, and the hounds came to a momentary check; but Mr. Jorrocks, being well up, made a scientific cast forward, and getting upon the grass, they hit off the scent at a meuse, and went at a racing pace down to Crowland, through Lady Cross Park, leaving Bilson a little on the right, and so on to Langford Plantations, from thence by King's Gate to Hookem-Snivey, and on by Staunton-Snivey to the Downs, crossing at Depedean, leaving the Windmill to the right, and the Smugglers' Cave on the left. Night and a hurricane now came on; but, despite all impediments, this truly gallant pack realised their fox at the foot of Gunston Crags. A few more minutes would have thrown the mantle of protection over the varmint, for the crags are strongholds, from whence foxes are seldom or never dislodged. It was the biggest Reynard that ever was seen, and the tag of his tail was uncommonly large.

"The distance gone over could not have been less than five-and-twenty miles; and altogether it was the very finest run ever encountered in the annals of fox-hunting. Mr. Jorrocks went like a bird, and earned a title to a niche among the crack riders of England.

"The hounds lay out all night, but have arrived at Handley Cross in very fair order; and we trust this run is a prelude to a long career of brilliant sport that we shall have the good fortune to record under the auspices of their most sporting master, and his equally renowned and energetic Scotch huntsman—Charles Pigg."

Mr. Jorrocks wrote the following letter to Bill Bowker:—

"Dear Bowker:

"Yours to hand, and note the contents. We've had a *buster*! Three hours without a check and a kill! Should have been 'appy to have sent old 'Nunquam Dormio' * an account, but it was a bye on the sly, and no one being out, there are no names to bring in. It's soapin' chaps cleverly wot makes a run read. Howsomever, I hopes to have lots of clippers for him to record before long. Not that I cares about fame, but it's well to let the

'ounds have the credit of what they do. You say Dormio will spice the articles up with learning and Latin. Latin be 'anged!—Greek, too, if there's any grown now-a-days. Now for the run.

"It's an old sayin' and a true 'un, that a bad beginnin' often makes a good endin'. We lost Binjamin at startin'; the little beggar was caught in the spikes of a pochay and carried a stage out of town—teach him to walk up street for futur'. Howsomever, off we set without him, and a tremendous run was the result. I send you the 'Pry,' and you can judge for yourself; the first part, about the find, must be taken 'cum grano salis,' with a *leettle* Quieanne pepper, as Pomponius Ego would say. We meant to have a private rehearsal, as it were, and got a five-act comedy instead of a three. Indeed, it were like to have been a tragedy.

"Somehow or other I got to the Earl of Bramber's, where there was a great spread, and I had a good blow-out and a solemnish drink. Either I walked in my sleep and fell into a pond or some one pitched me into one, and I was as near drowned as a toucher. Howsomever, I got out, and werry attentive people were to me, givin' me brandy, and whiskey, and negus, and all sorts of things. I slept pretty well after it, nevertheless; but when I awoke to get up I seemed to be in quite a different room—no bell, no lookin'-glass, no washstand, no towels, no nothin', but my 'unting clothes were laid nice and orderly. I dressed, and found my way to the breakfast-room, when sich a roar of laughter greeted my entrance! Still, they were all werry purlite; but I observed, whenever a servant came in, he nearly split his sides with laughin'. Well, jist as I was goin' away I caught a sight of myself in a glass, and, oh, crikey! my face was painted broad red and yellow stripes, zebra-fashion! I couldn't be angry, for it was so werry well done; but it certainly was werry disrespectful to an *M. F. H. Have no great fancy for lords—werry apt to make first a towel and then a dish-clout on one. But enough of that.

"I hope the Slender has not been silly enough to shoot an exciseman; they are clearly not game. It will be hawkward for them both if he has: course he has too many legal friends not to get the best ad-

* An eye, with "nunquam dormio" round, is the crest and motto of "Bell's Life."

* Master of Fox Hounds.

vice. I'm sorry to hear about Susan's legs—they were a pair of uncommon neat ones, certainlie; all the symmetry of Westris's without the smallness. I don't think blisterin' would do them any good; rest—rest—with occasional friction: hand-rubbin', in fact, is the best thing.

"Charley's quite well, and slept last night at a lunatic's, a poor chap wot went mad about 'unting. You needn't send him none of your nasty 'baccy down here, for I don't stand smokin'. As you say Snarle's business has fallen off, you'll have fewer common forms to copy and more time for letter-writing. Tip us a stave when you've nothin' to do, and believe me yours to serve.

"JOHN JORROCKS.

P. S. 1.—I enclose you 5 £. for the Slander. Tell him to buy a good hard-mouthed counsel with it. I fear Billy's only a 'lusus natur', or 'loose 'un by natur', as Pomponius would say.

J. J.

P. S. 2.—Tell Fortnum and Mason to send me a dozen pots of marmalade; also Gilbertsen to send me three quartern loaves—two brown and a wite—every other day. Can't get sich bread as his 'ere, and neither Alum nor Branfoote subscribe a dump to the 'ounds, so its no use puzzonin' oneself on their account. Also see Painter, and tell him if his turtl's first chop, to send me six quarts, with a suitable quantity of punch.

"J. J."

THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

[DOM TOMAS YRIARTE, an eminent Spanish poet, was born at Teneriffe, 1750. He is chiefly known to English readers by his 'Fabulas Literarias' (Literary Fables) published 1782. These fables have been frequently translated in this country and in America. The latest, and by far the most successful translation, is that by Mr. Robert Rockliff, published in Liverpool, 1854. Mr. Rockliff has caught the happy manner and free versification of his author in no ordinary degree, and his complete collection of Yriarte's Fables is one of the most excellent translations from a foreign language which has appeared of late years. Yriarte died in 1798.]

A COUNTRY squire, of greater wealth than wit
(For fools are often bless'd with fortune's
smile),

Had built a splendid house, and furnish'd it
In splendid style.

'One thing is wanted,' said a friend; 'for,
though

The rooms are fine, the furniture profuse,
You lack a library, dear sir, for show,
If not for use.'

'Tis true; but, zounds!' replied the squire
with glee,

'The lumber-room in yonder northern
wing

(I wonder I ne'er thought of it) will be
The very thing.

'I'll have it fitted up without delay

With shelves and presses of the newest
mode

And rarest wood, befitting every way
A squire's abode.

'And when the whole is ready, I'll despatch
My coachman—a most knowing fellow—
down,

To buy me, by admeasurement, a batch
Of books in town.'

But ere the library was half supplied

With all its pomp of cabinet and shelf,
The booby Squire repented him, and cried
Unto himself:—

'This room is much more roomy than I
thought;

Ten thousand volumes hardly would
suffice

To fill it, and would cost, however bought,
A plaguy price.

'Now, as I only want them for their looks,
It might, on second thoughts, be just as
good,

And cost me next to nothing, if the books
Were made of wood.

'It shall be so. I'll give the shaven deal

A coat of paint—a colourable dress,
To look like calf or vellum, and conceal
Its nakedness.

'And gilt and letter'd with the author's
name.

Whatever is most excellent and rare
Shall be, or seem to be ('tis all the same)
Assembled there.'

The work was done; the simulated boards
Of wit and wisdom round the chamber
stood,

In bindings some; and some, of course, in
boards,

Where all were wood.

From bulky folios down to slender twelves,
The choicest tomes in many an even row,
Display'd their letter'd backs upon the
shelves,

A goodly show.

With such a stock, which seemingly sur-
pass'd

The best collection ever form'd in Spain,
What wonder if the owner grew at last
Supremely vain?

What wonder, as he paced from shelf to
shelf,

And conn'd their titles, that the Squire
began,

Despite his ignorance, to think himself
A learned man?

Let every amateur, who merely looks
To backs and bindings, take the hint and
sell

His costly library; for painted books
Would serve as well.

YRIARTE.

THE BEAR AND THE MONKEY.

A BEAR, with whom a Portuguese
Joined company to earn their bread,
Essay'd on half his legs to please
The public, where his master led.

With looks that boldly claimed applause,
He asked the ape, "Sir, what think you?"
The ape was skilled in dancing-laws,
And answered, "It will never do."

"You judge the matter wrong, my friend,"
Bruin rejoined; "you are not civil!
Were these legs given for you to mend
The ease and grace with which they
swivel?"

It chanced a pig was standing by:
"Bravo! astonishing! encore!"
Exclaimed the critic of the sty;
"Such dancing we shall see no more!"

Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,
Began an inward calculation;
Then with a face that spoke repentance,
Expressed aloud his meditation:—

"When the sly monkey called me dunce,
I entertained some slight misgiving;
But, Pig, thy praise has proved at once
That dancing will not earn my living."

Let every candidate for fame
Rely upon this wholesome rule:—
Your work is bad, if wise men blame;
But worse, if lauded by a fool.

THOMAS DE YRIARTE.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

[PIERRE JEAN DE BÉRANGER, the greatest lyric poet that France has produced, (he has been called the Burns of France,) was born at Paris in 1780. The influence of his songs on the public mind during the Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 is now matter of history. Speaking of his songs, Goethe says, 'They are so full of mature cultivation, of grace, wit, and subtlest irony; they are so artistically finished, and their language is so masterly, that he is admired not only by France, but by the whole of civilized Europe.'

In the LIBRARY OF WIT AND HUMOR, we, of course, can only exhibit the humorous side of Béranger's muse. His perception of the ludicrous was undoubtedly great, but it is in the composition of political and patriotic lyrics that his greatest power lay. He died in 1857, leaving an *Autobiography*, which was afterwards published.

A volume of excellent translations from Béranger, by Robert B. Brough, appeared in London in 1856, and from it we have extracted the following poem, as also that of the 'King of Yvetot.']

WHEN a bore gets hold of me,
Dull and over-bearing,
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as herring.
When the thrusts of Pleasure glib
In my sides are sticking,
Poking fun at every rib,
I'm alive and kicking.

When a snob his £ s. d.
Jingles in his breeches,
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as ditches.
When a birthday's champagne-corks
Round my ears are clicking,
Marking time with well oil'd works,
I'm alive and kicking.

Kings and their supremacy
Occupy the table,
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as Abel.

Talk about the age of wine
(Bought by cash or ticking),
So you bring a sample fine,
I'm alive and kicking.

When a trip to Muscovy
Tempts a conquest glutton,
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as mutton.
Match me with a tippling foe,
See who first wants picking
From the dead man's field below,
I'm alive and kicking.

When great scribes to poetry
March, by notions big led,
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as pig-lead.
When you start a careless song,
Not at grammar sticking,
Good to push the wine along,
I'm alive and kicking.

When a bigot, half-hours three,
Spouts in canting gloom's tones,
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as tomb-stones.
When in cloisters under ground,
Built of stone or bricking,
Orders of the Screw you found,
I'm alive and kicking.

Bourbons back in France we see
(Sure we don't much need 'em),
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as Freedom.
Bess returns, and still our throats
Find us here a slicking,
Sitting free without our coats—
I'm alive and kicking.

Forced to leave this company,
Bottle-wine and horn-ale,
Be so kind as pray for me,
I'm as dead as door-nail.
Pledging though a quick return,
Soon my anchor sticking
On the shore for which I yearn—
I'm alive and kicking.

BERANGER.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

[Translated from the French of Béranger by Robert B. Brough.]

It was a king of Yvetot,
Whom few historians name;

A sleeper fast, a waker slow,
No dreams had he of fame.
By Betty's hand with nightcap crown'd,
He snored in state—the whole clock round—
Profound!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
A kingdom match with Yvetot!
Ho! ho!

Four goodly meals a day, within
His palace-walls of mud,
He stow'd beneath his royal skin;
And on an ass—his stud—
In triumph through his realm would jog,
His guard, with vigilance agog,—
A dog!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
A kingdom match with Yvetot!
Ho! ho!

No costly regal tastes had he,
Save thirstiness alone;
But ere a people blest can be,
We must support the throne!
So from each cask new tapp'd he got,
(His own tax-gath'rer) on the spot,
A pot!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
A kingdom match with Yvetot!
Ho! ho!

So well he pleased the damsels all,
The folks could understand
A hundred reasons him to call
The Father of his Land.
His troops he levied in his park
But twice a year—to hit a mark,
And lark!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
A kingdom match with Yvetot!
Ho! ho!

To stretch his rule he never sought;
No neighbours' slumbers vexed;
To frame his laws (as good kings ought)
Took pleasure's code for text.
He never caused his subjects dear
To shed save only on his bier—
A tear!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
A kingdom match with Yvetot!
Ho! ho!

The portrait of this prince serene,
The greatest of his line,
In Yvetot may still be seen,
His fav'rite beer-shop's sign!
On holidays the boozing crowd

Shout, piedging deep the relic proud,
 Aloud,
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! Ho! ho! ho! ho!
 He was the king for Yvetot!
 Ho! ho!

BERANGER.

THE HAPPY MAN.

[FROM the French of Gilles Ménage, one of the most distinguished men of letters in France, who was born at Angers in 1613. Died, 1692. He is now best known as the Author of *Ménagiana*, one of the most excellent and original of the celebrated *Ana* of France. The following poem bears a remarkable resemblance to Goldsmith's *Madame Blaise*, and it is quite possible that the latter may have been suggested by it.]

LA GALLISSE now I wish to touch;
 Droll air! if I can strike it,
 I'm sure the song will please you much;
 That is, if you should like it.

La Gallisse was indeed, I grant,
 Not used to any dainty
 When he was born—but could not want,
 As long as he had plenty.

Instructed with the greatest care,
 He always was well bred,
 And never used a hat to wear,
 But when 'twas on his head.

His temper was exceeding good,
 Just of his father's fashion;
 And never quarrels broil'd his blood,
 Except when in a passion.

His mind was on devotion bent;
 He kept with care each high day,
 And Holy Thursday always spent,
 The day before Good Friday.

He liked good claret very well,
 I just presume to think it;
 For ere its flavour he could tell,
 He thought it best to drink it.

Than doctors more he loved the cook,
 Though food would make him gross;
 And never any physic took,
 But when he took a dose.

O happy, happy is the swain
 The ladies so adore;
 For many followed in his train,
 Whene'er he walk'd before.

Bright as the sun his flowing hair
 In golden ringlets shone;
 And no one could with him compare,
 If he had been alone.

His talents I can not rehearse,
 But every one allows,
 That whatsoe'er he wrote in verse,
 No one could call it prose.

He argued with precision nice,
 The learned all declare;
 And it was his decision wise,
 No horse could be a mare.

His powerful logic would surprise,
 Amuse, and much delight:
 He proved that dimness of the eyes
 Was hurtful to the sight.

They liked him much—so it appears
 Most plainly—who prefer'd him;
 And those did never want their ears,
 Who any time had heard him.

He was not always right, 'tis true,
 And then he must be wrong;
 But none had found it out, he knew,
 If he had held his tongue.

Whene'er a tender tear he shed,
 'Twas certain that he wept;
 And he would lay awake in bed,
 Unless, indeed, he slept.

In tilting everybody knew
 His very high renown;
 Yet no opponents he o'erthrew,
 But those that he knock'd down.

At last they smote him in the head—
 What hero e'er fought all?
 And when they saw that he was dead,
 They knew the wound was mortal.

And when at last he lost his breath,
 It closed his every strife;
 For that sad day that seal'd his death,
 Deprived him of his life.

SCHNAPPS.

[THIS spirited translation from the German of Selber appeared anonymously in the *Dublin University Magazine* a few years ago.]

I'm rather slow at extravaganzas,
 And what your poets call thunderclaps;

I'll therefore spin you some sober stanzas
Concerning nothing at all but Schnapps.
And though my wisdom, like Sancho
Panza's,

Consists entirely of bits and scraps,
I'll bet you fourpence that no man plans as
Intense a poem as I on Schnapps.

Schnapps, is you know, the genteelest liquid
That any tapster in Potsdam taps;
When you've tobacco, and chew a thick
quid,

You've still to grin for your glass of
Schnapps.

You then wax funny, and show your slick wit,
And smash to smithers with kicks and
slaps

Whatever's next you—in Latin *quicquid*—
For I quote Horace when lauding
Schnapps.

I've but one pocket for quids and coppers,
Which last moreover are mostly raps,
Yet 'midst my ha'pence and pipes and
stoppers

I still find room for a flask of Schnapps.
My daily quantum is twenty coppers,
Or ten half-noggins;—but, when with
chaps

Who, though good Schnappers, are no slip-
sloppers,

I help to empty a keg of Schnapps.

Being fifty, sixty, or therebetwixt, I
Guess many midnights cannot now elapse
Before the hour comes in which my fixt eye
Must look its last upon Earth and
Schnapps.

SELBER.

SONG FOR PUNCH DRINKERS.

From the German of Schiller.

FOUR be the elements,
Here we assemble 'em,
Each of man's world
And existence an emblem.

Press from the lemon
The slow-flowing juices—
Bitter is life
In its lessons and uses.

Bruise the fair sugar lumps—
Nature intended
Her sweet and severe
To be everywhere blended.

Pour the still water—
Unwarning by sound,
Eternity's ocean
Is hemming us round.

Mingle the spirit,
The life of the bowl—
Man is an earth-clo'd
Unwarm'd by a soul!

Drink of the stream
Ere its potency goes!
No bath is refreshing
Except while it glows!

PUNCH.

MATTHIAS CLAUDIUS.

[THIS amiable man and agreeable writer was born in 1740, at Reinfeldt in Holstein, near Lübeck. He lived for some time in Wandsbeck. In 1776, he was appointed to a public office in Darmstadt, but returned to Wandsbeck the next year. He was a frequent contributor to the "Wandsbeck Messenger." He died in 1818. A collection of his works, completed in 1812, was published under the title of "Asmus omnia sua secum portans, or the Collective Works of the Wandsbeck Messenger." A new edition in four volumes was published at Hamburg in 1838.

The most prominent characteristic of Claudius, as a writer, is a certain simplicity and hearty good-humor. He wrote excellent popular songs, simple ballads, fables, epigrams, tales, and dialogues.]

RHINE-WINE.

WITH laurel wreathe the glass's vintage
mellow,
And drink it gaily dry!
Through farther Europe, know, my worthy
fellow,
For such in vain ye 'll try.

Nor Hungary nor Poland e'er could boast it;
And as for Gallia's vine,
Saint Veit, the Ritter, if he choose, may
toast it,—
We, Germans, love the Rhine.

Our fatherland we thank for such a blessing,
And many more besides;
And many more, though little show pos-
sessing,
Well worth our love and pride.

Not everywhere the vine bedecks our border,
As well the mountains show,
That harbor in their bosoms foul disorder;
Not worth their room below.

'Thuringia's hills, for instance, are aspiring
To rear a juice like wine;
But that is all; nor mirth nor song inspiring,
It breathes not of the vine.

And other hills, with buried treasures glow-
ing,
For wine are far too cold;
Though iron ores and cobalt there are
growing,
And chance some paltry gold.

The Rhine,—the Rhine,—there grow the
gay plantations!
O, hallowed be the Rhine!
Upon his banks are brewed the rich pota-
tions
Of this consoling wine.

Drink to the Rhine! and every coming
morrow
Be mirth and music thine!
And when we meet a child of care and
sorrow,
We'll send him to the Rhine.

WINTER.

A SONG TO BE SUNG BEHIND THE STOVE.

OLD WINTER is the man for me,—
Stout-hearted, sound, and steady;
Steel nerves and bones of brass hath he;
Come snow, come blow, he's ready.

If ever man was well, 't is he;
He keeps no fire in his chamber,
And yet from cold and cough is free
In bitterest December.

He dresses him out-doors at morn,
Nor needs he first to warm him;
Toothache and rheumatis' he'll scorn,
And colic don't alarm him.

In summer, when the woodland rings,
He asks, "What mean these noises?"
Warm sounds he hates, and all warm things
Most heartily despises.

But when the fox's bark is loud;
When the bright hearth is snapping;
When children round the chimney crowd,
All shivering and clapping;

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When stone and bone with frost do break,
And pond and lake are cracking,—
Then you may see his old sides shake,
Such glee his frame is racking.

Near the north pole, upon the strand,
He has an icy tower;
Likewise in lovely Switzerland
He keeps a summer bower.

So up and down,—now here,—now there,—
His regiments manœuvre;
When he goes by, we stand and stare,
And cannot choose but shiver.

MATT. CLAUDIUS.

THE HEN.

WAS once a hen of wit not small
(In fact, 't was not amazing),
And apt at laying eggs withal,
Who, when she 'd done, would scream
and bawl,

As if the house were blazing.
A turkey-cock, of age mature,
Felt thereat indignation;
'T was quite improper, he was sure,
He would no more the thing endure;

So, after cogitation,
He to the lady straight repaired,
And thus his business he declared:
"Madam, pray what 's the matter,
That always, when you've laid an egg,
You make so great a clatter?
I wish you 'd do the thing in quiet;
Do be advised by me, and try it!"

"Advised by you?" the lady cried,
And tossed her head with proper pride,
"And what do you know, now I pray,
Of the fashions of the present day,
You creature ignorant and low?
However, if you want to know,
This is the reason why I do it:
I lay my egg, and then review it!"

MATT. CLAUDIUS.

MIGHT AND RIGHT.

From the German of Pfeffel.

A SPARROW caught a big blue bottle
Fly, upon a weeping willow;
It buzz'd—Phil held him by the throttle,
'Oh, let me go, there's a good fellow.'
'No,' says the murderer, 'not at all;
For I am big, and you are small.'

A sparrow-hawk pounced on the sparrow
 Enjoying his repast ; at once
 He plunged his talons in his marrow.
 ' Oh, let me go ; what's the nonce ? ' ,
 ' Oh ! ' says the murderer, ' not at all ;
 For I am big, and you are small.'

An eagle spied the sport ; and, lo !
 Popp'd down to have a bit of dinner.
 ' Oh, please your majesty, let me go ;
 Have mercy on a worthless sinner.'
 ' Pooh ! ' says the murderer, ' not at all ;
 For I am big, and you are small.'

While yet the king the bones was picking,
 An archer served him out his gruel ;
 An arrow in his gizzard sticking,
 Made him exclaim, ' O dear, how cruel ! '
 ' Tut, ' quoth the archer, ' not at all ;
 For I am big, and you are small.'

The moral is plain, ho ! read it all :—
 But ONE is big, all else is small.

A TRAGIC STORY.

From the German of Chamisso.

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
 And he a handsome pig-tail wore,
 But wonder'd much and sorrow'd more,
 Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
 And swore he'd change the pig-tail's place,
 And have it hanging at his face,
 Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, ' The mystery I have found—
 I'll turn me round ! '—he turn'd him round,
 And stamp'd with rage upon the ground,
 But still it hung behind him.

Then round and round, and out and in,
 All day, the puzzled sage did spin ;
 In vain ; it matter'd not a pin,
 The pig-tail hung behind him.

And right and left and round about,
 And up and down, and in and out
 He turn'd, but still the pig-tail stout,
 Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
 And though he twist and twirl and tack,
 Alas ! still faithful to his back,
 The pig-tail hangs behind him.

THE DRUNKARD'S CONCEIT.

[THE following translation, of the famous German song, by Herr v. Muhler, appeared in *Notes and Queries* a few years ago, under the signature of F. C. H.]

STRAIGHT from the tavern door
 I am come here ;
 Odd road, how odd to me
 Thou dost appear !
 Right and left changing sides,
 Rising and sunk ;
 Oh, I can plainly see—
 Road ! thou art drunk !

Oh, what a twisted face
 Thou hast, O moon !
 One eye shut, t'other eye
 Wide as a spoon.
 Who could have dreamt of this ?
 Shame on thee, shame !
 Thou hast been fuddling,
 Jolly old dame !

Look at the lamps again ;
 See how they reel !
 Nodding and flickering
 Round as they wheel.
 Not one among them all
 Steady can go ;
 Look at the drunken lamps,
 All in a row.

All in an uproar seem
 Great things and small ;
 I am the only one
 Sober at all ;
 But there's no safety here
 For sober men ;
 So I'll turn back to
 The tavern again.

IN PRAISE OF SLEEP.

From the Italian of Passeroni.

' *Già molte cose, e molte sopra 'l Sonno.*'

How many things have oft been sung or said
 Concerning Sleep, in poetry and prose !—
 There's scarce an author worthy to be read
 But something on the subject can disclose ;
 While some declare it good, with nodding
 head,
 Others its torpid influence oppose ;—

And thus its good or evil each enhances,
As it may chance to suit their different
fancies.

He who extols its worth, we always find
Loves frequent naps, and after-dinner
snoozes ;

But he who is not drowsily inclined,
Old Morpheus, for the vilest god, abuses ;
As one who tow'rd's the ladye of his mind
The honey'd terms of admiration uses,—
Yet those who do not care a farthing for her,
Despise her charms, or mention her with
horror.

By some, in terms of glowing praise address,
As rest to wearied mortals sent from
heav'n—

Of all its gracious gifts esteem'd the best—
A brief oblivion to our sorrows given !
Others deny its virtues, and protest
Somnus from earth has every virtue
driven :

One calls him Son of Erebus,—another
Swears he is nothing better than Death's
brother.

Some say it keeps us healthy,—and again,
For sickness 'tis a soothing remedy ;
Others declare it stagnates every vein,
Making us, like the blood, creep lazily.
All this may be, or not ; but I maintain,
When I am snoring, that I feel quite free
From trouble or annoyance, and I hate
A blockhead who disturbs that tranquil
state.

Sleep can at least a truce to sorrow bring,
Altho' it may not *conquer* miseries,
For o'er our couch he spreads his dusky
wing,

And grief before its mighty power flies ;
And, as I somewhere heard a poet sing,
'Beggars and kings sleep soon can
equalize ;'

So, when asleep, perchance I am as good
As any lord or prince of royal blood !

Nay, I am happier still, for I must own
My sleep is not disturb'd by constant fear
That others may attack my wife, or throne,
Or that the threat'ning Sultan marches
near ;

I am not roused by the shrill trumpet's
tone—

Indeed, *no* startling sound disturbs my ear,
Unless it be the neighb'ring abbey's chime,
With noisy zeal proclaiming matin time.

And if in visions phantom shades arise,
Invoking midnight terrors—what of them ?
How oft on soaring wings we range the
skies—

At banquets sit—or find some costly gem—
Discover where a hoarded treasure lies—
Or wear a monarch's jewell'd diadem ?
For such adventures we may meet,
Raised by sleep's magic-wand, with kind
deceit.

Moreover, I am wedded to no mate,
Thinking my holy slumber she might
break ;

I am no doctor—thief—or advocate—
For they must ever keep both eyes awake.
Oh ! when I take a hearty supper, late
How sweetly sleep creeps o'er me ! I be-
take

My wearied limbs to bed ; and, when once
there,
Why the dog barks, I neither know nor
care !

THE SCRIPTURAL PANORAMIST.

There was a fellow travelling around
with a moral religious show—a sort of a
scriptural panorama—and he hired a
wooden-headed old slab to play the piano
for him. After the first night's perform-
ance, the showman says :

"My friend, you seem to know pretty
much all the tunes there are, and you
worry along first-rate. But then didn't
you notice that sometimes last night the
piece you happened to be playing was a
little rough on the proprieties, so to speak
—didn't seem to jibe with the general
gait of the picture that was passing at
the time, as it were—was a little foreign
to the subject, you know—as if you didn't
either trump or follow suit, you under-
stand?"

"Well, no," the fellow said ; "he
hadn't noticed, but it might be ; he had
played along just as it came handy."

So they put it up that the simple old
dummy was to keep his eye on the pano-
rama after that, and as soon as a stun-
ning picture was reeled out, he was to fit
it to a dot with a piece of music that
would help the audience to get the idea
of the subject, and warm them up like a
camp-meeting revival. That sort of thing
would corral their sympathies, the show-
man said.

There was a big audience that night—mostly middle-aged and old people who belonged to the church and took a strong interest in Bible matters, and the balance were pretty much young bucks and heifers—they always come out strong on panoramas, you know, because it gives them a chance to taste one another's mugs in the dark.

Well, the showman began to swell himself up for his lecture, and the old mud-dobber tackled the piano, and run his fingers up and down once or twice to see that she was all right, and the fellows behind the curtain commenced to grind out the panorama. The showman balanced his weight on his right foot, and propped his hands on his hips, and flung his eye over his shoulder at the scenery, and says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the painting now before you illustrates the beautiful and touching parable of the Prodigal Son. Observe the happy expression just breaking over the features of the poor suffering youth—so worn and weary with his long march; note also the ecstasy beaming from the uplifted countenance of the aged father, and the joy that sparkles in the eyes of the excited group of youths and maidens, and seems ready to burst in a welcoming chorus from their lips. The lesson, my friends, is as solemn and instructive as the story is tender and beautiful."

The mud-dobber was all ready, and the second the speech was finished he struck up:

"Oh! we'll all get blind drunk

When Johnny comes marching home!"

Some of the people giggled, and some groaned a little. The showman couldn't say a word. He looked at the piano-sharp; but he was all lovely and serene—he didn't know there was anything out of gear.

The panorama moved on, and the showman drummed up his grit and started in fresh:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the fine picture now unfolding itself to your gaze exhibits one of the most notable events in Bible history—our Saviour and his disciples upon the Sea of Galilee. How grand, how awe-inspiring are the reflections which the subject invokes! What sublimity of faith is revealed to us in this lesson from the sacred writings! The Saviour

rebukes the angry waves, and walks securely upon the bosom of the deep!"

All around the house they were whispering, "Oh! how lovely! how beautiful!" and the orchestra let himself out again:

"Oh! a life on the ocean wave,

And a home on the rolling deep!"

There was a good deal of honest snickering turned on this time, and considerable groaning, and one or two old deacons got up and went out. The showman gritted his teeth and cursed the piano man to himself; but the fellow sat there like a knot on a log, and seemed to think he was doing first-rate.

After things got quiet, the showman thought he would make one more stagger at it, any how, though his confidence was beginning to get mighty shaky. The supes started the panorama to grinding along again, and he says:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this exquisite painting illustrates the raising of Lazarus from the dead by our Saviour. The subject has been handled with rare ability by the artist, and such touching sweetness and tenderness of expression has been thrown into it, that I have known peculiarly sensitive persons to be even affected to tears by looking at it. Observe the half-confused, half-inquiring look, upon the countenance of the awakening Lazarus. Observe, also, the attitude and expression of the Saviour, who takes him gently by the sleeve of his shroud with one hand, while he points with the other toward the distant city."

Before anybody could get off an opinion in the case, the innocent old ass at the piano struck up:

"Come, rise up, William Ri-i-ley,

And go along with me!"

It was rough on the audience. All the solemn old flats got up in a huff to go, and everybody else laughed till the windows rattled.

The showman went down and grabbed the orchestra, and shook him up, and says:

"That lets you out, you know, you chowder-headed old clam! Go to the doorkeeper and get your money, and cut your stick! vamose the ranche! Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances over which I have no control compel me prematurely to dismiss——"

MARK TWAIN.

OUR AMERICAN CHARLES LAMB.

[MR. WILLIAM M. TRAVERS, of New York, resembles Charles Lamb, not only in a slight hesitancy of speech which adds to his drollery as a *raconteur*, but also in the quaintness of his humor for which he is justly celebrated among his acquaintances. Many good stories are told of him, and many droll things attributed to him, of which he may be wholly innocent.]

ONE morning, it is said, he walked into his club with an amused smile on his lips and said:

"B-b-boys, I'm afraid I t-t-took m-more wine last n-n-night than a ch-ch-church member should t-t-take."

"Why so?" said one of his friends.

"Well, you s-s-see, this m-m-morning when I c-came to b-b-breakfast my wife s-s-said—'William Travers what was the m-m-matter with you last n-n-night? You stood beside the b-b-bed for some-time l-l-looking at me and finally s-s-said—*Well I s-s-swear you two girls look enough alike to-to-to be sisters.*'"

A PARROT STORY.

MR. TRAVERS, went into a bird-fancier's in Centre street, to buy a parrot.

"H-h-have you got a-a-all kinds of b-b-birds?" asked Mr. T.

"Yes, sir, all kinds," said the bird-fancier politely.

"I w-w-want to b-buy a p-p-parrot," hesitated Mr. T.

"Well, here is a beauty. See what glittering plumage!"

"I-i-is he a g-g-good t-talker?" stammered Travers.

"If he can't talk better than you can I'll give him to you," exclaimed the shop-keeper.

William bought the parrot.

THE RAT STORY.

"MR. TRAVERS," says Jay Gould, "once went down to a dog-fancier's in Water street, to buy a rat-terrier.

"Is she a g-g-good ratter?" asked

Travers as he poked a little, shivering pup with his cane.

"Yes, sir; splendid! I'll show you how he'll go for a rat," said the dog-fancier—and then he put him in a box with a big rat."

"How did it turn out?" I asked Mr. Gould.

"Why, the rat made one dive and laid out the frightened terrier in a second, but Travers turned around, and sez he—'I say, Johnny, w-w-what'll ye t-t-take for the r-r-rat?'"

TRAVERS AND CLEWS.

HENRY CLEWS, the well-known bald-headed banker, who always prides himself on being a self-made man, during a recent talk with Mr. Travers had occasion to remark that he was the architect of his own destiny—that he was a self-made man.

"W-w-what d-did you s-say, Mr. Clews?" asked Mr. Travers.

"I say with pride, Mr. Travers, that I am a self-made man—that I made myself—"

"Hold, H-henry," interrupted Mr. Travers, as he dropped his cigar, "w-while you were m-m-making yourself, why the devil d-did-didn't you p-put some more hair on the top of y-your h-head?"

TRAVERS ON FISK AND GOULD.

ONE day last summer, Colonel Fisk was showing Mr. Travers over the *Plymouth Rock*, the famous Long Branch boat. After showing the rest of the vessel, he pointed to two large portraits of himself and Mr. Gould, hanging, a little distance apart, at the head of the stairway.

"There," says the Colonel, "what do you think of them?"

"They're good, Colonel—you hanging on one side and Gould on the other; f-i-r-s-t rate. But, Colonel," continued the wicked Mr. Travers, buried in thought, "w-w-where's our Saviour?"

Mr. Travers, who is a vestryman in Grace Church, says he knows it was wicked, but he couldn't have helped it if he'd been on his dying bed.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER; OR, THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

WHATEVER be the relative merits of the two Comedies that Goldsmith has left us—and each has its advocates for the superiority—there is no doubt that “*She Stoops to Conquer*” is that upon which his character as a dramatic writer most securely rests. It was produced for the first time on the 16th March, 1773, at Covent Garden; was received with a heartiness of applause that carried everything—even the solitary hiss of an envious enemy—before it, and secured its triumph—a triumph that was nightly renewed till the end of the season. The main incident in the piece, round which all the others revolve, is the mistaking Squire Hardcastle’s house for a country inn, an idea suggested by a joke played off on Goldsmith in his sixteenth year by a wag in Ardagh, who directed him to Squire Fetherstone’s, as the village inn, where the joke was humored and undiscovered till night. The play is full of broad, farciful humor, relieved with some passages of a sentimental nature; and, with one or two exceptions, there is no violation of decorum. Tony Lumpkin is a character *sui generis*; one that has come to have an individual reality, as well known to us as “Bob Acres” or “Scrub.” Old Hardcastle, with all his old-fashioned whimsicalities, is true to nature—overdrawn just enough for stage effect; and the extravagances of his wife are highly entertaining. There is a constant vivacity in the dialogue that amuses, and a frequent recurrence of the ludicrous, which is irresistibly provocative of laughter, and makes us feel the truth of Dr. Johnson’s criticism: “I know no comedy, for many years, that has so much exhilarated an audience; that has answered so much the great end of comedy, making an audience merry.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR CHARLES MARLOW.	MRS. HARDCASTLE.
YOUNG MARLOW (HIS SON).	MISS HARDCASTLE.
HARDCASTLE.	MISS NEVILLE.
HASTINGS.	MAID.
TONY LUMPKIN.	Landlord, Servants,
DIGGORY.	&c., &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A scene in an old-fashioned house.*

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE and MR. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, Mr. Hardcastle, you’re very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country, but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then to rub off the rust a little? There’s the two Miss Hogs, and our neighbor

Mrs. Grigsby, go to take a month’s polishing every winter.

Hard. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down, not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs. Hard. Ay, *your* times were fine times, indeed; you have been telling us of *them* for many a long year. Here we live in an old, rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs. Oddfish, the curate’s wife, and little Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment, your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hard. And I love it. I love everything that’s old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy (*taking her hand*), you’ll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs. Hard. Lord, Mr. Hardcastle, you’re for ever at your Dorothys, and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I’ll be no Joan, I promise you. I’m not so old as you’d make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hard. Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs. Hard. It’s false, Mr. Hardcastle: I was but twenty when Tony, that I had by Mr. Lumpkin, my first husband, was born; and he’s not come to years of discretion yet.

Hard. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. Ay, you have taught *him* finely.

Mrs. Hard. No matter, Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don’t think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a year.

Hard. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs. Hard. Humor, my dear; nothing but humor. Come, Mr. Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humor.

Hard. I’d sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footman’s shoes, frightening the maids, worrying the kittens—be humor, he has it. It was but

yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs. Frizzle's face.

Mrs. Hard. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. — A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hard. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no, the ale-house and the stable are the only schools he'll ever go to.

Mrs. Hard. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Anybody that looks in his face may see he's consumptive.

Hard. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs. Hard. He coughs sometimes.

Hard. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs. Hard. I'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hard. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops like a speaking trumpet.—(TONY hallooing behind the scenes)—Oh, there he goes—a very consumptive figure, truly.

Enter TONY, crossing the stage.

Mrs. Hard. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and me a little of your company, lovee?

Tony. I'm in haste, mother! I cannot stay.

Mrs. Hard. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There's some fun going forward.

Hard. Ay; the ale-house, the old place; I thought so.

Mrs. Hard. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low neither. There's Dick Muggins the excise man, Jack Slang the horse-doctor, little Aminadab that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs. Hard. (Detaining him.) You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs. Hard. I say you shan't.

Tony. We'll see which is the strongest, you or I! (Exit, hauling her out.)

HARDCASTLE, solus.

Hard. Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There's my pretty darling Kate; the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze, and French frippery, as the best of them.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Blessings on my pretty innocence! Drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hard. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening, I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hard. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the bye, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hard. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hard. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hard. Depend upon it, child, I'll never control your choice; but Mr. Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of excellent understanding.

Miss Hard. Is he?

Hard. Very generous.

Miss Hard. I believe I shall like him.

Hard. Young and brave.

Miss Hard. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hard. And very handsome.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, say no more (*kissing his hand*); he's mine, I'll have him!

Hard. And to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in the world.

Miss Hard. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word *reserved* has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hard. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hard. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so everything, as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hard. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager, he may not have *you*.

Miss Hard. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hard. Bravely resolved! In the meantime I'll go prepare the servants for his reception; as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. (*Exit.*)

MISS HARDCASTLE, *sola*.

Miss Hard. This news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young—handsome; these he puts last; but I put them foremost. Sensible—good-natured: I like all that. But then—reserved, and sheepish: that's much against him. Yet, can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes; and can't I—But, I vow, I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter MISS NEVILLE.

Miss Hard. I'm glad you're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance:

how do I look this evening? Is there anything whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? Am I in face to-day?

Miss Nev. Perfectly, my dear. Yet, now I look again—bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds, or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? Or, has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hard. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Nev. And his name—

Miss Hard. Is Marlow.

Miss Nev. Indeed!

Miss Hard. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Nev. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr. Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hard. Never.

Miss Nev. He's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance gave him a very different character among creatures of another stamp: you understand me.

Miss Hard. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw, think no more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? Has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss Nev. I have just come from one of our agreeable tête-à-têtes. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hard. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Nev. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no mighty temptation. But at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son, and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hard. My good brother holds

out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Nev. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to anybody but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon walk round the improvements. *Allons!* Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hard. Would it were bed-time, and all were well. (*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—*An ale-house room. Several shabby Fellows, with punch and tobacco. TONY at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest: a mallet in his hand.*

Omnes. Hurree, hurree, hurree, bravo!

1 Fel. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The 'squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song!

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this ale-house, the Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians;
Their *quits*, and their *quacs*, and their *quods*
They're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down,
A preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skin-full.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever;
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever!
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons,
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons!
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo! bravo!

1 Fel. The 'squire has got spunk in him.

2 Fel. I loves to hear him sing, be-keays he never gives us nothing that's low.

3 Fel. Oh, nothing that's low, I cannot bear it.

4 Fel. The genteel thing is the genteel thing any time. If so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

3 Fel. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear? a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelst of tunes; "Water parted," or "The minuett in Ariadne."

2 Fel. What a pity it is the 'squire is not come to his own! It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I'd then show what it was to keep choice of company.

2 Fel. Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old 'squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a thicket for a hare, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses and dogs in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age I'll be my father's son, I promise you! I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer, and the miller's grey mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what's the matter?

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr. Harcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Land. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit LANDLORD.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon. (*Exeunt mob.*)

TONY, solus.

Tony. Father-in-law has been calling me whelp, and hound, this half year. Now if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a year, and let him frighten me out of *that* if he can.

Enter LANDLORD conducting MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Marl. What a tedious, uncomfortable day have we had of it? We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above three-score.

Hast. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marl. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet: and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hast. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen; but I'm told you have been inquiring for one Mr. Hardcastle, in those parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hast. Not in the least, sir; but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hast. No, sir; but if you can inform us—

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Marl. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marl. That's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hast. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall trapesing, crolloping, talkative May-pole. The son,

a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that everybody is fond of.

Marl. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up, and spoiled at his mother's apron-strings.

Tony. He-he-hem! Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr. Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hast. Unfortunate!

Tony. It's a long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr. Hardcastle's (*winking upon the landlord*); Mr. Hardcastle's of Quagmire Marsh; you understand me.

Land. Master Hardcastle's? Lack-a-daisy, my masters, you're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Marl. Cross down Squash Lane?

Land. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Marl. Come to where four roads meet!

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Marl. Oh, sir, you're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways till you come upon Crack-skull Common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward, till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right—about again, till you find out the old mill—

Marl. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hast. What's to be done, Marlow?

Marl. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Land. Alack! master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And, to my knowledge, that's taken up by three lodgers already (*After a pause, in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it. Don't you think, Stingo, our landlady would accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with—three chairs and a bolster?

Hast. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Marl. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you? Then let me see—what if you go on a mile further, to

the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole county?

Hast. Oh, ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Land. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you! Let *them* find that out. (*To them.*)—You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the roadside. You'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hast. Sir, we are obliged to you. The servants can't miss the way.

Tony. No, no. But I tell you, though, the landlord is rich and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He'll be for giving you his company, and ecod, if you mind him, he'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Land. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marl. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want no further connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no; straight forward. I'll just step myself, and show you a piece of the way. (*To the landlord.*) Mum.

Land. Ah, you are a sweet, pleasant—mischievous humbug. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An old-fashioned house.*

Enter **HARDCASTLE**, followed by three or four awkward Servants.

Hard. Well, I hope you're perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places; and can show that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hard. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frightened rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hard. You, Diggory, whom I have

taken from the barn, are to make a show at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind *my* chair. But you're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger; and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They're a little too stiff, indeed, but that's no great matter.

Digg. Ay; mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill—

Hard. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests. You must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Digg. By the laws, your worship, that's perfectly impossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hard. Blockhead! is not a belly-full in the kitchen as good as a belly-full in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Digg. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hard. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Digg. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that—he! he! he!—for the soul of me: We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that—but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please. (*To DIGGORY*)—Eh, why don't you move?

Digg. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upon the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hard. What, will nobody move?

1 *Serv.* I'm not to leave this place.

2 *Serv.* I'm sure it's no place of mine.

3 *Serv.* Nor mine, for sartain.

Digg. Wauns, and I'm sure, it canna be mine.

Hard. You numsculls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. Oh, you dunces! I find I must begin all over again. But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your post, you block-heads! I'll go in the meantime, and give my old friend's son a hearty reception at the gate. (*Exit HARDCASTLE.*)

Digg. By the elevens, my please is gone quite out of my head.

Roger. I know that my please is to be everywhere.

1 *Serv.* Where is mine?

2 *Serv.* My please is to be nowhere at all; and so I've go about my business. (*Exeunt Servants, running about as if frightened, different ways.*)

Enter Servant with candles, showing in MARLOW and HASTINGS.

Serv. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome. This way.

Hast. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room, and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house; antique, but creditable.

Marl. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good housekeeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hast. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good side-board, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly.

Marl. Travellers, George, must pay in all places. The only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries; in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hast. You have lived very much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you, who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marl. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college, or an inn; in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever fa-

miliarly acquainted with a single modest woman—except my mother.

Hast. In the company of women of reputation, I never saw such an idiot, such a trembler: you look, for all the world, as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marl. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room! I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally upset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty; but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hast. If you could say but half the fine things to them that I have heard you lavish upon the barmaid of an inn.

Marl. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them. They freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle: but to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hast. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Marl. Never, unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad-star question of—*Madam, will you marry me?* No, no; that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hast. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Marl. As I behave to all other ladies: bow very low; answer yes, or no, to all her demands. But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face, till I see my father's again.

Hast. I am surprised that one who is so warm a friend can be so cool a lover.

Marl. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down, was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you; the family don't know you: as my friend you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hast. My dear Marlow!—But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask; and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Marl. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I am doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward prepossessing visage of mine, can never permit me to soar—Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter **HARDCASTLE.**

Hard. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr. Marlow? Sir, you're heartily welcome. It's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception, in the old style, at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marl. (Aside.) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him*).

We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To HASTINGS*)—I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hard. I beg, Mr. Marlow, you'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hast. I fancy, Charles, you're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hard. Mr. Marlow—Mr. Hastings—gentlemen—pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty Hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marl. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hard. Your talking of a retreat, Mr. Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when he went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison—

Marl. Don't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hard. He first summoned the garrison,

which might consist of about five thousand men—

Hast. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hard. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men—

Marl. The girls like finery.

Hard. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the duke of Marlborough to George Brooks that stood next to him—you must have heard of George Brooks—"I'll pawn my dukedom," says he, "but I'll take that garrison, without spilling a drop of blood." So—

Marl. What, my good friend, if you give us a glass of punch in the meantime? It would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hard. Punch, sir! (*Aside*)—This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Marl. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty Hall, you know.

Hard. Here's a cup, sir.

Marl. (Aside.) So this fellow, in his Liberty Hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hard. (Taking the cup.) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr. Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks*.)

Marl. (Aside.) A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humor him a little. (*To him*.)—Sir, my service to you. (*Drinks*.)

Hast. (Aside.) I see that this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an innkeeper before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marl. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

Hard. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there's no business for us that sell ale.

Hast. So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hard. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of Government, like other people; but finding myself every day grow more angry, and the Government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about *Hyder Ally*, or *Ally Cawn*, than about *Ally Croker*.—Sir, my service to you.

Hast. So that with eating above stairs, and drinking below; with receiving your friends within, and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hard. I do stir about a great deal, that's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Marl. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster Hall.

Hard. Ay, young gentleman, that and a little philosophy.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy!

Hast. So then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this—Here's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

Hard. Good, very good, thank you; ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marl. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I think it's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hard. For supper, sir! (*Aside.*)—Was ever such a request to a man in his own house?

Marl. Yes, sir; supper, sir; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make sad work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*)—Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marl. You do, do you?

Hard. Entirely. By-the-bye, I believe they are in actual consultation, upon what's for supper, this moment in the kitchen.

Marl. Then I beg they'll admit me as one of their privy council. It's a way I have got. When I travel, I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hard. Oh, no, sir, none in the least; yet I don't know how, our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hast. Let's see the list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favor. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marl. (*To HARDCASTLE, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he's very right, and it's my way too.

Hard. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper. I believe it's drawn out. Your manner, Mr. Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Hast. (*Aside.*) All upon the high ropes! His uncle a colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. But let's hear the bill of fare.

Marl. (*Perusing.*) What's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. Sir, do you think we have brought down the whole joiners' company, or the corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hast. But let's hear it.

Marl. (*Reading.*) For the first course at the top, a pig and prunesauce.

Hast. I hate your pig, I say.

Marl. And I hate your prunesauce, say I.

Hard. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig, with prunesauce, is very good eating.

Marl. At the bottom, a calf's tongue and brains.

Hast. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir; I don't like them.

Marl. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves. I do.

Hard. (*Aside.*) Their impudence con-

Enter Mrs. Norton. To them.—Good-morning, you see my people, make what arrangements you please. In short, something that you wish to command or direct, permission?

Host. Well, I told you, a hotel suited and arranged, a bathroom added up particularly, and a view of self—self-sufficiency, correct?

Host. Good-morning, your ready oblation. I shall be the result of a list on the house as an a priori and a priori list at the French restaurant I shall. I see the point, nothing.

Host. For every permission, that I have nothing to do, but it shall be nothing, you have a particular duty to do.

Host. Well, my dear child, all that is so necessary, and how can you do it in such a good position. I shall be waiting for you, but I shall not expect, and now I shall have my own and my own and my own and my own.

Host. I should you'll leave all that to me. You shall not see a thing.

Host. Leave that to you. I protest, as you cannot see me, I shall look to you, I shall look to you.

Host. I shall look to you, you'll make yourself see on that point.

Host. You see I'm looking on it. I shall be very much interested in you, as you I shall be.

Host. Well, my dear child, at least to avoid you. (A short time may be seen, but I shall see everything look at the end, but I shall be in position.)

(*Enter Miss and Miss.*)

Host. My dear child.

Host. As I find this house's character, it is to give me a room. But who can be angry at some business, which are moved to please him? Well, what do I see? Miss Norton, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss Norton.

Miss Norton. My dear Harriet! To what wonderful good fortune is what content am I to give me this happy meeting?

Host. Harriet, let me see the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet me this morning at an hour.

Miss Norton. As the "what you know" I see, my goodness, what else. What shall I make you to thank the house as I do?

Host. My friend, Mr. Marlow, with whom I came down, and I have been sent out to do so, I assure you. A young lady, whom we accidentally met at a house, had up, and she had been.

Miss Norton. Certainly, I must be one of my husband's friends, of whom you have heard me talk so often, as I shall be!

Host. He whom your aunt intends for you? He of whom I have seen just appropriate?

Miss Norton. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You shall see him, I shall have him, I shall have him. My aunt knows it too, and she understands to want me for him, and actually began to think she had made a mistake.

Host. You shall see him? You must know my Cousin. I have just seized the happy opportunity of my friend's visit here, to get acquainted into the family. The house that carried us down are now engaged with their journey, but they are soon to be released, and then, if my dear girl will trust in her faithful Harriet, we shall soon be landed in France, where, even among slaves, the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Norton. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with me. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the father of my dear girl, and I shall be able to let me wear them. I shall be very near everything. The house they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and spend yours.

Host. Perchance the house. Your person is all I desire. Is the intention, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake; I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house, before our plot was ripe for execution.

Miss Norton. But how shall we keep him in the deception? Miss Harriet, is just returned from walking, what if we still continue to deceive him? This, this way.

(*They confer.*)

Enter MARLOW.

Host. The audacity of these good people make me beyond bearing. My

host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family. What have we got here?

Hast. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you! The most fortunate accident! Who do you think just alighted?

Marl. Cannot guess.

Hast. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called, on their return, to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stepped into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky, eh?

Marl. (Aside.) I have just been mortified enough of all conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hast. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marl. Oh! Yes. Very fortunate—a most joyful encounter. But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder. What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow? To-morrow, at her own house; it will be every bit as convenient, and rather more respectful. To-morrow let it be. *(Offering to go.)*

Miss Nev. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will show the ardour of your impatience; besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marl. Oh! how shall I support it? Hem! hem! Hastings you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hast. Pshaw, man! it's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marl. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, as returning from walking, in a bonnet, &c.

Hast. (Introducing him.) Miss Hardcastle—Mr. Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hard. (Aside.) Now, for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. *(After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.)* I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir. I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marl. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents; but should be sorry—madam—or rather glad of any accidents—that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hast. (To him.) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll ensure you the victory.

Miss Hard. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You, that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marl. (Gathering courage.) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Nev. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hast. (To him.) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

Marl. (To him.) Hem! Stand by me, then; and when I'm down, throw in a word or two, to set me up again.

Miss Hard. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marl. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hast. (To him.) Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well! *(To MISS HARD.)* Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr. Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marl. Not in the least, Mr. Hastings. We like your company of all things. *(To him.)* Zounds! George, sure you won't go—how can you leave us?

Hast. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. *(To him.)* You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own.

Miss Hard. (After a pause.) But you have not been wholly an observer, I pre-



John L. Toole

JOHN LUMPKIN IN SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER

sume, sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marl. (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I—I as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hard. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marl. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex. But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hard. Not at all sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it forever. Indeed, I have often been surprised how a man of *sentiment* could ever admire those light, airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marl. It's—a disease—of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some, who, wanting a relish—for—um-a-um.

Miss Hard. I understand you, sir. There must be some, who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marl. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing—a—

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions? (*To him.*) You were going to observe, sir—

Marl. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hard. (*Aside.*) I vow, and so do I. (*To him.*) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marl. Yes, madam; in this age of hypocrisy there are few who, upon strict inquiry, do not—a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Indeed! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hard. You mean that, in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marl. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hard. Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable, and spir-

ited in your manner; such life and force—pray, sir, go on.

Marl. Yes, madam; I was saying—that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the—and puts us—upon a—a—a—

Miss Hard. I agree with you entirely; a want of courage upon some occasions, assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marl. Yes, madam; morally speaking, madam—But I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hard. I protest, sir, I was never more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Marl. Yes, madam; I was—But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honor to attend you?

Miss Hard. Well, then, I'll follow.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This pretty smooth dialogue has done for me. (*Exit.*)

MISS HARDCASTLE, *Sola.*

Miss Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview? I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense; but then, so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody, that I know of, a piece of service. But who is that somebody?—that is a question I can scarce answer. (*Exit.*)

Enter TONY and MISS NEVILLE, followed by MRS. HARDCASTLE and HASTINGS.

Tony. What do you follow me for, Cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed, to be so very engaging.

Miss Nev. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame?

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me, though; but it won't do. I tell you Cousin Con, it won't do, so I beg you'll keep your distance; I want no nearer relationship.

(*She follows, coquetting him to the back-scene.*)

Mrs. Hard. Well! I vow, Mr. Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so

much as London, and the fashions, though I was never there myself.

Hast. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St. James's or Tower Wharf.

Mrs. Hard. Oh! sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manners at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighboring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets, of Crooked-lane. Pray, how do you like this head, Mr. Hastings?

Hast. Extremely elegant and *dégagée*, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs. Hard. I protest I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum Book for the last year.

Hast. Indeed! such a head in a side-box, at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a city ball.

Mrs. Hard. I vow, since inoculation began there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman; so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

Hast. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. (*Bowing.*)

Mrs. Hard. Yet what signifies my dressing when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr. Hardcastle? All I can say will not argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hast. You are right, madam; for as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs. Hard. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said, I only wanted him to throw off his wig, to convert it into a tôte for my own wearing.

Hast. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs. Hard. Pray, Mr. Hastings, what

do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hast. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs. Hard. Seriously! then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hast. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, Miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child, as a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs. Hard. And yet Mrs. Niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hast. Your niece, is she? and that young gentleman a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs. Hard. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod, I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself, but the stable.

Mrs. Hard. Never mind him, Con, my dear. He's in another story behind your back.

Miss Nev. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a confounded—crack.

Mrs. Hard. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr. Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size, too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr. Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. (*Measuring.*)

Miss Nev. Oh! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortune. Ecod, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon? Did not I work

that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

Tony. Ecod, you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the *Complete Huswife* ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through *Quincy* next spring. But, ecod, I tell you, I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs. Hard. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way, when I'm in spirits. If I'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs. Hard. That's false; I never see you when you are in spirits. No, *Tony*, you go then to the alehouse, or kennel. I'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod, mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs. Hard. Was ever the like! But I see he wants to break my heart, I see he does.

Hast. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs. Hard. Well! I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr. Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation. Was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy?

(*Exeunt* MRS. HARD, and MISS NEVILLE.)

HASTINGS. TONY.

Tony. (*Singing.*)

There was a young man riding by,

And fain would have his will.

Rang do didlo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hast. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman.

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hast. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer: and yet she appears to me a pretty, well-tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know

her as well as I. Ecod, I know every inch about her and there's not a more bitter, cantankerous toad in all Christendom.

Hast. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hast. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she's with her playmates, she's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hast. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes; but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hast. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty. Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer, of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod, she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hast. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anan!

Hast. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsy?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend? for who would take her?

Hast. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod, I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling; and may be, get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hast. My dear 'squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. (*Singing.*)

We are the boys

That fear no noise

Where the thundering cannons roar.

(*Exeunt.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Enter HARDCASTLE, solus.*

Hard. What could my old friend Sir Charles mean, by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy-chair by the fireside already. He took off his boots in the parlor, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter. She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE, plainly dressed.

Hard. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hard. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to obey them without ever debating their propriety.

Hard. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my *modest* gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hard. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hard. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties!

Miss Hard. I never saw anything like it: and a man of the world, too!

Hard. Ay, he learned it all abroad. What a fool was I to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling! He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hard. It seems all natural to him.

Hard. A good deal assisted by bad company, and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hard. Sure you mistake, papa! A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look—that awkward address—that bashful manner—

Hard. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Miss Hard. Mr. Marlowe's; his *man-
vaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at the first sight.

Hard. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first-sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss Hard. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hard. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born! Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hard. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hard. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hard. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

Hard. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked me if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch.

Miss Hard. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hard. If he be what he has shown himself, I'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hard. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hard. In one thing then we are agreed—to reject him.

Miss Hard. Yes. But upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you should find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man. Certainly, we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hard. If we should find him so—but that's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hard. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hard. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, a conversation

begun with a compliment to my good sense, won't end with a sneer at my understanding.

Hard. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr. Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hard. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make further discoveries?

Hard. But depend on't, I'm in the right.

Miss Hard. And depend on't, I'm not much in the wrong, *(Exeunt.)*

Enter TONY running in with a casket.

Tony. Ecod, I have got them! Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs, and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin, neither. Oh! my genus, is that you?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin; and that you are willing to be reconciled at last. Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way—*(giving the casket)*—your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them; and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hast. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob of himself his own at any time.

Hast. Thousands do it every day. But to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way at least of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. I know how it will be, well enough; she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hast. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value

her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice! France! *(Exit HASTINGS.)*

TONY, MRS. HARDCASTLE, MISS NEVILLE

Mrs. Hard. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence; when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Nev. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs. Hard. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-Daylight, and Mrs. Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back?

Miss Nev. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs. Hard. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? does your cousin Con want any jewels, in your eyes, to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as thereafter may be.

Miss Nev. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs. Hard. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe I can't readily come at them. They may be missing, for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. *(Apart to MRS. HARDCASTLE.)* Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. *(Apart to TONY.)* You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So, if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod, I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Nev. I desire them but for a day, madam. Just to be permitted to show them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs. Hard. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them, you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience, wherever they are.

Miss Nev. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they're too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss—

Mrs. Hard. Don't be alarmed, Constance; if they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found. I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs. Hard. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Nev. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs. Hard. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and, in the meantime, you shall make use of my garnets, till your jewels be found.

Miss Nev. I detest garnets!

Mrs. Hard. The most becoming things in the world, to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You *shall* have them. (*Exit.*)

Miss Nev. I dislike them of all things. (*To TONY.*) You shan't stir. Was ever anything so provoking? to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery!

Tony. Don't be a fool! If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark, he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss Nev. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish! She's here, and has missed them already. (*Exit MISS NEVILLE.*) Zounds! how she fidgets, and spits about like a Catharine-wheel!

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hard. Confusion! thieves! robbers! We are cheated, plundered, broken open, undone!

Tony. What's the matter? what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family!

Mrs. Hard. We are robbed! My bureau has been broke open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest; ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Why, boy, I *am* ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broke open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that; ha! ha! ha! stick to that; I'll bear witness, you know; call me to bear witness.

Mrs. Hard. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

Tony. Sure, I know they're gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs. Hard. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh; ha! ha! I know who took them well enough; ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest? I tell you I'm not in jest, booby!

Tony. That's right, that's right. You must be in a bitter passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs. Hard. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me? Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Bear witness again, you blockhead, you; and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece! what will become of *her*? Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs. Hard. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will.

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

(*He runs off, she follows him.*)

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE and Maid.

Miss Hard. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn; ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in

your present dress, asked me if you were the barmaid? He mistook you for the barmaid, madam.

Miss Hard. Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the "Beaux' Stratagem?"

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hard. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss Hard. I vow, I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such, that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hard. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall, perhaps, make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice, so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hard. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant.—Did your honour call?—Attend the Lion there.—Pipes and tobacco for the Angel. The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here. *(Exit Maid.)*

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story. If I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess, with her curtsy down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. *(Walks and muses.)*

Miss Hard. Did you call, sir? did your honour call?

Marl. *(Musing.)* As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hard. Did your honour call?

(She still places herself before him, he turning away.)

Marl. No, child. *(Musing.)* Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hard. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marl. No, no. *(Musing.)* I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning.

(Taking out his tablets, and perusing.)

Miss Hard. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir.

Marl. I tell you, no.

Miss Hard. I should be glad to know, sir. We have such a parcel of servants.

Marl. No, no, I tell you. *(Looks full in her face.)* Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted—I wanted—I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hard. Oh! la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marl. Never saw a more sprightly, malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your—a—what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss Hard. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marl. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips; perhaps I might be disappointed in that, too.

Miss Hard. Nectar! nectar! that's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Marl. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hard. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marl. Eighteen years? Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you were born. How old are you?

Miss Hard. Oh, sir, I must not tell my age! They say women and music should never be dated.

Marl. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. *(Approaching.)* Yet nearer, I don't think so much. *(Approaching.)* By coming close to some women, they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed—

(Attempting to kiss her.)

Miss Hard. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marl. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can be ever acquainted?

Miss Hard. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here a while ago, in this obstreperous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you was before a justice of peace.

Marl. (*Aside.*) Egad! she has hit it, sure enough. (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing; no, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed, and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe.

Miss Hard. Oh! then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies.

Marl. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town, I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is Solomons. Mr. Solomons, my dear, at your service.

(*Offering to salute her.*)

Miss Hard. Hold, sir; you were introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you're so great a favourite there, you say?

Marl. Yes, my dear; there's Mrs. Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs. Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hard. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose.

Marl. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hard. And their agreeable Rattle; ha! ha! ha!

Marl. (*Aside.*) Indeed! I don't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. (*To her.*)—You laugh, child!

Miss Hard. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work or their family.

Marl. (*Aside.*) All's well, she don't laugh at me. (*To her.*)—Do you ever work, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. There's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marl. Odso! Then you must show me your embroidery. I embroider, and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. (*Seizing her hand.*)

Miss Hard. Ay, but the colours don't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning. (*Struggling.*)

Marl. And why not now, my angel? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. Pshaw! the father here! My old luck! I never nicked seven, that I did not throw ames-ace three times following. (*Exit MARLOW.*)

Enter HARDCASTLE, who stands in surprise.

Hard. So, madam! So I find *this* is your *modest* lover! This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate! art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so?

Miss Hard. Never trust me, dear papa, but he's still the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hard. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? didn't I see him haul you about like a milkmaid? and now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hard. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty; that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hard. The girl would actually make one run mad; I tell you, I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hard. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hard. You shall not have half the time; for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hard. Give me that hour, then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hard. Well, an hour let it be, then.

But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me?

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such that my duty as yet has been inclination. *(Exit.)*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.*

Hast. You surprise me! Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night? Where have you had your information?

Miss Nev. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr. Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hast. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and perhaps my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Nev. The jewels, I hope, are safe.

Hast. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare matters for our elopement. I have had the squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses: and, if I should not see him again, will write him further directions. *(Exit.)*

Miss Nev. Well, success attend you. In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. *(Exit.)*

Enter MARLOW, followed by a SERVANT.

Marl. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door? Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Serv. Yes, your honour.

Marl. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Serv. Yes, she said she'd keep it safe enough; she asked me how I came by it, and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself. *(Exit Servant.)*

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little barmaid, though, runs in my head most

strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits, too!

Marl. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hast. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marl. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely little thing that runs about the house, with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hast. Well, and what then?

Marl. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips—but, egad! she would not let me kiss them, though.

Hast. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

Marl. Why, man, she talked of showing me her work above stairs, and I'm to improve the pattern.

Hast. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It's in safety?

Marl. Yes, yes; it's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post coach, at an inn-door, a place of safety? Ah! numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself. I have—

Hast. What?

Marl. I have sent it to the landlady, to keep for you.

Hast. To the landlady!

Marl. The landlady.

Hast. You did!

Marl. I did. She's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hast. Yes, she'll bring it forth, with a witness.

Marl. Wasn't I right? I believe you'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hast. *(Aside.)* He must not see my uneasiness.

Marl. You seem a little disconcerted, though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened.

Hast. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge?

Marl. Rather too readily. For she not only kept the casket; but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hast. He! he! he! They are safe, however.

Marl. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hast. (Aside.) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. *(To him.)* Well, Charles, I'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty barmaid; and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself, as you have been for me! *(Exit.)*

Marl. Thank ye, George!

Enter **HARDCASTLE.**

Hard. I no longer know my own house. It's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I'll bear it no longer; and yet, for my respect for his father, I'll be calm. *(To him.)* Mr. Marlow, your servant. I'm your very humble servant. *(Bowing low.)*

Marl. Sir, your humble servant. *(Aside.)* What's to be the wonder now?

Hard. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so.

Marl. I do, from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hard. I believe you do, from my soul, sir. But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marl. I protest, my very good sir, that's no fault of mine. If they don't drink as they ought, *they* are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar: I did, I assure you. *(To the side scene.)* Here, let one of my servants come up. *(To him.)* My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hard. Then, they had your orders for what they do! I'm satisfied.

Marl. They had, I assure you. You shall hear from one of themselves.

Enter **Servant, drunk.**

Marl. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hard. (Aside.) I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet Street for ever! Though I'm but a servant, I'm as good as another man. I'll drink for no man before supper, sir! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper; but a good supper will not sit upon—*(hiccup)*—upon my conscience, sir.

Marl. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor fellow soused in a beer-barrel.

Hard. Zounds! He'll drive me distracted if I contain myself any longer. *(Aside.)* Mr. Marlow, sir; I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir; and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marl. Leave your house? Sure you jest, my good friend! What! when I'm doing what I can to please you?

Hard. I tell you, sir you don't please me; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marl. Sure you cannot be serious! At this time o'night, and such a night! You only mean to banter me.

Hard. I tell you, sir, I'm serious; and, now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir; this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly!

Marl. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. *(In a serious tone.)* This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine, while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, never in my whole life before.

Hard. Nor I, confound me if ever I did. To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me *This house is mine, sir.* By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! Pray, sir *(bantering)*, as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest

of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows—perhaps you may take a fancy to them.

Marl. Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hard. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the "Rake's Progress" for your own apartment?

Marl. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your house directly.

Hard. Then there's a mahogany table, that you may see your own face in.

Marl. My bill, I say.

Hard. I had forgot the great chair, for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marl. Sounds! bring me my bill, I say; and let's hear no more on't.

Hard. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred, modest man as a visitor here; but now I find him no better than a COXCOMB and a bully. But he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. *(Exit.)*

Marl. How's this? Sure I have not mistaken the house! Everything looks like an inn. The servants cry, *Coming*. The attendance is awkward; the barmaid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will further inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Miss Hard. Let it be short, then. I'm in a hurry. *(Aside)* I believe he begins to find out his mistake; but it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marl. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in the house be?

Miss Hard. A relation of the family, sir.

Marl. What! a poor relation?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir; a poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marl. That is, you act as the barmaid of the inn.

Miss Hard. Inn! Oh, la! What brought that in your head? One of the best families in the country keep an inn! Ha! ha! ha! old Mr. Hardcastle's house an inn!

Marl. Mr. Hardcastle's house! Is this house Mr. Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss Hard. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

Marl. So then all's out, and I have been imposed on. Oh, confound my stupid head! I shall be laughed at over the whole town. I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all print shops; the Dullissimo Maccaroni. To mistake this house, of all others, for an inn; and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There again, may I be hanged, my dear, but I mistook you for the barmaid.

Miss Hard. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behaviour to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marl. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw everything the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurements. But it's over. This house I no more show my face in.

Miss Hard. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry *(pretending to cry)* if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry, people said anything amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marl. (Aside.) By Heaven, she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. *(To her.)* Excuse me, my lovely girl, you are the only part of the family that I leave with reluctance. But to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, make an honourable connection impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hard. (Aside.) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. *(To him.)* But I'm sure my family is as good as Mr. Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Marl. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hard. Because it puts me at a dis-

tance from one, that if I had a thousand pound, I would give it all to.

Marl. (Aside.) This simplicity bewitches me so, that if I stay I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father, so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell.

(*Exit.*)

Miss Hard. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I stooped to conquer; but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution.

(*Exit.*)

Enter TONY AND MISS NEVILLE.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss Nev. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress. If she in the least suspects that I'm going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my Aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are bad things; but what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle-jacket, and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us. (*They retire and seem to fondle.*)

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hard. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? Fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What! billing, exchanging stolen glances, and broken murmurs? Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little, now and then, to be sure. But there's no love lost between us.

Mrs. Hard. A mere sprinkling, Tony,

upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Nev. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. Oh! it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you, when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss Nev. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless (*patting his cheek*), ah! it's a bold face.

Mrs. Hard. Pretty innocence!

Tony. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that, over the haspicolls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs. Hard. Ah! he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr. Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and we'll put off the rest of his education, like Mr. Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter DIGGORY.

Digg. Where's the 'squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Digg. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Digg. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know, though. (*Turning the letter and gazing on it.*)

Miss Nev. (Aside.) Undone, undone! A letter to him from Hastings. I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I'll keep her employed a little, if I can. (*To MRS. HARDCASTLE.*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr. Marlow. We so laughed. You must know, madam—this way a little; for he must not hear us. (*They confer.*)

Tony. (Still gazing.) A — cramp piece of penmanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print-hand very well. But here there are such han-

dles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esq." It's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it is all—buzz. That's hard, very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs. Hard. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher.

Miss Nev. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs. Hard. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) An up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) "Dear Sir." Ay, that's that. Then there's an *M*, and a *T*, and a *S*; but whether the next be *izzard* or an *R*, confound me, I cannot tell.

Mrs. Hard. What's that, my dear? Can I give you any assistance?

Miss Nev. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a cramp hand better than I. (*Twisting the letter from him.*) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger, the feeder.

Miss Nev. Ay, so it is. (*Pretending to read.*) "Dear 'Squire,—Hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake-bag club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose-green quite out of feather. The odds—um—odd battle—um—long fighting—um—" Here, here; it's all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence; here, put it up, put it up. (*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*)

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

Giving MRS. HARDCASTLE the letter.

Mrs. Hard. How's this? (*Reads.*)—

Dear 'Squire,—I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a post-chaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Dispatch is necessary, as the *hag* (ay, the hag), your mother, will otherwise suspect us.

Yours,

HASTINGS.

Grant me patience! I shall run distracted! My rage chokes me!

Miss Nev. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design that belongs to another.

Mrs. Hard. (*Curtseying very low.*) Fine-spoken madam, you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut! were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with *me*. Your old Aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way. Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory, I'll show you that I wish you better than you do yourselves. (*Exit.*)

Miss Nev. So, now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Nev. What better could be expected, from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him?

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business. You were so nice, and so busy, with your Shake-bags and Goose-greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. So, sir, I find by my servant that you have shown my letter and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss, there, who betrayed you. Ecod, it was her doing, not mine.

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. So, I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have old Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Nev. And there, sir, is the gentle-

man to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marl. What can I say to him, a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection?

Hast. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Nev. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hast. An insensible cub!

Marl. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! but I'll fight you both, one after the other—with baskets.

Marl. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr. Hastings, requires an explanation. You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hast. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr. Marlow.

Marl. But, sir—

Miss Nev. Mr. Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My mistress desires you'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. (*Exit Servant.*)

Miss Nev. Well, well; I'll come presently.

Marl. (*To HASTINGS.*) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous? To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hast. Was it well done, sir, if you're upon that subject, to deliver what I entrusted to yourself to the care of another, sir?

Miss Nev. Mr. Hastings, Mr. Marlow, why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore, I entreat you—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient.

Miss Nev. I come. Pray be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting.

Miss Nev. Oh, Mr. Marlow! if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I'm sure it would convert your resentment into pity.

Marl. I'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hast. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Nev. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think, that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If—

Mrs. Hard. (*Within.*) Miss Neville. Constance, why, Constance, I say.

Miss Nev. I'm coming. Well, constancy. Remember, constancy is the word. (*Exit.*)

Hast. My heart, how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

Marl. (*To TONY.*) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it. It's here. Your hands. Yours and yours, my poor sulky. My boots there, ho! Meet me two hours hence at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho! (*Exeunt.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Scene continues.*

Enter HASTINGS and SERVANT.

Hast. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Serv. Yes, your honor; they went off in a post-coach, and the young 'squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hast. Then all my hopes are over.

Serv. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr. Marlow's mistake this half-hour. They are coming this way.

Hast. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the Garden. This is about the time. (*Exit.*)

Enter SIR CHARLES and HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances!

Hard. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common inn-keeper, too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper, ha! ha! ha!

Hard. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of anything but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary; and though my daughter's fortune is but small—

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do—

Hard. If, man! I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves, you know.

Hard. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hard. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter will set all to rights again. She'll never like you the worse for it.

Marl. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hard. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr. Marlow: if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me?

Marl. Really, sir, I have not that happiness.

Hard. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what's what, as well as you that are younger. I know what has passed between you; but mum.

Marl. Sure, sir, nothing has passed be-

tween us, but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been passed upon all the rest of the family?

Hard. Impudence! No, I don't say that. Not quite impudence. Though girls like to be played with, and rumbled a little too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marl. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hard. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough. But this is over-acting, young gentleman. You *may* be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marl. May I die, sir, if I ever—

Hard. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and I am sure you like her—

Marl. Dear sir—I protest sir—

Hard. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marl. But hear me, sir—

Hard. Your father approves the match, I admire it, every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so—

Marl. But why won't you hear me? By all that's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hard. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal, modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations?

Marl. As Heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands. I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you'll exact no further proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. (*Exit.*)

Sir Charles. I'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hard. And I'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hard. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter MISS HARDCASTLE.

Hard. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely, and without reserve: has Mr. Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss Hard. The question is very abrupt, sir. But since you require unreserved sincerity, I think he has.

Hard. (To SIR CHARLES.) You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, several.

Hard. (To SIR CHARLES.) You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hard. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hard. Much, sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! and all this formally?

Miss Hard. Formally.

Hard. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied?

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss Hard. As most professed admirers do. Said some civil things of my face; talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart; gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Charles. Now I'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and I am confident he never sat for the picture.

Miss Hard. Then what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. (Exit.)

Miss Hard. And if you don't find him what I describe—I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. (Exeunt.)

Scene changes to the back of the Garden.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. What an idiot am I, to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me! He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he, and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter TONY, booted and spattered.

Hast. My honest 'squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by-the-by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hast. But how? Where did you leave your fellow-travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five-and-twenty miles in two hours and a half is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it. Rabbit me, but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varment.

Hast. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them? Why, where should I leave them, but where I found them?

Hast. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hast. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mon. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or slough within five miles of the place, but they can tell the taste of.

Hast. Ha, ha, ha! I understand: you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward. And so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill—I then introduced them to the gibbet, on Heavy-tree Heath; and from that with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

Hast. But no accident, I hope.

Tony. No, no. Only mother is profoundly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey, and the cattle can scarce crawl. So, if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hast. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend, noble 'squire. Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Confound your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country,

we kiss and be friends. But, if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hast. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville; if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one.

(*Exit HASTINGS.*)

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes. Vanish! She's got from the pond, and dragged up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, Tony, I'm killed—shook—battered to death. I shall never survive it. That last jolt, that laid us against the quickset hedge, has done my business.

Tony. Alack! mamma it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs. Hard. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabouts do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess we should be upon Crackskull Common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs. Hard. Oh, lud! oh, lud! the most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma! don't be afraid. Two of the five that were kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. Is that a man that's galloping behind us? No; it's only a tree. Don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see anything like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs. Hard. Oh, death!

Tony. No, it's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma; don't be afraid.

Mrs. Hard. As I'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

Tony. (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. (*To her.*) Ah! it's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. An ill-looking fellow.

Mrs. Hard. Good heaven! defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in the thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I'll cough and cry—hem! When I cough, be sure to keep close.

(*MRS. HARDCASTLE hides behind a tree, in the back scene.*)

Enter HARDCASTLE.

Hard. I'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my Aunt Pedigree's. Hem!

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find there's danger.

Hard. Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem!

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Sure he'll do the dear boy no harm!

Hard. But I heard a voice here; I shall be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, sir; talking to myself, sir. I was saying, forty miles in three hours was very good going—hem! As to be sure, it was—hem! I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please—hem!

Hard. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I am certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

Mrs. Hard. (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, sir, if I tell you—hem! I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem! I'll tell you all, sir.

(*Detaining him.*)

Hard. I tell you, I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs. Hard (*running forward from behind.*) Oh, lud, he'll murder my poor boy, my darling! Here good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life; but spare that young gentleman, spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hard. My wife! as I'm a Christian From whence can she come, or what does she mean?

Mrs. Hard. (*Kneeling.*) Take compas-

sion on us, good Mr. Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have; but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice; indeed, we won't, good Mr. Highwayman.

Hard. I believe the woman is out of her senses. What! Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs. Hard. Mr. Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home. What has brought you to follow us?

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door? (*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue you. (*To her.*) Don't you know the gate, and the mulberry-tree? and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

Mrs. Hard. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live: I have caught my death in it. (*To TONY.*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother, I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs. Hard. I'll spoil you, I will. (*Follows him off the stage. Exit.*)

Hard. There's morality, however, in his reply. (*Exit.*)

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Hast. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Nev. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hast. Such tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer. Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune! Love and content will increase what we possess, beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail.

Miss Nev. No, Mr. Hastings; no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised; but it

ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr. Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hast. But though he had the will, he has not the power to relieve you.

Miss Nev. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hast. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene changes.

Enter SIR CHARLES and MISS HARDCASTLE.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I wished for a daughter.

Miss Hard. I am proud of your approbation, and to show I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Charles. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. (*Exit SIR CHARLES.*)

Enter MARLOW.

Marl. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hard. (*In her natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by showing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Marl. (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not be, madam. I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight, and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hard. Then go, sir. I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit; and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages, without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter HARDCASTLE and SIR CHARLES from behind.

Sir Charles. Here behind the screen.

Hard. Ay, Ay, make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Marl. By heaven, madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

Sir Charles. What can it mean? He amazes me!

Hard. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Marl. I am now determined to stay, madam; and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hard. No, Mr. Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion, to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

Marl. By all that's good, I can have no happiness but what's in your power to grant me. Nor shall I ever feel repentance, but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay, even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hard. Sir, I must entreat you'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr. Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection where I must appear mercenary, and *you* imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Marl. (Kneeling.) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam; every moment that shows me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue—

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hard. Your cold contempt; your formal interview? What have you to say now?

Marl. That I'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hard. It means, that you can say and unsay things at pleasure. That you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public; that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Marl. Daughter!—this lady your daughter!

Hard. Yes, sir, my only daughter; my Kate. Whose else should she be?

Marl. Oh, —!

Miss Hard. Yes, sir, that very identical tall, squinting lady you were pleased to take me for. (*Curtseying.*) She that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the ladies' club; ha! ha! ha!

Marl. Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death.

Miss Hard. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs. Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning? ha! ha! ha!

Marl. Oh, — my noisy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet, that I was not taken down. I must be gone.

Hard. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not, sir, I tell you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man.

(*They retire, she tormenting him to the back scene.*)

Enter MRS. HARDCASTLE. TONY.

Mrs. Hard. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hard. Who gone?

Mrs. Hard. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr. Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives;

and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hard. Then by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

Mrs. Hard. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune; that remains in the family, to console us for her loss.

Hard. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary.

Mrs. Hard. Ay, that's my affair, not yours.

Hard. But you know, if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Mrs. Hard. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter HASTINGS and MISS NEVILLE.

Mrs. Hard. (*Aside.*) What! returned so soon? I begin not to like it.

Hast. (*To HARDCASTLE.*) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent, I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded on duty.

Miss Nev. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice. But I am now recovered from the delusion, and hope, from your tenderness, what is denied me from a nearer connection.

Mrs. Hard. Pshaw! pshaw! this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hard. Be it what it will, I'm glad they're come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I'm of age, father.

Hard. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire, to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hard. Above three months.

Tony. Then you'll see the first use I'll

make of my liberty (*Taking MISS NEVILLE'S hand*)—Witness all men by these presents, that I Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire, of *blank* place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constantia Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir Charles. Oh, brave squire!

Hast. My worthy friend!

Mrs. Hard. My undutiful offspring!

Marl. Joy, my dear George; I give you joy sincerely. And could I prevail upon my little tyrant here, to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hast. (*To MISS HARDCASTLE.*) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hard. (*Joining their hands.*) And I say so too. And Mr. Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us; and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her; and as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife.

END OF SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

The Empress Marie Louise had never been popular in Paris, as Josephine was to the last, nor had she the fine instincts which so especially distinguished the first consort of Napoleon, who was, indeed, his better angel. For example, one day Napoleon, having been provoked by her father, the Emperor of Austria, declared to Marie Louise that he was "an old *ganache*" (blockhead). Her majesty asked one of her ladies-in-waiting,—as she said the Emperor had called her father by that name,—the meaning of the word *ganache*, and the lady, not knowing what to say in reference to the empress's own father, answered that it meant "a venerable old man." Marie Louise believed this; and afterward, when Cambaceres came to pay his respects to her, she, wishing to be very complimentary to him, said, "Sir, I have always regarded you as the chief *ganache* of France."

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

It was in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "ould sod," and with a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that some day I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford village. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, an' when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'll be gittin', an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yez for the ride."

An' with that he drove off an' left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of tune for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the wood at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make divarsion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but och hone! och hone! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins,

while the miskaties bit me hands and face to a blister; an' after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble, to think that I was lost intirely, an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before mornin'.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad," sez I, "I'm glad that it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're ather spakin'." Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Presently an answer came.

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could roar, an' snatchin' up me bundle and stick, I started in the direction of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the place I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to be at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush for the children's breakfast in the mornin'. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All this wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered his inquiry.

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "and if it wouldn't inconvenience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step down and show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd," sez I, civil enough, "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he again.

"Me mother!" sez I, "and as fine a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wid her thumb nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFigginn."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Paddy McFigginn! bad luck to your deaf ould head, Paddy McFigginn, I say—do ye hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all county Tipperary, excipt Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! Whoo! Whoool!"

"Jim Doyle, the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good for nothin' blaggard naygur, and if yez don't come down and show me the way this min't, I'll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, ye spalpeen, so sure as me name is Jimmy Butler!"

"Who! Whoo! Whoool!" sez he, as impident as ever.

I said niver a word, but lavin' down me bundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

"Whist," sez I, "and I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," and wid that I let drive and lost me balance an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breakin' me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to me sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer, at all, at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for by the powers I didn't throw me stick for nothin'.

Well, by this time the moon was up and I could see a little, and I determined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I wint on cautiously for a while, an' thin I heard a bell. "Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeple-chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leaving the ould cow puffin' and blowin' in a shed, I went to the house, and as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's.

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters—as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him my adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl.

"An ould what?" sez I.

"Why, an owl, a bird," sez he.

"Do you tell me now?" sez I. "Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird."

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

UNCLE DAN'L AND THE STEAM-BOAT.

Whatever the lagging, dragging journey may have been to the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the children, a world of enchantment; and they believed it to be peopled with the mysterious dwarfs and giants and goblins that figured in the tales that the negro slaves were in the habit of telling them nightly by the shuddering light of the kitchen fire.

At the end of nearly a week of travel, the party went into camp near a shabby village which was caving, house by house, into the hungry Mississippi. The river astonished the children beyond measure. Its mile-breadth of water seemed an ocean to them, in the shadowy twilight, and the vague riband of trees on the further shore, the verge of a continent which surely none but they had ever seen before.

"Uncle Dan'l" (colored) aged forty; his wife, "Aunt Jinny," aged thirty; "Young Miss" Emily Hawkins, "Young Mars" Washington Hawkins and "Young Mars" Clay, the new member of the family, ranged themselves on a log, after supper, and contemplated the marvelous river and discussed it. The moon rose and sailed aloft through a maze of shredded cloud-wreaths; the sombre river just perceptibly brightened under the veiled light; a deep silence pervaded the air, and was emphasized at intervals, rather than broken, by the hooting of an owl, the baying of a dog, or the muffled crash of a caving bank in the distance.

The little company assembled on the log were all children (at least in simplicity and broad and comprehensive ignorance), and the remarks they made about

the river were in keeping with their character; and so awed were they by the grandeur and the solemnity of the scene before them, and by their belief that the air was filled with invisible spirits, and that the faint zephyrs were caused by their passing wings, that all their talk took to itself a tinge of the supernatural, and their voices were subdued to a low and reverent tone. Suddenly Uncle Dan'l exclaimed:

"Chil'en, dah's sumfin a-comin'!"

All crowded close together, and every heart beat faster. Uncle Dan'l pointed down the river with his bony finger.

A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooden cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

"What is it? Oh, what is it, Uncle Dan'l?"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! *Git down on yo' knees!*"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then, while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, and we knows dat we 'zerve to go to ze bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we ain't ready yit, we ain't ready—let dese po' chil'en hab one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de ole niggah if you's got to hab somebody. Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's a gwine to, we don't know wl o you's got yo' eye on; but we knows by de way you's a comin', we knows by de way you's a tiltin' along in yo' chariot o' fiah, dat some po' sinner's a gwine to ketch it. But, good

Lord, dese chil'en don't b'long heah, dey's f'm Obedstown, whah dey don't know nuffin, an' yo' knows, yo' own sef, dat dey ain't 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it ain't like yo' mercy, it ain't like yo' pity, it ain't like yo' long-sufferin' lovin'-kindness for to take dis kind o' vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many ornery grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frens, jes' let 'em off jes' dis once, and take it out de ole niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole —"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly):

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough "the Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked, the light winked out, and the coughing diminished by degrees, and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wsh! Well, now dey's some folks says dey ain't no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a been NOW if it warn't fo dat prah? Dat's it! Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prah that saved us?"

"Does I RECKON? Don't I know it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' a comin' *chow! chow! chow!* an' a-goin' on turrible—an' do de Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he lookin right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' for 'em? An' d'you spec he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

"Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"De law sakes, chile, didn't I see him a-lookin' at us?"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"No, sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah, he ain't 'fraid o' nuffin—dey can't nuffin *tetch him*."

"Well, what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I—Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit, he do-no what he's 'bout—no sah; dat man do-no what he's 'bout. You mout take an' *tah de head off'n* dat man an' he wouldn't scasely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considerable—ob coase dey was; but dey didn't know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up agin; if dey'd been gals, dey'd missed dey long haah (hair,) maybe, but dey wouldn't felt de burn."

"I don't know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better'n that. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a sayin' what you don't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should I know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, don't de good book say? 'Sides, don't it call 'em de *He-brew* chil'en? If dey was gals wouldn't dey be de *she-brew* chil'en? Some people dat kin read don't 'pear to take no notice when dey do read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be *two*!"

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time, sho'! Dey ain't two, Mars Clay—dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear eberywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fiah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat mean business, honey. He comin' now like he fo'got sumfin. Come 'long, chil'en, time you's gwine to roos'. Go 'long wid you—Ole Uncle Dan'l gwine out in de woods to rastle in prah—de old niggah gwine to do what he kin to sabe you agin."

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted, himself, if the Lord heard him when He went by.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS.

[Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, of Mass., born 1809
Practised as a physician at Boston; is Professor of Anatomy at Harvard University.]

I.

I wrote some lines. once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

II.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

III.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me—
He of the mighty limb!

IV.

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

V.

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon a grin.

VI.

He read the next—the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

VII.

The fourth, he broke into a roar;
The fifth, his wristband split;
The sixth, he burst five buttons off,
And tumbled in a fit.

VIII.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eyes,
I watched that wretched man;
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.

HOW MANY FINS HAS A COD?

BY JUDGE T. C. HALIBURTON.

About forty years ago I attended the Western Circuit of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia at Annapolis, and remained behind for a few days for the purpose of examining that most interesting place, which is the scene of the first effective settlement in North America.

While engaged in these investigations, a person called upon me and told me he had ridden express from Plymouth to obtain my assistance in a cause which was to be tried in a day or two in the county court at that place. The judges were at that period not professional men, but magistrates, and equally unable to administer law or to preserve order; and the verdicts generally depended more upon the declamatory powers of the lawyers than on the merits of the causes.

The distance was great—a journey had to be performed on horseback—the roads were bad, the accommodation worse. I had a great repugnance to attend these courts under any circumstances; and, besides, had pressing engagements at home. I therefore declined accepting his retainer, which was the largest that at that time had ever been tendered to me, and begged to be excused. If the fee, he said, was too small to render it worth my while to go, he would cheerfully double it, for money was no object. The cause was one of great importance to his friend, Mr. John Barkins, and of deep interest to the whole community; and, as the few lawyers that resided within a hundred miles of the place were engaged on the other side, if I did not go, his unfortunate friend would fall a victim to the intrigues and injustice of his opponents.

In short, he was so urgent that at last I was prevailed upon to consent, and we set off together to prosecute our journey on horseback. The agent, Mr. William Robins (who had the most accurate and capacious memory of any man I ever met), proved a most entertaining and agreeable companion. He had read a great deal, and retained it all; and, having resided many years near Plymouth, knew everybody, every place and every tradition. Withal he was somewhat of a humorist. Finding him a person of this description,

my curiosity was excited to know who he was, and I put the question to him.

"I am of the same profession you are, sir," he said. I immediately reined up.

"If that be the case," I replied, "my good friend, you must try the cause yourself. I cannot consent to go on. The only thing that induced me to set out with you was your assertion that every lawyer within a hundred miles of Plymouth was retained on the other side."

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "I did not say I was a lawyer."

"No," I observed "you did not; but you stated that you were of the same profession as myself, which is the same thing."

"Not exactly, sir," he said. "I am a wrecker. I am Lloyds' agent, and live on the misfortunes of others; so do you. When a vessel is wrecked, it is my business to get her off, or to save the property. When a man is entangled among the shoals or quicksands of the law, your duty is similar. We are both wreckers, and, therefore, members of the same profession. The only difference is, you are a lawyer, and I am not."

This absurd reply removing all difficulty, we proceeded on our journey; and the first night, after passing through Digby, reached Shingle Town, or Spaitsville. The next morning we reached Clare, and in the afternoon we arrived at Plymouth. As we entered the village, I observed that the court-house, as usual, was surrounded by a noisy multitude, some detached groups of which appeared to be discussing the trials of the morning, or anticipating that which was to engross the attention of the public on the succeeding day. On the opposite side of the road was a large tavern, the hospitable door of which stood invitingly open, and permitted the escape of most agreeable and seducing odors of rum and tobacco. The crowd occupied and filled the space between the two buildings, and presented a moving and agitated surface; and yet a strong current was perceptible to a practised eye in this turbid mass, setting steadily out of the court-house, and passing slowly but constantly through the centre of the estuary into the tavern, and returning again in an eddy on either side.

Where every one was talking at the same time, no individual could be heard or understood at a distance, but the united vociferations of the assembled hundreds

blended together and formed the deep-toned but dissonant voice of that hydra-headed monster, the crowd. On a nearer approach, the sounds that composed this unceasing roar became more distinguishable. The drunken man might be heard rebuking the profane, and the profane overwhelming the hypocrite with opprobrium for his cant. Neighbors, rendered amiable by liquor, embraced as brothers, and loudly proclaimed their unchangeable friendship; while the memory of past injuries awakened into fury by the liquid poison, placed others in hostile attitude, who hurled defiance and abuse at each other, to the full extent of their lungs or their vocabulary. The slow, measured, nasal talk of the degenerate settler from Puritanical New England, was rendered unintelligible by the ceaseless and rapid utterance of the French fisherman; while poor Pat, bludgeon in hand, uproariously solicited his neighbors to fight or to drink, and generously gave them their option. Even the dogs caught the infection of the place, and far above their master's voices might occasionally be heard the loud, sharp cry of triumph, or the more shrill howl of distress uttered by these animals, who, with as little cause as their senseless owners, had engaged in a stupid conflict. These noises ceased for a moment as we arrived at the spot, and were superseded by a command issued by several persons at the same time.

"Clear the road there! Make way for the gentlemen!"

We had been anxiously expected all the afternoon, and the command was instantly obeyed, and a passage opened for us by the people falling back on either side of the street. As we passed through, my friend checked his horse into a slow walk, and led me with an air of triumph, such as a jockey displays in bringing out his favorite on the course. Robins was an important man that day. He had succeeded in his mission. He had got his champion, and would be ready for fight in the morning. It was but reasonable, therefore, he thought, to indulge the public with a glimpse at his man. He nodded familiarly to some, winked slyly to others, saluted people at a distance aloud, and shook hands patronizingly with those that were nearest. He would occasionally lag behind a moment, and say in an under, but very audible, tone:

"Precious clever fellow that! Sees it all—says we are all right—sure to win it! I wouldn't be in those fellows', the plain-tiffs', skins to-morrow for a trifle! He is a powerful man that!" and so forth.

The first opportunity that occurred, I endeavored to put a stop to this trumpeting.

"For heaven's sake," I said, "my good friend, do not talk such nonsense; if you do, you will ruin me. I am at all times a diffident man, but if you raise such expectations, I shall assuredly break down, from the very fear of not fulfilling them. I know too well the doubtful issue of trials ever to say that a man is certain of winning. Pray do not talk of me in this manner."

"You are sure, sir," he said. "What! a man who has just landed from his travels in Europe, and arrived, after a journey of one hundred miles, from the last sitting of the Supreme Court, not to know more than any one else! Fudge, sir! I congratulate you—you have gained the cause! And besides, sir, do you think that if William Robins says he has got the right man (and he wouldn't say so if he didn't think so), that that isn't enough? Why, sir, your leather breeches and top boots are enough to do the business! Nobody ever saw such things here before, and a man in buckskin must know more than a man in homespun. But here is Mrs. Brown's inn; let us dismount. I have procured a private sitting-room for you, which on court-days, militia-training, and times of town meetings or elections, is not very easy, I assure you. Come, walk in, and make yourself comfortable."

We had scarcely entered into our snug-gery, which was evidently the landlady's own apartment, when the door was softly opened a few inches, and a beseeching voice was heard, saying:

"Billy, is that him? If it is, tell him it's me, will you? that's a good soul!"

"Come in—come in, old Blowhard!" said Robins; and, seizing the stranger by the hand, he led him up and introduced him to me.

"Lawyer, this is Captain John Barkins! Captain Barkins, this is Lawyer Sandford! He is our client, lawyer, and I must say one thing for him: he has but two faults, but they are enough to ruin any man in this province; he is an honest man, and speaks the truth. I will leave

you together now, and go and order your dinner for you."

John Barkins was a tall, corpulent, amphibious-looking man, that seemed as if he would be equally at home in either element, land or water. He held in his hand what he called a nor'wester, a large, broad-brimmed, glazed hat, with a peak projecting behind to shed the water from off his club queue, which was nearly as thick as a hawser. He wore a long, narrow-tailed, short-waisted blue coat, with large, white-plated buttons, that resembled Spanish dollars, a red waistcoat, a spotted Bandana silk handkerchief tied loosely about his throat, and a pair of voluminous corduroy trousers of the color of brown soap, over which were drawn a pair of fishermen's boots that reached nearly to his knees. His waistcoat and his trousers were apparently not upon very intimate terms, for though they traveled together, the latter were taught to feel their subjection, but when they lagged too far behind, they were brought to their place by a jerk of impatience that threatened their very existence. He had a thick, matted head of black hair, and a pair of whiskers that disdained the effeminacy of either scissors or razor, and revelled in all the exuberant and wild profusion of nature. His countenance was much weather-beaten from constant exposure to the vicissitudes of heat and cold, but was open, good-natured and manly. Such was my client. He advanced and shook me cordially by the hand.

"Glad to see you, sir," he said; "you are welcome to Plymouth. My name is John Barkins; I dare say you have often heard of me, for everybody knows me about these parts. Any one will tell you what sort of man John Barkins is. That's me—that's my name, do you see? I am a persecuted man, lawyer; but I ain't altogether quite run down yet, neither. I have a case in court; I dare say Mr. Robins has told you of it. He is a very clever man is old Billy, and as smart a chap of his age as you will see anywhere a'most. I suppose you have often heard of him before, for everybody knows William Robins in these parts. It's the most important case, sir, ever tried in this county. If I lose it, Plymouth is done. There's an end to the fisheries and a great many of us are a-going to sell off and quit the country."

I will not detail his cause to you in his own words, because it will fatigue you as it wearied me in hearing it. It possessed no public interest whatever, though it was of some importance to himself as regarded the result. It appeared that he had fitted out a large vessel for the Labrador fishery, and taken with him a very full crew, who were to share in the profits or loss of the adventure. The agreement, which was a verbal one was, that on the completion of the voyage the cargo should be sold, and the net proceeds be distributed in equal portions, one-half to appertain to the captain and vessel, and the other half to the crew, and to be equally divided among them.

The undertaking was a dangerous one, and on their return theseamen repudiated the bargain, and sued him for wages. It was, therefore, a very simple affair, being a mere question of fact as to the partnership, and that depending wholly on the evidence. Having ascertained these particulars, and inquired into the nature of the proof by which his defence was to be supported, and given him his instructions, I requested him to call upon me again in the morning before Court, and bowed to him in a manner too significant to be misunderstood. He, however, still lingered in the room, and turning his hat round and round several times, examining the rim very carefully, as if at a loss to discover the front from the back part of it, he looked up at last, and said:

"Lawyer, I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it?" I inquired.

"There is a man," he replied, "coming agin me to-morrow as a witness, of the name of Lillum. He thinks himself a great judge of the fisheries, and he does know a considerable some, I must say; but d—— him! I caught fish afore he was born, and know more about fishing than all the Lillums of Plymouth put together. Will you just ask him one question?"

"Yes, fifty, if you like."

"Well, I only want you to try him with one, and that will choke him. Ask him if he knows 'how many fins a cod has, at a word?'"

"What has that got to do with the cause?" I said with unfeigned astonishment.

"Everything, sir," he answered; "everything in the world. If he is to come to

give his opinion on other men's business, the best way is to see if he knows his own. Tarnation, man! he don't know a cod-fish when he sees it; if he does, he can't tell you 'how many fins it has at a word.' It is a great catch, that. I have won a great many half pints of brandy on it. I never knew a feller that could answer that question yet, right off the reel."

He then explained to me that, in the enumeration, one small fin was always omitted by those who had not previously made a minute examination.

"Now, sir," "if he can't cipher out that question (and I'll go a hogshead of rum on it he can't), turn him right out of the box, and tell him to go a voyage with old John Barkins—that's me, my name is John Barkins—and he will larn him his trade. Will you ask him that question, lawyer?"

"Certainly," I said, "if you wish it."

"You will gain the day, then, sir," he continued, much elated; "You will gain the day, then, as sure as fate. Good-by, lawyer!"

When he had nearly reached the foot of the staircase, I heard him returning, and, opening the door, he looked in and said:

"You won't forget, will you?—my name is John Barkins; ask anybody about here, and they will tell you who I am, for everybody knows John Barkins in these parts. The other man's name is Lillum—a very decent, 'sponsible-looking man, too; but he don't know everything. Take him up all short. 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' says you. If you can lay him on the broad of his back with that question, I don't care a farthing if I lose the case. It's a great satisfaction to nonplush a knowin' one that way. You know the question?"

"Yes, yes," I replied impatiently. "I know all about it."

"You do, do you, sir?" said he, shutting the door behind him, and advancing towards me, and looking me steadily in the face: "you do, do you? Then 'how many fins has a cod, at a word?'"

I answered as he had instructed me.

"Gad, sir," he said, "it's a pity your father hadn't made a fisherman of you, for you know more about a cod now than any man in Plymouth but one, old John Barkins—that's me, my name is John Barkins. Everybody knows me in these

parts. Bait your hook with that question, and you'll catch old Lillum, I know. As soon as he has it in his gills, drag him right out of the water. Give him no time to play—in with him, and whap him on the deck; hit him hard over the head—it will make him open his mouth, and your hook is ready for another catch."

"Good night, Mr. Barkins," I replied; "call on me in the morning. I am fatigued now."

"Good night, sir," he answered; "you won't forget?"

Dinner was now announced, and my friend Mr. Robins and myself sat down to it with an excellent appetite. Having done ample justice to the good cheer of Mrs. Brown, we drew up to the fire, which, at that season of the year, was most acceptable in the morning and evening, and smoked our cigars. Robins had so many good stories, and told them so uncommonly well, that it was late before we retired to rest. Instead of being shown into the bedroom I had temporarily occupied for changing my dress before dinner, I was ushered into a long, low room, fitted up on either side with berths, with a locker running round the base, and in all respects, except the skylight, resembling a cabin.

Strange as it appeared, it was in perfect keeping with the place (a fishing port), its population, and the habits of the people. Mrs. Brown, the landlady, was the widow of a sea-faring man, who had, no doubt, fitted up the chamber in this manner with a view to accommodate as many "passengers" (as he would designate his guests) as possible in this sailor's home. A lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and appeared to be supplied and trimmed for the night, so as to afford easy access and egress at all hours. It was almost impossible not to imagine one's self at sea on board of a crowded coasting packet. Retreat was impossible, and therefore I made up my mind at once to submit to this whimsical arrangement for the night, and having undressed myself, was about to climb into a vacant berth, near the door, when some one opposite called out:

"Lawyer, is that you?"

It was my old tormenter, the skipper. Upon ascertaining who it was, he immediately got out of bed, and crossed over

to where I was standing. Seizing me by the shoulders, he clasped me tightly round the neck, and whispered—

"How many fins has a cod at a word? That's the question. You won't forget, will you?"

"No," I said, "I not only will not forget it to-morrow, but I shall recollect you and your advice as long as I live. Now let me get some rest, or I shall be unable to plead your cause for you, as I am excessively fatigued and very drowsy."

"Certainly, certainly," he said; "but don't forget the catch."

It was some time before the hard bed, the fatigues of the journey, and the novelty of the scene permitted me to compose myself for sleep; and just as I was dropping off into slumber, I heard the same unwelcome sounds—

"Lawyer, lawyer, are you asleep?"

I affected not to hear him, and after another ineffectual attempt on his part to rouse me he desisted; but I heard him mutter to himself—

"Plague take the serpent! he'll forget it and lose all; a feller that falls asleep at the helm, ain't fit to be trusted nohow."

* * * In the morning when I awoke, the first objects that met my eye were the Bandana handkerchief, the red waistcoat and blue coat, while a good-natured face watched over me with all the solicitude of a parent for the first moment of wakefulness.

"Lawyer, are you awake?" said Barkins. "This is the great day—the greatest day Plymouth ever saw! We shall know now whether we are to carry on the fisheries, or give them up to the Yankees. Everything depends upon that question; for heaven's sake, don't forget it!—'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' It's very late now. It is eight o'clock, and the courts meet at ten, and the town is full. All the folks from Chebogue, and Jegoggin, and Salmon River, and Beaver River, and Eel Brook, and Polly Crosby's Hole, and The Gut and the Devil's Island, and Ragged Island, and far and near, are come. It's a great day and a great catch. I never lost a bet on it yet. You may win many a half-pint of brandy on it, if you won't forget it."

"Do go away and let me dress myself!" I said petulantly. "I won't forget you."

"Well, I'll go below," he replied, "if

you wish it; but call for me when you want me. My name is John Barkins; ask any one for me, for every man knows John Barkins in these parts. But, dear me," he continued, "I forgot!" and, taking an enormous key out of his pocket, he opened a sea-chest, from which he drew a large glass decanter, highly gilt, and a rummer of corresponding dimensions, with a golden edge. Taking the bottle in one hand and the glass in the other, he drew the small round gilt stopper with his mouth, and pouring out about half a pint of the liquid, he said, "Here, lawyer, take a drop of bitters this morning, just to warm the stomach and clear your throat. It's excellent! It's old Jamaiky and sarsaparilly, and will do your heart good. It's an anti-fogmatic, and will make you as hungry as a shark, and as lively as a thrasher!"

I shook my head in silence and despair, for I saw he was a man there was no escaping from.

"You won't, eh?"

"No, thank you; I never take anything of the kind in the morning."

"Where the deuce was you broughten up," he asked, with distended eyes. "Well, if you won't, I will, then; so here goes," and holding back his head, the potion vanished in an instant, and he returned the bottle and the glass to their respective places.

After breakfast, Mr. Robins conducted me to the court-house, which was filled almost to suffocation. The panel was immediately called, and the jury placed in the box. Previous to their being sworn, I inquired of Barkins whether any of them were related to the plaintiffs, or had been known to express an opinion adverse to his interests; for if such was the case, it was the time to challenge them. To my astonishment, he immediately rose and told the judges he challenged the whole jury, the bench of magistrates, and every man in the house—a defiance that was accompanied by a menacing outstretched arm and clenched fist. A shout of laughter that nearly shook the walls of the building followed this violent outbreak. Nothing daunted by their ridicule, however, he returned to the charge, and said,

"I repeat it; I challenge the whole of you, if you dare!"

Here the Court interposed, and asked

him what he meant by such indecent behaviour.

"Meant!" he said, "I mean what I say. The strange lawyer here tells me now is my time to challenge, and I claim my right; I do challenge any or all of you! Pick out any man present you please, take the smartest chap you've got, put us both on board the same vessel, and I challenge him to catch, split, clean, salt and stow away as many fish in a day as I can—cod, pollock, shad, or mackerel; I don't care which, for it's all the same to me; and I'll go a hogshead of rum on it I beat him! Will any man take up the challenge?" and he turned slowly round and examined the whole crowd. "You won't, won't you? I guess not; you know a trick worth two of that, I reckon! There, lawyer, there is my challenge; now go on with the cause!"

As soon as order was restored the jury was sworn, and the plaintiff's counsel opened his case and called his witnesses, the last of whom was Mr. Lillum.

"That's him!" said Mr. Barkins, putting both arms round my neck and nearly choking me, as he whispered, "Ask him 'how many fins has a cod, at a word?'" I now stood up to cross-examine him, when I was again in the skipper's clutches. "Don't forget! the question is —"

"If you do not sit down immediately, sir," I said in a loud and authoritative voice (for the scene had become ludicrous), "and leave me to conduct the cause my own way, I shall retire from the court!"

He sat down, and groaning audibly, put both hands before his face and muttered—"There is no dependence on a man that sleeps at the helm!"

I commenced, however, in the way my poor client desired, for I saw plainly that he was more anxious of what he called stumping old Lillum and "non-plushing" him, than about the result of his trial, although he was firmly convinced that the one depended on the other.

"How many years have you been engaged in the Labrador fishery, sir?"

"Twenty-five."

"You are, of course, perfectly conversant with the cod fishery?"

"Perfectly. I know as much, if not more, about it than any man in Plymouth."

Here Barkins pulled my coat, and most beseechingly said:

"Ask him —"

"Be quiet, sir, and do not interrupt me!" was the consolatory reply he received.

"Of course, then, after such long experience, sir, you know a codfish when you see it?"

"I should think so!"

"That will not do, sir. Will you swear that you do?"

"I do not come here to be made a fool of!"

"Nor I either, sir; I require you to answer yes or no. Will you undertake to swear that you know a codfish when you see it?"

"I will, sir."

Here Barkins rose and struck the table with his fist a blow that nearly split it, and, turning to me, said:

"Ask him —"

"Silence, sir!" I again vociferated. "Let there be no mistake," I continued.

"I will repeat the question. Do you undertake to swear that you know a codfish when you see it?"

"I do, sir, as well as I know my own name when I see it!"

"Then, sir, how many fins has a cod, at a word?"

Here the blow was given, not on the deal slab of the table, but on my back, with such force as to throw me forward on my two hands.

"Ay, floor him!" said Barkins; "let him answer that question! The lawyer has you there! How many fins has a cod, at a word, you old sculpin?"

"I can answer you that without hesitation."

"How many, then?"

"Let me see—three on the back, and two on the shoulder, that's five; two on the nape, that's seven; and two on the shoulder, that's nine. Nine, sir!"

"Missed it, by gosh!" said Barkins. "Didn't I tell you so? I knew he couldn't answer it. And yet the fellow has the impudence to call himself a fisherman!"

Here I requested the Court to interfere, and compel my unfortunate and excited client to be silent.

"Is there not a small fin beside," I said, "between the under jaw and the throat?"

"I believe there is."

"You believe! Then, sir, it seems you are in doubt, and that you do not know a codfish when you see it. You may go; I will not ask you another question. Go, sir, but let me advise you to be more careful in your answers for the future."

There was a universal shout of laughter in the Court, and Barkins availed himself of the momentary noise to slip his hand under the table and grip me by the thigh, so as nearly to sever the flesh from the bone.

"Bless your soul, my stout fresh-water fish!" he said, "you have gained the case, after all. Didn't I tell you he couldn't answer that question? It's a great catch, isn't it?"

The plaintiffs had wholly failed in their proof. Instead of contenting themselves with showing the voyage and their services, from which the law would have presumed an *assumpsit* to pay wages according to the ordinary course of business, and leaving the defendant to prove that the agreement was a special one, they attempted to prove too much, by establishing a negative; and, in doing so, made out a sufficient defence for Barkins. Knowing how much depended upon the last address to the jury, when the judge was incompetent to direct or control their decision, I closed on the plaintiffs' case, and called no witnesses. The jury were informed by the judge that, having now heard the case on the part of the plaintiffs and also on the part of the defendants, it was their duty to make up their minds, and find a verdict for one or the other.

After this very able, intelligible and impartial charge, the jury were conducted to their room, and the greater part of the audience adjourned to the neighboring tavern for refreshment.

As soon as it was announced that the jury had returned, the tumultuous wave of the crowd rushed into the Court-house, and surging backward and forward, gradually settled down to a level and tranquil surface. The panel was then called over, and the verdict read aloud. It was for the defendant.

Barkins was not so much elated as I had expected. He appeared to have been prepared for any event. He had had his gratification already. "Old Lillum was floored," the "knowing one had been non-plused," and he was satisfied. He had a duty to perform, however, which he

did with great pleasure, and I have no doubt with great liberality. The jury were to be "treated," for it was the custom of those days for the winning party to testify his gratitude by copious libations of brandy and rum. As soon as the verdict was recorded, he placed himself at their head, and led the way to the tavern with as much gravity and order as if he was conducting a guard of honor. As soon as they were all in the street, he turned about, and walking backward, so as to face them, and at the same time not to interrupt their progress to the mansion of bliss, he said—

"A pretty feller that Lillum, ain't he? to swear he knew what a cod was, and yet couldn't tell how many fins it had, at a word! Who would have thought that milksop of a lawyer would have done so well? He actually scared me when I first saw him; for a feller that smokes cigars instead of a pipe, drinks red ink (port wine) instead of old Jamaiky, and has a pair of hands as white as a flat fish, ain't worth his grub, in a general way. Howsumdever, it don't do to hang a feller for his looks, after all, that's a fact; for that crittur is like a singed cat, better nor he seems."

I did not see him again till the evening, when he came to congratulate me on having done the handsomest thing, he said, as everybody allowed, that ever was done in Plymouth,—shown the greatest fisherman in it (in his own conceit) that he didn't know a codfish when he saw it.

"It was a great catch that, lawyer," he continued, and he raised me up in his arms and walked round the room with me as if he were carrying a baby. "Don't forget it, 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' You never need to want a half-pint of brandy while you have that fact to bet on!"

The next day I left Plymouth very early in the morning. When I descended to the door I found both Robins and Barkins there, and received a hearty and cordial farewell from both of them. The latter entreated me, if ever I came that way again, to favor him with a visit, as he had some capital Jamaica forty years old, and would be glad to instruct me in the habits of fish and fishermen.

"I will show you," he said, "how to make a shoal of mackerel follow your vessel like a pack of dogs. I can tell you

how to make them rise from the bottom of the sea in thousands, when common folks can't tell there is one there, and then how to feed and coax them away to the very spot you want to take them. I will show you how to spear shad, and how to strike the fattest salmon that ever was, so that it will keep to go to the East Indies; and I'll larn you how to smoke herrings without dryin' them hard, and tell you the wood and the vegetables that give them the best flavor; and even them cussed, dry, good-for-nothing ale-wives, I'll teach you how to cure them so you will say they are the most delicious fish you ever tasted in all your life. I will, upon my soul! And now, before you go, I want you to do me a good turn, lawyer. Just take this little silver flask, my friend, to remember old John Barkins by, when he is dead and gone, and when people in these parts shall say when you inquire after him, that they don't know such a man as old John Barkins no more. It is a beautiful article. I found it in the pocket of a captain of a Spanish privateer that boarded my vessel, and that I hit over the head with a handspike, so hard that he never knew what hurt him. It will just suit you, for it only holds a thimble-full, and was made o' purpose for fresh-water fish, like Spaniards and lawyers. Good-bye! God bless you, sir! A fair wind and a short passage to you!"

I had hardly left the door, before I heard my name shouted after me.

"Mr. Sandford!—lawyer! lawyer!"

It was old Barkins. I anticipated his object: I knew it was his old theme—

"Lawyer, don't forget the catch, '*How many fins has a cod, at a word?*'"

KICKED BY A MULE.

JAKE JOHNSON had a mule. He (the animal) could kick higher, hit harder on the slightest provocation, and act uglier than any other mule known on record.

One morning, riding his property to market, Jake met Jim Boggs, against whom he had an old but concealed grudge. He knew Boggs's weakness lay in bragging and betting; therefore he saluted him accordingly—

"How are you, Jim? Fine morning."

"Hearty, squire," replied Jim. "Fine

weather. Nice mule that you air riding on. Will he do to bet on?"

"Bet on? Guess he will do that. I tell you, Jim Boggs, he's the best mule in this country."

"Great smash! is that so?" ejaculated Jim.

"Solid truth, every word of it. Tell you confidentially, Jim, I am taking him down for betting purposes. I bet he can kick a fly off from any man without its hurting him."

"Now look here, squire," said Jim, "I am not a betting character, but I'll bet you something on that myself."

"Jim, there's no use—don't bet. I don't want to win your money."

"Don't be alarmed, squire. I'll take such bets as them every time."

"Well, if you are determined to bet, I will risk a small stake—say five dollars."

"All right, squire, you're my man. But who'll he kick the fly off? There is no one here but you and I. You try it."

"No," says Johnson, "I have to be by the mule's head and to order him."

"Oh, yaas," says Jim. "Then probably I'm the man. Wa'll, I'll do it; but you are to bet ten against my five if I risk it."

"All right," quoth the squire. "Now, there's a fly on your shoulder. Stand still." And Johnson adjusted the mule.

"Whist, Jervy!" said he.

The mule raised his heels with such velocity and force that Boggs rose in the air like a bird, and alighted on all-fours in a muddy ditch, bang up against a rail fence.

Rising in a towering passion, he exclaimed—

"Yaas, that is smart! I knew your darned mule couldn't do it. You had all that put up. I wouldn't be kicked like that for fifty dollars. You can just fork over them ere stakes for it, any way."

"Not so fast, Jim. Jervy did just what I said he would; that is, kick a fly off a man without its hurting him. You see the mule is not hurt by the operation. However, if you are not satisfied, we will try it again as often as you wish."

"The deuce take you," growled Jim. "I'd rather have a barn fall on me at once than have that critter kick me again. Keep the stakes, but don't say anything about it."

And Boggs trudged on in bitterness of soul, murmuring to himself—

"Sold—and kicked by a mule!"

PAUL PRY.

PAUL PRY.—This very admirable Comedy is by John Poole, and was first played at the Haymarket Theatre, London. The author has stated, that the character of Paul Pry was suggested by an anecdote related to him several years previous to the production of the piece. An old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing;—she fell ill, and was confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person, what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window as a substitute, for the performance of that duty.

“Betty, what ARE you thinking about? Don’t you hear a double knock at No. 9? Who is it?” “The first floor lodger, Ma’am.”

“Betty! Betty! I declare I must give you warning. Why don’t you tell me, what that knock is at No. 54?”

“Why, Lord! Ma’am! it is only the baker with pies.

“PIES. Betty! what can they want with pies at 54? They had pies yesterday.”

Of this very point the author has availed himself. Paul Pry, however, was never intended as the representative of any one individual, but of a class—like the melancholy of Jaques, he is “compounded of many SIMPLES.” That it should have been so often, and so erroneously, supposed to have been drawn after some particular person, is, perhaps, complimentary to the general truth of the delineation.

The Comedy is original in plot, character, and dialogue. The only imitation is to be found in that part in which Mrs. Subtle is engaged, which reminds one of the *LE VIEUX CELIBATAIRE*; but even the little adopted is considerably altered and modified, by the necessity of adapting it to the exigencies of a different plot.

The circumstances attending the first performance of Paul Pry are singular. Mr. Farren refused to play the character of Colonel Hardy, alleging it was a secondary part—and Mr. Liston objected to Paul Pry on the plea that the character was a mere excrescence on the main plot. Actors are not always the best judges in these matters;—Mr. Liston realized a large portion of the splendid fortune upon which he retired from the stage, from his great success in Paul Pry;—and the performance of the character of Colonel Hardy has added to the reputation

of many of our sterling Comedians.—At the last rehearsal of the Comedy, Mr. Liston was imperfect in his part, and undecided as to its costume; while on the stage in a state of fidgety uncertainty and doubt, a workman from a neighbouring manufactory entered, wearing a large pair of Cossack trowsers, which, it being a wet day, he had tucked into his Wellington boots. Mr. Liston immediately adopted the idea, and hence the origin of the rather singular dress in which Paul Pry generally appears.

The Comedy is a favourite stock piece in all our Theatres. Mr. Burton, the second comedian who played the part in England, added to his popularity in this country, by his almost inimitable performance of Paul Pry.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A village inn.*

DOUBLEDOT and SIMON discovered, drinking.

Simon. Well, really, I must go, Mr. Doubledot; it will be a busy day at our house. Master expects company to dinner.

Doub. Come, we must finish the mug: and when is Miss Eliza’s wedding to take place?

Simon. Can’t say: my master, Colonel Hardy, never lets any one into his secrets.

Doub. Well, Miss Eliza’s a nice young lady.

Simon. Aye; that she is, but she is a sly one: she looks as if butter wouldn’t melt in her mouth; but she’s a sly one, I tell you.

Doub. What makes you think that, Simon?

Simon. I don’t mean any harm of her, for she’s as kind a soul, bless her, as ever lived; but, by putting this and that together, you know, we in the kitchen often know what is going on in the parlour better than the parlour folks themselves. She’s in love.

Doub. That’s natural enough, since she’s going to be married.

Simon. But as she never saw the man she is to marry—

Doub. Sensibly argued; with whom, then?

Simon. We can’t make that out. You know what a strict hand the Colonel is—passionate—severe—no one in his house

dare say their soul is their own; so that, if our young lady were in love with twenty men, she would never dare tell her father of it. No, no, my master is not like his neighbour, old Mr. Wither-ton, who is led by the nose by a steward and a housekeeper.

Doub. Ah! poor old gentleman; but don't you think your young lady's maid, Mrs. Phebe, is in the secret?

Simon. May be, but she's as close-tongued as her mistress; besides, she never mixes with us. Mrs. Phebe's a devilish nice girl, Doubledot; here's wishing her a good husband, and she may have me for asking. Well, I must go, else I shall get chattering of the affairs of the family—a thing I never do. [*Comes forward.*] Ha! here comes Mr. Paul Pry.

Doub. Plague take Mr. Paul Pry! He is one of those idle, meddling fellows, who, having no employment themselves, are perpetually interfering in other people's affairs.

Simon. Aye, and he's inquisitive into all matters great or small.

Doub. Inquisitive! why, he makes no scruple to question you respecting your most private concerns. Then he will weary you to death with a long story about a cramp in his leg, or the loss of a sleeve button, or some such idle matter, and so he passes his days, "dropping in," as he calls it, from house to house at the most unreasonable times, to the annoyance of every family in the village. But I'll soon get rid of him. [*Simon goes up.*]

Enter PRY.

Pry. Ha! how d'ye do, Mr. Doubledot?

Doub. Very busy, Mr. Pry, and have scarcely time to say "pretty well," thank ye. [*Retires up, and Simon advances.*]

Pry. Ha! Simon! you here? Rather early in the morning to be in a public house—sent here with a message from your master, perhaps. I say, Simon, when this wedding takes place, I suppose your master will put you all into new liveries, eh?

Simon. Can't say, sir.

Pry. Well, I think he might. [*Looks at Simon's sleeve.*] Between ourselves, Simon, it won't be before you want 'em, eh?

Simon. That's master's business, sir, and neither yours nor mine.

Pry. Mr. Simon, behave yourself, or I

shall complain of you to the Colonel. Apropos, Simon, that's an uncommon fine leg of mutton the butcher has just sent to your house. It weighs thirteen pounds five ounces.

Doub. And how do you know that?

Pry. I asked the butcher. I say, Simon, is it for roasting or boiling?

Simon. Half and half, with the chill taken off. There's your answer.

[*Exit Simon.*]

Pry. That's an uncommon ill-behaved servant. Well, since you say you are busy, I won't interrupt you; only as I was passing, I thought I might as well drop in.

Doub. Then now you may drop out again. The London coach will be in presently, and—

Pry. No passengers by it to-day, for I have been to the hill to look for it.

Doub. Did you expect any one by it, that you were so anxious?

Pry. No, but I make it my business to see the coach come in every day; I can't bear to be idle.

Doub. Useful occupation, truly.

Pry. Always see it go out; have done these ten years.

Doub. [*Going up.*] Tiresome block-head! well; good morning to you.

Pry. Good morning, Mr. Doubledot, you don't appear to be very full here.

Doub. No, no.

Pry. Ha! you are at a heavy rent. [*Pauses for an answer after each question.*] I've often thought of that. No supporting such an establishment without a deal of custom; if it's not an impertinent question, don't you find it rather a hard matter to make both ends meet when Christmas comes?

Doub. If it isn't asking an impertinent question, what's that to you?

Pry. Oh, nothing, only some folks have the luck of it; they have just taken in a nobleman's family at the Green Dragon.

Doub. What's that! A noble at the Green Dragon?

Pry. Travelling carriage and four. Three servants on the dickey and an out-rider, all in blue liveries. They dine and stop all night; a pretty bill there will be to-morrow, for the servants are not on board wages.

Doub. Plague take the Green Dragon. How did you discover that they are not on board wages?

Pry. I was curious to know, and asked one of them. You know I never miss anything for want of asking, 'tis no fault of mine the nabob is not here.

Doub. Why, what had you to do with it?

Pry. You know I never forget my friends. I stopt the carriage as it was coming down the hill—stopt it dead, and said that his lordship—I took him for a lord at first—that, if his lordship intended to make any stay, he couldn't do better than go to Doubledot's.

Doub. Well!

Pry. Well, would you believe it?—out pops a saffron coloured face from the carriage window and says, you're an impudent rascal for stopping my carriage, and I'll not go there if another inn is to be found within ten miles of it.

Doub. There! that comes of your confounded meddling. If you had not interfered, I should have stood an equal chance with the Green Dragon.

Pry. I'm very sorry, but I did it for the best.

Doub. Did it for the best, indeed! Deuce take you. By your officious attempts to serve, you do more mischief in the neighbourhood, than the exciseman, the apothecary, and the attorney altogether.

Pry. Well, there's gratitude. Now, really I must go—good morning.

[*Exit Paul Pry.*]

Doub. I've got rid of him at last, thank heaven. [*Pry re-enters.*] Well, what now?

Pry. I've dropt one of my gloves. Nay, that's very odd: here it is in my hand all the time.

Doub. Go to the devil! [*Exit.*]

Pry. Come, that's civil. [*looking out.*] Eh! there's the Postman! I wonder whether the Parkins's have got letters again to-day? They have had letters every day this week, and I can't for the life of me think what they can—[*feels hastily in his pocket.*] Apropos—talking of letters, here's one I took from him last week, for the Colonel's daughter, Miss Eliza, and I have always forgotten to give it to her; I dare say it is not of much importance. [*peeps into it.*] "Likely unexpected affectionate." I can't make it out. No matter, I'll contrive to take it to the house. By the bye, tho,' I have a deal to do to-day, buy an ounce of snuff, fetch my umbrella, which I left to be mended, drop in at old Mr. Witherton's, and ask him

how his tooth is. I have often thought that if that tooth was mine, I'd have it out. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Chamber at WITHERTON'S.

Enter Mrs. SUTLE and GRASP.

Mrs. S. Don't threaten me, Mr. Grasp, for you know you are at least as much in my power as I am in your's, and that the exposure of either of us must be fatal to both.

Grasp. Well, well, Mrs. Subtle, you must allow for the warmth of my temper.

Mrs. S. Your temper will one day bring down ruin upon us. We have sufficient control over Mr. Witherton to serve our own purpose: but by making him feel his subjection, by drawing the cord too tight, as you do, you run the risk of exciting his suspicions, and rousing him to rebellion.

Grasp. Never fear; we have the Old Baby in leading strings, and may do with him just what we please.

Mrs. S. We might, whilst we remained at his own place, in Wiltshire, away from all the world; but, since his old friend, Colonel Hardy, has induced him to pass a few months here, near him, a new influence has arisen.

Grasp. And for that reason we must be more rigid in the maintenance of our own. Then there's that young fellow, Willis, whom the Colonel has contrived to foist into his family: but I'll soon get rid of him.

Mrs. S. It is not Willis I fear; but the girl, Marian. When we were at home no one presumed to interfere in the arrangements of the household—that was our province; but here,—however, I have taken a dislike to that girl, and she shall quit the house, displease whomsoever it may.

Grasp. Indeed! it would displease me for one, and she shall remain.

Mrs. S. Shall! another such a word, Mr. Grasp and——

Grasp. So now, Mrs. Subtle, you would threaten me. Who was the inventor of all the calumnies which have forever poisoned the mind of Mr. Witherton against his nephew, poor young Somers? By whose arts have they been prevented meeting each other? Who falsified some of the poor lad's letters? intercepted and suppressed others? impugned the character of the woman he chose for his wife?

Mrs. S. Who was it that, employed to forward the letters written to him by his uncle, destroyed them? who for these three years have robbed, pillaged, plundered?—

Grasp. Both you and I. So, there, we are even. Harkee, Mrs. Subtle, we have neither of us anything to gain by quarrelling. Give me your hand—there!

Mrs. S. [aside]. The hateful wretch!

Grasp. And now turn to a pleasanter subject.

Mrs. S. What subject?

Grasp. One upon which I have been constant these five years—love. It relieves my heart, after any little misunderstanding between us, to say a tender word to you.

Mrs. S. Really, Mr. Grasp, your gallantry—

Grasp. I was never wanting in gallantry towards the fair sex—so, once for all, my dear Mrs. Subtle, you and I are so confoundedly in dread of each other, the sooner we marry, and make our interests one, the better.

Mrs. S. [aside]. I'd sooner die. But you are so impatient.

Grasp. Pooh, pooh, you have been shillyshallying these five years, and it is time you should make up your mind that we unite our interests, play the same game, and have the old fellow more completely in our power; besides, there is no real pleasure in a single life. Look at our master, or rather our slave. He is an old bachelor, and with all his fortune, he is an unhappy man.

Mrs. S. [sighs]. True. But I have once already been married, and—

Grasp. Aye, but that was a marriage contracted contrary to your inclinations. Our cause is different. You'll find me a tender, indulgent husband; so I'll allow you till to-morrow to consider of my proposal, and then if you don't, hang me but I'll expose—But here comes the Baby, and Colonel Hardy, and that eternal Willis, along with him. Remember, my darling Mrs. Subtle [*Shakes her hand*], to-morrow you consent to our making each other happy for life—or I'll trounce you. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. S. I am indeed in his power; for in one moment could he destroy the fruits of ten long years of labour. To-morrow!—then I must bring Witherton to a decision to-day. My control over his affec-

tions is, I think—nay, I am sure—it is entire. The result cannot but be favourable, and once mistress here, I'll turn you to the dogs. [*Retires.*]

Enter WITHERTON, HARDY and WILLIS. WILLIS *sits himself*—Who comes down.

Hardy. You'll consider of it.—What do you mean by considering of it? What is there to consider? Can't you say at once whether you will dine with me or not?

With. Not so loud, my dear friend—you agitate me.

Hardy. Then why the devil don't you make up your mind? I hate the man who doesn't make up his mind.—Do as I do—always make up your mind, right or wrong.

With. Well, well.

Hardy. Perhaps Mrs. Subtle, your housekeeper, won't give you leave. I say Mrs. Subtle [*To Mrs. S.*], is it you who refuse your master leave to dine with me to-day?

Mrs. S. I, sir! Mr. Witherton is perfectly at liberty to do as he pleases.

Hardy. There! you are at liberty to do as you please; and so you ought to be. I shall expect you, then. You have but to cross the garden to my house; so the walk won't fatigue you. You'll meet a friend or two—shan't tell you who, till you come—never do; and I shall have something to say to you, relative to my daughter Eliza's marriage—d'ye hear?

With. I do, my friend; and I should hear quite as well though you did not speak so loud.

Hardy. And bring Willis with you, he is a good lad; I have a great respect for him, else I should not have recommended him to you. You are pleased with him, ain't you?

With. I am, indeed. Each day of the few months he has been a companion to me, he has grown in my esteem. His good sense, his kindly disposition, his urbanity, have won from me the confidence and affection of a friend.

Hardy. That's well; and Marian—she doesn't disgrace my recommendation, I'll answer for it. Where is she?

Mrs. S. She's engaged in my room, sir. Mr. Witherton received her into the family at your request; but really I—I have so little to do, that an assistant is quite needless to me; and, as I am for sparing my good master all the expense I

can in the management of his house, it strikes me that—

Hardy. I think I could show him where one might be saved.

With. No matter. The expense is trifling, and the poor thing appears to be happy to be here; and heaven knows that the sight of a happy face is the only solace in my lonely existence.

Hardy. Serve you right, you old fool, for not marrying in your youth; I don't wish to say anything unpleasant, but it serves you right, I tell you. And then, to make matters worse, you must needs go pass your days at a melancholy place in Wiltshire, where you have only those about you, who—ah.—As to your neglecting your nephew, I'll say nothing about that now, because I won't make you uncomfortable. But you repent it, I know you do; and you'll repent it more every day you live.

With. That is a subject I must not hear mentioned, even by you.

Hardy. Why now, who the deuce does mention it? Didn't I this very moment say I won't mention it for fear of making you uncomfortable? Ah, you are a foolish old fellow—mark my words, you are a very foolish old fellow. I'll go home and talk to my daughter about her marriage. Bless her dear innocent little heart, there she is, I'll answer for it, quietly seated in the library reading the Spectator, or painting the daffodils on velvet. Well, good morning. I shall expect you.

[*Shakes Witherton's hands violently.*]

With. I'll come, but—consider my nerves. [Goes and sits.]

Hardy. Plague your nerves, but it serves you right. If you had lived a jolly life, as I have done, you would never have had any nerves. Good morning, Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. S. I wish you a very good morning, sir; allow me to conduct you to the door.

Hardy. Willis, you will be sure to come with Mr. Witherton. The train is fairly laid; do you and your little wife be on your guard; and if we don't blow your enemies into the air—[*Muttering to Mrs. Subtle, who curtsies ceremoniously.*]

[*Exit Hardy and Mrs. Subtle.*]

WILLIS comes down.

With. There goes a happy man. Oh, Hardy is right, I ought to have married in my youth.

Willis. And why did you not, sir?

With. For the fool's reason; I was unwilling to sacrifice my liberty. And what is the boasted liberty of a bachelor? He makes a solitary journey through life loving no one, by none beloved; and when he reaches the confines of old age, that which, with a tender companion by his side, might have been to him a garden of repose, he finds a barren wilderness.

Willis. True, sir; and often with the sacrifice of his dear liberty into the bargain: avoiding the dreaded control of a wife, he deems himself a slave to cunning and interested dependants.

With. (*Looking cautiously about.*) Willis, Willis, that I sometimes fear is my case; not that I have any reason to doubt the fidelity and attachment of Grasp, or Mrs. Subtle, but they frequently assume an authority over me, which, however it may displease me, yet from a long, lazy habit of submission, I have scarcely the courage to resist.

Willis. (*Aside.*) My poor uncle!

With. But Mrs. Subtle is a good soul, a kind soul, and as attentive and affectionate towards me as a sister. Do you know that notwithstanding her humble situation here, she is well born, as she tells me, well educated: aye, and a very fine woman too.

Willis. (*Aside.*) It is not difficult to perceive where this will end. You, you had a sister, sir.

With. I had; the mother of my ungrateful and disobedient nephew. She went abroad, died, and left an only son; this Edward Somers. He might have been a joy and comfort to me, he is my bane and curse. But let us speak of him no more: his very name is hateful to me.

Willis. This is the first time I ever ventured, sir. Duty and respect, which hitherto have constrained me to be silent, now bid me speak. What proofs have you of his ingratitude and disobedience?

With. The proofs are in his conduct. At his mother's death I wrote to him to come to England, told him of my intention to settle the bulk of my fortune upon him, to receive and consider him as my son, to—

Willis. You wrote to him?

With. Aye; and often, as Grasp and Mrs. Subtle can testify; for they saw my letters. But he neglected my commands: nay, did not even deign to notice them.

At length, by mere accident, I discovered that he was in England, living obscurely in a mean village, married—Willis! and as if to give point and poignancy to his disrespect, without even the form of asking the consent and approbation of me, his only relation, his friend, his benefactor.

Willis. How, sir! did he not write letter after letter, complaining of your neglect of him? Did he not entreat, implore your sanction to his marriage? till wearied at last by your continued silence, he became fully warranted in deciding for himself.

With. The goodness of your own nature suggests these excuses for his misconduct. He did, indeed, sometimes write to me, but in such terms, Willis—

Willis. Where are those letters, sir?

With. Mrs. Subtle, in kindness towards the reprobate, destroyed them the moment she read them to me.

Willis. She read them? Did not you, yourself, read them, sir?

With. No, the good soul spared me that pain; and as Grasp has since told me, she even suppressed the most offensive passages.

Willis. Oh, infamy!

With. Aye, question me now what grounds there are for my displeasure; but when I add that he has disgraced me by his worthless choice, that the woman he is married is—

Willis. Hold, sir! I can hear no more. Your nephew may deserve your bitterest reproaches, but—

With. Hush! here comes Mrs. Subtle and Grasp. When you, a stranger to me, can with difficulty restrain your indignation, what must be mine?

Willis. (*Aside.*) My poor Marian! We must endure this yet awhile.

Enter MRS. SUBTLE and GRASP.

Mrs. S. Now, sir, it is your hour for walking. I have brought you your hat and cane.

With. Ever attentive Mrs. Subtle: thankye, thankye.

(*To Grasp.*) Well, Grasp, have you got that fifty pounds I asked you for?

Grasp. Yes; but I can't think what you want them for; I have been plagued enough to procure money for our regular outlayings, and now—

With. That ought not to be; for surely I do not spend to the extent of my in-

come; yet when I desire a small sum for any private purpose, you pretend—

Grasp. Do you suppose that I take your money?

With. No Grasp, but—

Grasp. You are for ever drawing money for these idle uses. Five pounds for this poor family, ten for that—

With. Well, well, you are an old servant, and I believe faithfully attached to my interests; but I wish you would correct your manner.

Mrs. S. Indeed, Mr. Grasp, you should endeavour to moderate your tone: to use more respect when you address our good master. [*Takes Witherton's hand.*] Our kind friend.

With. Ah, Mrs. Subtle! you are a worthy creature; and one of these days you may find I am not ungrateful. [*To Grasp, mildly.*] Give that money to Willis; I shall direct him in the disposal of it.

Grasp. I had better give up my accounts to him, my place. Till lately, it has been my business to manage your money affairs. However, I have no notion of an interloper in the family, and either Mr. Willis, or I, must quit the house.

Willis. Do not let me be a source of discord here, sir.

Mrs. S. [*Artfully interposing between Grasp and Witherton, who is about to speak.*] Now—now—indeed, Mr. Grasp—you are wrong—[*To him.*] You are going too far. [*To With.*] Say nothing to him, sir: I will reprove him for this misconduct by and by.

With. But to treat me thus, and in the presence of Willis, too!—Grasp, you will do as I desire. Willis, must speak to you on my return. The day is fine, and a walk will do me good.

Mrs. S. Will you be very, very much displeased, if I offer you my arm to lean upon, sir?

With. Thankye, Mrs. Subtle, thankye. Come.

[*Grasp goes up and gives money to Willis as they are going off.*]

Enter PRY.

Pry. Ha! How d'ye do this morning. I hope I don't intrude?

With. No, Mr. Pry, no. [*Aside.*] How provoking! [*Mrs. Subtle retires up.*] But have you any thing particular to say to me, just now?

Pry. No; nothing particular; only, as

I have just been to fetch my umbrella, which I left last Monday to be mended—Monday—no; it must have been—yes, I'm right, it was Monday; I remember it, by a remarkable circumstance; Mrs. Jones sent a tray of pies to the baker's, on a Monday, mind you.

With. And what was there remarkable in that, Mr. Pry?

Pry. Pies on a Monday! She is not over rich, you know, and as I happened to know she had pies on Sunday! pies two days following, for a person in her circumstances, did seem rather odd, you know.

With. Well, that's no business of mine; and, if you have nothing—

Pry. No! only I thought that in my way back, I might as well drop in, and say how d'ye do. I say Mrs. Subtle, you are a judge. I don't think this a dear job for one and nine-pence.—[*Opens his umbrella.*]

Mrs. S. I must give him a broad hint, or we shall be pestered with the tedious fool for an hour. Mr. Pry, I beg pardon; but Mr. Witherton was just going to take his customary walk.

Pry. There is nothing so good for the health as walking. [*Brings down a chair and sits.*]

Mrs. S. There! now he is fixed for the day.

Pry. That is to say, walking in moderation. I am a great walker myself; I once brought on a fit of the gout by it; I did, although some people would have it to be nothing but the rheumatiz. I have had the rheumatiz too, and know the difference; elbows and knees, at the same time. I was in this position for three weeks, I was, I assure you, looking exactly like a goose, ready trussed for roasting.

With. Well, good day, you'll excuse me.

Pry. Certainly; if you are going down the road, I'll walk with you.

Mrs. S. But we are not, sir.

Pry. No matter; I'll walk with you the other way—I have nothing to do.

Mrs. S. But we have something to speak about.

Pry. Ah! ha! Mrs. Subtle, you are a sly one. Wheedle yourself into the old gentleman's good graces, eh?

Mrs. S. Sir!

Pry. Well, don't be angry, I only spoke, you know.

With. Come, Mrs. Subtle, come, for we shall now get rid of him. Some other time I shall be glad to see you, Sir.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Subtle and Witherton.*]

Pry. Thank ye, I'll drop in again, by and by; a pleasant walk. Well, Mr. Willis, and how do you do?

Willis. Now it is my turn.

Pry. I say, Marian, Mrs. Subtle's assistant is a very pretty young woman; I saw you, last night, walking together, by the river side, though you didn't see me. I followed you for nearly half an hour.

Willis. Followed us!

Pry. I could not, for the life of me, make out what you were talking about. Not difficult to guess, eh? I don't think it would be quite the match for you, though.

Willis. [*Aside.*] Then he does not suspect she is my wife!

Pry. After all, she is but a sort of deputy housekeeper, and I am told you belong to a respectable family. Tolerable respectable, eh?

Willis. Mr. Paul Pry, if you can make it appear that it concerns you a thousandth part of a straw to know, I'll write the history of my birth, parentage and education, for your particular information. Good morning to you, Mr. Pry.

[*Exit.*]

Pry. Good morning to you, Mr. Willis, that's an uncommon polite young man. You are bringing him up to succeed you, I suppose, eh, Mr. Grasp? no bad thing neither; you must have a very comfortable place here.

Grasp. Pretty well, as times go.

Pry. Tho' from your master taking this small house, economy is the order of the day, I take it, eh?

Grasp. You had better ask my master.

Pry. No; he'd think it impertinent, perhaps. Bless you, it is no business of mine; only it appears odd—neither chick nor child, and, whenever he dies, he'll cut up for a pretty round sum, eh—a hundred thousand—eighty, eh?—and you, you cunning dog—I dare say, you have laid by a few thousands. Now, between ourselves, if it is not asking an impertinent question.

Grasp. Not at all; [*Looks at his watch.*] Exactly ten minutes past twelve: so I wish you good morning.

[*Exit.*]

Pry. That's one of the strangest—[*Looking about.*] Well, I can't say it is very

polite of them to leave me here alone. If I were the least of a bore now, it would be pardonable, but—[*Looks at his watch.*] Well, it is only ten minutes after twelve, I declare. How long the day seems; what shall I do till dinner-time? let me see! I'll just drop in at—[*Looking off.*] Oh! is it so? aha, my young spark—trying the lock of Colonel Hardy's garden gate! That's very mysterious! Egad, I'll soon find out what you want there. [*Running off and returning.*] I had like to have gone without my umbrella. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Colonel HARDY'S Garden—Garden Wall.

Enter PHEBE.

Phe. Oh dear! oh dear!—here's another fine day, and not a single cloud in the heavens to give me a hope of the rainy weather setting in. Here, in this stupid village, at fifty miles from London, have Miss Eliza and I been vegetating three eternal months, and as the sky continues so vexatiously bright, and the barometer obstinately pointing at "set fair," I see no chance of a speedy return to dear, delightful town. Heigho!—This fine season will be the death of me.

Enter ELIZA, with a book.

Eliza. Heigho!

Phe. Heigho! aye, that is the burthen of our melancholy song.

Eliza. What day is this, Phebe?

Phe. Who can tell, Miss? Days are so much alike in this dull place, that it may be yesterday, or to-morrow, for anything there is to mark the difference.

Eliza. And has the country no charms for you, Phebe? the spreading foliage, the natural music of the birds, London cries, the sublime spectacle of the rising sun?

Phe. Very fine, I dare say; but one must get up so early in the morning to see it.

Eliza. Early in the morning? when else would you see the sun rise, Phebe?

Phe. Going home from a masquerade, or a ball, late at night, *Miss.* All that may be very pleasant to a romantic young lady like you, just returned from boarding school; but for my part, if indeed one had a little agreeable society here—

Eliza. Well, and so we have; there's my Pa, there's Mr. Paul Pry, drops in sometimes—

Phe. Mr. Paul Pry! charming company

indeed!—[*Mimics him.*] "If it isn't an impertinent question." The last time he was here, he asked me such things that really!—

Eliza. Then Mr. Witherton comes to see us occasionally.

Phe. When his housekeeper allows him. An old twaddler! No, Miss, that is not the sort of society I mean.

Eliza. What do you mean, Phebe?

Phe. A lover, Miss.

Eliza. Oh fie! [*They rise.*] If my Pa were to hear you talk so.

Phe. And were you never in love, then?

Eliza. No, Phebe; and my Pa would be very angry if I were to fall in love without his leave. [*Aside.*] I'm afraid to trust her.

Phe. (Aside.) What a yea-nay piece of innocence it is—well, Miss, I have no Pa to be angry with me, and if a pretty young fellow were to fall in my way—

Eliza. Ha' done, Phebe, I must not hear you talk so; as to company, you know my cousin Frank is coming home from sea in about a week. We have not seen him since he was quite a boy, and he'll be company for us.

Phe. And how are we to amuse ourselves for a week?

Eliza. We may read, work, or sing.

Phe. And when we are tired of that, to vary our amusement—we may sing, work, and read.

SONG, "*The Lover's Mistake.*"

Ah, me! a country life is unfit for a single woman, and as my last mistress, Lady Courtly, used to say, there are but three circumstances that can render it tolerable to be a married one.

Eliza. And what are they?

Phe. Hedges very high; ditches wide and deep; and a husband passionately fond of hunting.

[*A flute heard behind wall.* "*Tell her I love her.*"

Eliza. [*Lets her book drop.*] Oh, dear me! *Phe.* What's that?

Eliza. That, Phebe! I suspect it is nothing but a flute. [*Aside.*] I am sure that is his signal. How imprudent for him to come down here.

Phe. Nothing but a flute. Now as flutes don't usually play of themselves, I suspect it must be something more.

Eliza. Well, Phebe, I—I'll confide my

secret to you; but you won't betray me. It is my Harry.

Phe. So, then, Miss Innocence, you have a Harry of your own. Well done upon my word. And who is your Harry?

Eliza. Harry Stanley, a lieutenant in the navy.

Phe. And where could you have become acquainted with him? You have not been from under your father's eye since you were at boarding school, and—

Eliza. There it was, Phebe; he used to come there to see his sister Harriet; and, one day, we fell in love with each other.

Phe. (*Laughing.*) "Oh fie, Phebe, if my Pa were to hear you talk so;" and pray ain't you ashamed to fall in love without your Pa's leave?

Eliza. No, Phebe, for he's very young, and very handsome. He's only eighteen.

Phe. Now, Miss, let me give you a word of serious advice. I won't betray your secret, I promise you; but let me recommend you to mention it yourself to your father, and if the young gentleman should prove a suitable match for you—I dare say——

Eliza. Don't you speak of that. I dare not for the world. First of all, you know my Pa has some other marriage in view for me; and then he is so passionate and peremptory——

Phe. And as abrupt and absolute as if he were commanding his regiment.

Hardy. [*Within the house.*] Eliza, where are you?

Phe. Bless me, here he comes.

Eliza. If my Harry should repeat the signal, we shall be discovered.

Enter HARDY, from house.

Hardy. Eliza, my dear, I expect company to-day.

Eliza. Do you, pa?

Hardy. My neighbour Witherton, and a young gentleman I expect from London to-day. He is the husband I intend for you. You'll be married in a week.

Eliza. So soon, Pa?

Hardy. Aye, and sooner if by chance my nephew Frank should return. I dare say Frank has grown a giant. I long to see the boy; I have not seen him since he was nine years old.

Phe. But I believe, sir, my young lady has never seen the young gentleman you intend for her husband?

Hardy. What of that? she is no worse

off than I am. I have not seen him. His father writes me word that he has a son, who is a prodigy. I replied that my daughter is a miracle: the marriage is concluded on, and who dares say anything against it? Do you, or do you? Nobody has anything to say against it. So much the better; all parties must be perfectly satisfied. [*Takes Eliza's hand.*] That's a good obedient girl.

Phe. (*Aside.*) Oh! the sulky thing! I have no patience with her. Beg pardon, sir; but suppose—I merely say, suppose—Miss Eliza should happen not to love your intended son-in-law?

Hardy. What then? what is love? what has love to do with it? Did I marry her mother for love? yet we were very happy together; at least I can speak for myself. I was happy when I married her—happy whilst she lived—happy when she died: and I've been happy ever since, and that's worth all the love in the universe.

Phe. Some folks may not be of your way of thinking, sir.

Hardy. Think, indeed, you saucy baggage! what do you mean by thinking? Who gave you liberty to think? I allow nobody in my house to think. I am not like old Witherton; I expect obedience; so obey, all of you, dy'e hear?

Eliza. But Pa, if I might enquire the gentleman's name—

Phe. (*Aside.*) There's an effort.

Hardy. Hey-day! a mutiny in the regiment. If you had not asked, perhaps I'd have told you: now you shall know nothing about it; you shall not know who he is till you are under the hands of the parson. If you provoke me further, you shall marry him blindfold. May be, never know who he is. But I perceive what this is. [*To Phebe.*] It is you who have been putting these romantic notions about loying a husband into my girl's head.

Phe. Desiring to know who her husband is to be, is mighty romantic, truly. If, indeed, now, she was to entertain a secret passion for some ardent youth who should serenade her by moon-light.

Hardy. She! she presume to fall in love without my consent! Look at her, bless her innocent heart? I tell you what, Miss Phebe, if I hear any more—but what was that you said about serenading? That reminds me—who was that playing the flute under my garden wall just now?

Phe. How should we know, sir? most

likely some bird-catcher decoying the thrushes.

Hardy. Thrushes, indeed! No, no, it was not the thrushes he was decoying. Some flirtation of your's, I dare say, and I won't allow it.

Phe. Mine, indeed, sir! I am no more capable of such a thing than my young lady herself.

Hardy. Say no more on the subject. It is setting a bad example to my daughter, and I won't allow it, I tell you. Come in with me, my dear; and hark'ye, Mrs. Phebe, your bird-catcher had better take care I don't catch him. [*As he is going, a stone with a letter attached to it, is thrown over the wall.*] What's that?

Eliza. Oh! Phebe, what will become of me?

Hardy. What's that, I say!

Phe. That sir, why can't you see what it is? A stone some idle boy has thrown over the wall.

Hardy. I say, you idle boy, how dare you throw stones? why there's a letter tied to it. Stand out of the way, and let me have it. No address.

Phe. (*Aside.*) That's fortunate. Give it to me, sir, it is mine.

Hardy. Your's, is it? we shall soon see that. Why, what a scrawl—and in pencil too. [*Reads.*] "Loveliest of your sex."

Phe. There, sir, I told you, it was addressed to me.

Phe. 'Tis quite clear, it is not for you, sir; so give it to me.

Hardy. Will somebody stop that girl's tongue? Let me be—[*Reads.*] "Persuaded you would recognise the signal, and attend to it, I had determined to scale the garden wall, but am prevented by an impertinent fellow, who is watching my movements. An interview is indispensable, as I have something of the deepest importance to communicate. When he is gone, I will return. Has your father" [your father!] "any suspicion of my mutual attachment? Your eternally devoted—" No signature; so, the case is evident. [*To Eliza.*] Now, Miss Timidity, you with your demure looks—you, who have never an answer beyond "yes, Pa," and can scarcely say "Boo, to a goose," what can you find to say to this? Answer me, who is this bird catcher of yours? speak, I say.

Eliza. Indeed, Pa, I—

Phe. Don't answer, Miss; if you have

any secrets of your own, you may do as you please about it, but you have no right to divulge mine.

Hardy. Your's! Don't attempt to deceive me. Her looks convict her. Besides, am not I her father mentioned here?

Phe. No, sir, it is my father.

Hardy. Your father? How the devil came you by a father? who ever heard of your father?

Phe. I imagine I have as good a right to a father as my betters; at any rate, that letter is mine. The appointment was with me; and if you was twenty times my master, I would protest against your competency to intercept my correspondence.

Hardy. Why, zounds! here's a chambermaid talking like a member of parliament. But I'll presently come to the truth of this, and if I find you to blame, [*To Eliza.*] I'll lock you up on bread and water, till you are married; and your husband shall do the same by you for the rest of your life afterwards. But how to proceed? I have it. The fellow, whoever he is, intends to return; no doubt he is still lurking about. Stay you where you are, don't move, and if either of you utter a sound, or give the slightest signal, wo be to you. [*Places the ladder against the wall, mounts, and looks cautiously over.*]

Eliza. Phebe, Phebe, my poor Harry will be discovered, and what are we to do then?

Phe. What indeed, Miss! but it is your own fault. If you had admitted me to your confidence, I could have managed matters much better, I promise you.

Hardy. [*Descending.*] I have him; there he is crouching on the ground with his eye at the keyhole. He shall find me a more expert bird-catcher than himself—for I'll catch him first: and hang me, but I'll salt his tail for him afterwards. [*Hardy suddenly opens the garden gate, and discovers Pry, in the attitude described. He seizes him by the collar, and drags him.*] I have you, you villain. Come in and let me hear what you have to say for yourself; who are you? What do you want here?

Eliza. [*To Phebe.*] Why, 'tis Mr. Pry.

Phe. Then we are safe.

Hardy. Speak, I say, who are you?

Pry. You know I can't speak if you choke me.

Hardy. I have something worse than choking for you—who are you?

Pry. Why, don't you know me?—Mr. Pry—Paul Pry.

Hardy. And so it is; so then you are the bird-catcher, you rascal.

Pry. Bless you, no, I'm no bird-catcher, I'm——

Hardy. And it is thus you abuse my hospitality? Is it for this you are constantly dropping in? Confess the truth, or you shall drop down in where you little expect before you are five minutes older.

Pry. What is it you mean?

Hardy. Is it the mistress or the maid?

Pry. Are you out of your senses?

Hardy. You think I'm in the dark; but I'll convince you, I have detected your intrigue. [*Shows the stone.*] What's this?

Pry. That!

Hardy. No equivocation. What is it?

Pry. Why, I should take it to be a stone.

Hardy. Oh, you confess that. And what's this? [*Shows the note.*]

Pry. It looks like a note.

Hardy. A note! very well! But I have not done with you yet. You have others about you. [*Chasing him round.*] What have you done with your flute?

Pry. [*Presenting his umbrella.*] What have you done with your senses?

Phebe. I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself, Mr. Pry, to send letters to me, and compromise a young woman's reputation as you have done.

Pry. I—upon my life, I never compromised a young woman since the day I was born.

Phebe. [*Making signs to him.*] If you mean honorable towards me, speak to my father, otherwise your playing the flute is but playing the fool, that I can tell you.

Pry. Oh, I perceive you mistake me for the young man I surprised just now.

Hardy. What—what—a young man—then it wasn't you——

Pry. Lord, no. I'll tell you all about it. [*Familiarly taking Hardy's arm, who indignantly throws him off.*]

Hardy. Do then, and be quick.

Phebe. Devil take the chattering booby!

Pry. You must know I was coming from Mr. Witherton's, where I had just dropt in to ask him how his tooth was—now that's very provoking, I forgot to ask him after all.

Hardy. Never mind the tooth now—get on with your story.

Pry. And just as I was turning the

corner, I perceived a young man preparing to climb your wall. The instant he saw me, away he ran—oho! thinks I——

Hardy. Oh, the tiresome—In a word, then, he has escaped.

Pry. He ran away, as I said—and that's all I know of the matter.

Hardy. And what were you doing there?

Pry. Eh! why, to tell you the truth, I heard a talking here; and as I could not make out what the meaning of it all was, and one is naturally anxious to know, you know; I just took the liberty to put my ear to the keyhole, then I put my eye. [*Puts his hand to his eye.*] There again! I shan't be able to see out of this eye for a week. I hate these plaguy small keyholes, the wind comes through them like a needle.

Hardy. So then you confess you have been eavesdropping about my house. Not content with coming inside perpetually to see what is going forward, you must go peeping, and peeping about outside. Harkee, Mr. Pry, you are a busy, meddling, curious, impertinent——

Pry. It is not genteel to call names. Indeed, I think you ought to be obliged to me for the discovery.

Hardy. And what have you discovered? But it is your way. You never get hold of a story, but you take it at the wrong end. But for your busy interference, the fellow would have carried his intention into execution, and I should have had him.

Pry. Well, I did it for the best; but if ever I do a good natured thing again! [*Picks up book and returns to garden seat.*]

Hardy. 'Tis clear there is something going forward. [*To ELIZA.*] But now that my suspicions are excited, I'll watch you closely, and if I find you concerned in it—— [*Leading ELIZA up to house.*]

Eliza. Indeed, pa——

Hardy. Well, well, I'm not to be deceived, so beware. [*Exit ELIZA into house.*] As to you, you imp of mischief, I'll answer for it you are in the plot, whatever it is.

Phebe. That is the rule in these cases, the Mistress can do no wrong; so we, poor ministers of waiting-women, are made the scape-goats.

Hardy. [*To PHEBE.*] You get in! [*Exit PHEBE.*]

[*To PRY, who is seated on the garden chair reading.*] And you get out! [*Opens the door.*]

Pry. This is a mysterious affair—most mysterious. I shan't sleep a wink till I've discovered what it is all about.

Hardy. Are you coming, sir? `

Pry. Beg pardon, Colonel—I wish you a very good morning. [*Exit gate.*]

Hardy. Good morning, good morning. The meddling blockhead! Can this have been an assignation with my daughter? No, no, she is too innocent, too artless—'tis some love affair of Phebe's, no doubt. However, I'll have my eye on both of them. [*A loud ring at the bell.*] Who's that, I wonder? [*Opens the door, and PRY appears at gate.*]

Pry. Beg pardon! I forgot my umbrella, that's all.

Hardy. Plague take you and your umbrella. [*Hardy seizes the garden rake, and aims a blow at PRY, who exit hastily at gate.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A room at WITHERTON'S.*

Enter WILLIS and MARIAN.

Willis. Yet a little forbearance, Marian, and all will be well.

Marian. Would our fate were decided, for even in my assumed character, I find it difficult to endure the tyranny and insolence of Mrs. Subtle. The struggle is severe between the affected submission of the supposed dependant, and the real indignation of the wife of Edward Somers.

Willis. I, too, have a difficult part to play. This morning I nearly betrayed myself to my uncle. His reproaches of me, undeserved as they were, I listened to unmoved—but when he would have censured you—fortunately at that moment we were interrupted, so our secret is still secure.

Marian. Upon the whole, Edward, I cannot but consider this scheme of our friend, Colonel Hardy's, as rather a wild one.

Willis. Yet hitherto it has succeeded. Here, as a stranger, and in the character of a humble companion, I have won from my uncle that affection which the intrigues of an artful woman have diverted from me as his nephew; you also are no little favorite with him. Thus the main point is gained by the destruction of a prejudice unfavorable to us.

Marian. What more have you discovered of Grasp and Mrs. Subtle?

Willis. Sufficient to confirm our suspicions, that letters from and to me, have been intercepted by them. I have reason, too, to believe that Mrs. Subtle's grand project is a marriage with my uncle—by the influence she would thus obtain over him, our ruin would be accomplished.

Marian. And are there no means of preventing their marriage?

Willis. I fear it will be difficult; when the affections of a solitary old man, a slave like him to circumstances and habit, are once entangled in the snares of a wily woman, it is no easy task to disengage them. But here she and my uncle come. We must not be seen together. Ha! 'tis too late—they are here.

Enter WITHERTON, leaning on MRS. SUBTLE'S arm.

Mrs. S. Gently, sir, gently. [*To MARIAN.*] What are you doing here? Why are you not in your own apartment?

Marian. I—I was merely talking to Mr. Willis, ma'am.

Mrs. S. Leave the room.

With. Speak mildly to her, my good Mrs. Subtle; consider—she is young and timid.

Mrs. S. Young and timid, indeed!

With. Go, my dear, Mrs. Subtle is a little severe in manner, but she means well.

Marian. I obey you, sir.

Mrs. S. [*In an under tone.*] Obey me or count not on a long continuance here—begone! [*Exit MARIAN.*] Leave her to me, sir [*To WITHERTON.*] I understand these matters best; [*To WILLIS, in a gentler tone,*] and you, Mr. Willis, to encourage a forward chit like that—I'm astonished at you.

Willis. Indeed, you mistake me.

Mrs. S. No matter, leave us.

With. Be within call, Willis, I would speak with you presently.

Willis. I will, sir.

[*MRS. SUBTLE brings a chair forward for WITHERTON, who seats himself.*]

With. That girl is a favorite of mine, Mrs. Subtle, in her way—in her way, I mean. She was strongly recommended to me, by my friend Colonel Hardy, and I am sorry you have conceived so strange an antipathy against her.

Mrs. S. And I am surprised you are so strongly attached to her. Do you know I am almost—I had nearly said a foolish word—jealous of her.

With. Jealous! Now, Mrs. Subtle, you would banter me. But now we are alone, and secure from interruption, tell me what it is you would consult me upon—once, while we were out, you were on the point of speaking, when we were intruded on by that meddling blockhead, Mr. Pry.

Mrs. S. Oh, 'tis nothing sir, a trifle.

With. You cannot deceive me; something sits heavily at your heart; explain the cause of it—you know me for your friend, your sincere friend. Come, speak freely.

Mrs. S. Well, then, sir, since I never act in any important matter, but by your direction, I would ask your advice in this, of all others, the—most important.

With. Go on.

Mrs. S. Mr. Grasp, who has long been attentive to me, has at length become importunate for my decision on the question of marriage.

With. Marriage! Take a chair, Mrs. Subtle, take a chair. [*She sits.*]

Mrs. S. Yes, sir. Hitherto I have never distinctly accepted, nor have I rejected the offer of his hand; wearied at length by my indecision, he has this morning insisted on knowing my intentions, one way or the other.

With. Well, well.

Mrs. S. It is a serious question; my mind is still unsettled; my heart, alas! takes no part in the question. How would you advise me, sir?

With. Really, Mrs. Subtle, I was so little prepared for such a communication, that I hardly know—Grasp is an honest man—a very honest man.

Mrs. S. He is a very honest man, yet my own experience has taught me, that a very honest man may be a very—very bad husband. Then, although I allow Mr. Grasp to be a very well meaning man—his temper—

With. That is none of the best, certainly.

Mrs. S. His manners too—not that I believe he would willingly offend, are offensive. Even you, I fear, have observed that, for he has frequently addressed you in a mode which my affection—I would say, my respect for you, have induced me to reprove.

With. He does lack urbanity, I grant.

Mrs. S. And to me, that is intolerable, for, notwithstanding my situation here, I can never forget that I am the daughter of a gentleman. Then his taste and habits differ from mine.

With. These are important objections, Mrs. Subtle, considering that your first husband was as you have told me.

Mrs. S. Speak not to me of him, sir, for that reminds me of one of the bitterest periods of my life; yet, spite of Mr. Subtle's ill usage of me, I never once forgot the duty and obedience of a wife; but he was young, vain, fickle, and I am too late convinced that it is not till a man is somewhat advanced in life—till his sentiments and habits are formed and fixed, that he can thoroughly appreciate the value of a wife's affection, or so regulate his conduct, as to insure her happiness, and his own.

With. That is a very sensible remark, Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. S. My father was an evidence of the truth of it, sir. My father was nearly sixty when he married.

With. Indeed! your own father?

Mrs. S. Aye, sir, and he lived to the good old age of eighty-seven. But he was happy, and enjoyed a contented mind. How tenderly my poor mother loved him.

With. What was her age?

Mrs. S. When she married him, about mine, sir. I believe it was the contemplation of the picture of their felicity, so constantly before my eyes, that confirmed my natural disposition for the quiet of domestic life. Ah, had I been fortunate in the selection of a partner!

With. Much—everything, depends on that, and I think that Grasp is not altogether—he is not at all the husband for you.

Mrs. S. So my heart tells me, sir; yet, when I quit your house, would you have me live alone? without a protector?

With. How! quit my house!

Mrs. S. Alas, that must, I whether I accept his proposals or not. Yet let not that distress you, sir, for I doubt not—I hope, that when I am gone, my place may be supplied by some one equally attentive to your comforts, your happiness.

With. Do I hear aright? Quit my house, and wherefore?

Mrs. S. I hardly know in what words to tell you; and, after all, perhaps you will say I am a silly woman, to regard such

idle slander. Who can control the tongue of scandal? My care of you, my attentions, my unceasing assiduities, become the subject of remark; but I had resolved not to mention this to you; my unwearied attention to you, which is the result of mere duty—of friendship—perhaps of a sisterly affection, it is said to spring from a deeper—a warmer source—

With. And were it so, dear Mrs. Subtle, are we accountable to a meddling world—

Mrs. S. Ah, sir, you, a man, strong in the rectitude of your conduct, master of your own actions, master of your own actions I say, and independent of the world, may set at naught its busy slanders. But I, an humble, unprotected woman—no, the path of duty lies straight before me; I must give my hand where I feel I cannot bestow my heart, and for ever quit a house where I have been but too happy.

With. Nay, by heaven, but you shall not; must your happiness be sacrificed? mine too? Ay, mine.

Mrs. S. [*Rises.*] Hold, sir, say no more. Do not prolong a delusion which I am endeavoring to dispel. If I have unwarily betrayed to you a secret, which I have scarcely dared to trust even to my own thoughts; if I have foolishly mistaken the kindness of a friend, for a more tender sentiment, forgive my presumption, and forgive her who, but for the lowliness of her station, might as an affectionate and devoted wife, have administered to your happiness; who, conscious of her own unworthiness, must soon behold you for the last time.

With. Stay, dearest Mrs. Subtle, and listen to your friend, your best and truest friend. First promise me, that here you will remain.

Mrs. S. But you have not yet advised me respecting Mr. Grasp's proposal, and I have promised him an immediate reply.

With. Attend to what I am about to say, and then, dearest Mrs. Subtle, let your own heart dictate your choice.

Mrs. S. [*Aside.*] 'Tis done!

With. Were I longer to hesitate, I should be negligent of my own happiness, and unjust towards your merits; for if an attachment, long and severely tried, were not of itself sufficient to warrant me in—

[*A knock at the door.*]

Mrs. S. As WITHERTON starts up. Curse on the interruption, when but another word had realised my hopes.

Enter PAUL PRY.

Pry. Oh, ha, I see, billing and cooing, I hope I don't intrude?

Mrs. S. You do, sir.

Pry. Well, I am very sorry, but I came to show you the country Chronicle; there is something in it I thought might interest you; two columns full about a prodigious gooseberry, grown by Mrs. Nettlebed at the Priory. Most curious; shall I read it to you?

With. No, you are very good. [*Turns up impatiently.*]

Pry. I perceive I am one too many. Well now, upon my life. [*Whispers her,*] if I had entertained the smallest idea—

Mrs. S. What do you mean, sir?

Pry. Bless you, I see things with half an eye; but never fear me, I'm as close as wax. Now, I say, Mrs. Subtle, between ourselves—it shall go no further, there is something in the wind, eh?

Mrs. S. I don't understand you.

Pry. Well, well, you are right to be cautious; only I have often thought to myself it would be a good thing for both of you, he is rich—no one to inherit his fortune, and, by all accounts, you have been very kind to him, eh?

Mrs. S. Sir!

Pry. I mean no harm, but take my advice; service is no inheritance, as they say. Do you look to number one; take care to feather your nest. You are still a young woman, under forty I should think, thirty-eight now—here, or thereabouts, eh?

Mrs. S. My respect for Mr. Witherton forbids me to say that his friend is impertinent.

With. This intrusion is no longer to be borne. Have you any particular business with me, Sir?

Pry. Yes, you must know, I've seen a young fellow lurking about your friend Hardy's house, and I suspect there is something not right going forward in his family.

With. That is his business, not mine, sir.

Pry. True, but I have been thinking that as you are his friend, it would be but friendly if you were just to drop in, and talk to him about it.

With. That is my business, and not yours.

Pry. I don't say the contrary, but at all events, I'm determined to keep watch over—

With. That is your business, therefore you may do as you please: yet let me suggest to you, that this unhappy propensity of yours to meddle in matters which do not concern you, may one day or other produce very mischievous effects.

Pry. Now I take that unkindly; what interest have I in trying to do a good-natured thing? am I ever a gainer by it? But I'll make a vow that from this time forward I'll never interfere. Hush! there he is again; will you do me a favour? just allow me to go out this way.

With. Any way out you please.

Pry. I'll give the alarm, and if I let him escape this time—Follow! follow! follow!

[*Exit.*]

HARRY STANLEY runs on at the back.

Harry. Confound him! the same officious booby again.

Pry. [*Without.*] Now, my lively spark, I'll have you.

Harry. Egad, you shall run for it then.

[*Runs off, PRY after him.*]

With. What can be the meaning of all this? That busy fellow's interruption has thrown all my ideas into confusion.

Mrs. S. Be composed, sir, take a chair, and let us resume—

Enter GRASP abruptly.

Well, what is it you want, Mr. Grasp?

Grasp. You!

With. Mrs. Subtle is engaged just now.

Grasp. No matter, she must come with me, I have something to say to her.

Mrs. S. I'll come to you presently.

Grasp. You must come at once. I am not to be made a dupe—come, Mr. Willis is waiting to see you in the Library, sir—now, Mrs. Subtle, if you please.

With. Return quickly, dear Mrs. Subtle. and promise nothing till you have again consulted me.

Mrs. S. I will obey you, sir; you see how easily we poor weak women are diverted from our better resolutions.

[*Exit WITHERTON.*]

He is mine. What can have angered Grasp? near as are my schemes to their completion, yet might one word from that man destroy them all. Has he overheard us? does he suspect what is my project? I must contrive still to evade him, till I have made Witherton securely mine. Then let him do his worst.

SCENE II—A Room at HARDY'S.—*Cries without of "follow! follow!"—Enter ELIZA and PHEBE.*

Eliza. Oh, Phebe! Phebe! what can be the cause of all this confusion?

Phebe. Confusion, indeed, Miss, one would think the very de—Old Harry had broke loose.

Eliza. Old Harry, Phebe—I'm very much afraid it's young Harry.

Phebe. You see now the consequences of your imprudence, Miss.

Eliza. If it should really be my poor Harry, and my 'pa should discover him.

Phebe. Mercy on us all; and now that his suspicions are awakened, and his anger excited by this morning's adventure, he will be less tractable than ever.

[*Cries of follow! follow!*]

Enter HARRY STANLEY, at the window.

Harry. Any port in a storm. So here I am. What, my sweet little Eliza here! this is beyond my hopes.

Eliza. Oh, Mr. Stanley, how could you be so imprudent!

Harry. Now, my dear, sweet, pretty, little Eliza, don't be angry with me—allow me a minute to recover breath, and I'll tell you all about it. This run has been a breather.

Phebe. What a pretty little fellow he is! I should have no objection to just such another little lover for myself.

Eliza. But tell me quickly, how came you here?

Harry. By no very smooth path, I promise you. By scaling a twelve foot wall leaping across a canal, climbing an apple tree, and so in at the first floor window.

Eliza. But why venture to come into the house?

Harry. Why? once over the garden wall, egad, I had no time to choose: my manœuvre was detected by that same prying scoundrel, who prevented our interview this morning. Let him fall in my way, and I'll snip his ears for him. He gave the alarm, and in an instant every servant in the place, to the very dairy maid, was in full chase of me. I flew like a skiff before the wind, and cleared the canal at a leap. None of my pursuers could weather that point; so finding myself a few minutes ahead of them, and perceiving that window open, I made all sail for it as my only chance of escape, and here I am.

Phebe. You have escaped with a vengeance. Do you know, sir, where you are?

Harry. In the presence of my darling little Eliza, and where else could I be so happy?

Eliza. Did you hear that, Phebe?

Phebe. Pooh! nonsense—we are all on the very brink of ruin, and there he is quietly talking about being happy. You must instantly quit this place—so get out how you can. [*Goes up to the window.*]

Harry. No, no, I have had so much trouble to get in, that I'll not get out again till I have explained my errand.

Eliza. What Phebe says is true, if my 'pa should come—

Phebe. They are on a wrong scent, so you are safe for a few minutes, but speak quickly.

Harry. First tell me, when do you expect your cousin Frank?

Eliza. Not for a week.

Harry. That will be too late; as Frank who is my old shipmate and friend, would have interceded for us with your father.

Phebe. But since he is not here, what next do you propose?

Harry. Boldly to ask the Colonel's consent.

Phebe. Which he will refuse.

Harry. So I expect, and I am prepared accordingly.—Now I have a most important question to ask you. Pray, ladies, are you fond of travelling?

Eliza. What an odd question!

Harry. I have just seen in Doubledot's yard the prettiest yellow postchaise in the world. [*Puts his arm round their waists.*] It will just hold us three as comfortably as if it had been made for us. We clap four horses to it, visit the blacksmith, get married, and then let our 'pas unmarry us, if they can.

Eliza. Lord! Harry, that would be running away, and I must not think of such a thing.

Phebe. Oh, that somebody would make me such an offer!

Harry. Running away! look at me, I've just been running away, and I am nothing the worse for it.

Eliza. You!

Harry. I had scarcely arrived at my father's house when the old gentleman told me of some dowdy of his own choosing, whom he intended I should marry. I ventured a respectful remonstrance; he

swore I should marry her: if I do, sir, says I, I'll be— [*PHEBE stops his mouth.*] So I cut short the argument, by mounting a horse and galloping down here.

Phebe. Then I'd advise you to remount him and gallop home again, for my young lady is in a precisely similar situation. The Colonel has provided a husband for her, and——

Harry. In that case an elopement is our only resource, and if our dear 'pas are determined on marriage, we'll force them to marry one another.

Phebe. That's all very fine; but you must go; so take the opportunity whilst the coast is clear. You are a very imprudent young gentleman, and I foresee mischief, unless I take the management of this affair into my own hands. If you would have me for your friend, begone at once, and I'll do all I can to serve you.

Harry. You are a good little girl, and if I don't contrive to find you a husband too—[*To ELIZA.*] One kiss, and I'm gone. I must not forget my little Bridget—Abigail—what's your name? [*Kisses PHEBE.*]

Phebe. Phebe! Phebe!—there, sir, that will do.

Eliza. [*Dragging him away*] There, Phebe says, that will do; so you had better go, Harry.

[*As he is going, HARDY speaks without.*]

Hardy. Don't leave a bush or bramble unsearched. Let loose Jupiter and Bacchus; and whosoever the villain is, bring him before me, dead or alive.

Phebe. There's a pretty business! The Colonel is coming—quick—jump out of the window, 'tis the way you came in.

Harry. But coming and going are two different things, Mrs. Phebe; no, I'll remain here, and declare my intentions.

Eliza. Oh, no—I wouldn't have my 'pa see you for the world.

Phebe. Here, quick, this way.

She pushes him into the room and stands before the door.

Eliza. What have you done? Consider, that is my room.

Phebe. No matter, Miss; we'll conceal him there till your father is gone; and then I'll contrive to get him away.

Enter HARDY with brace of pistols.

Hardy. [*Speaking off.*] Stand you at the staircase; and the first person that attempts to pass without my orders, fire. This time he shall not escape me. So,

here you are—what have you to say for yourself? Which of you is the culprit?

Phebe. What do you mean, sir?

Hardy. But I perceive—there she stands, pale and trembling. Come hither, and tell me who he is.

Eliza. Indeed, 'pa, you frighten me so, I cannot speak.

Hardy. Frightened! How dare you be frightened when your tender, kind old father speaks to you? Zounds, am I Bluebeard, or the Grand Turk? But tell who he is, I say.

Phebe. Who, sir?

Hardy. A man has been seen to come over my garden wall.

Phebe. Ha, ha, ha, and is that all? So for that the whole house is in an uproar; as if the orchard had never been robbed before.

Hardy. What, at noon-day?

Phebe. Why, then, sir, 'tis some visitor of your own, perhaps.

Hardy. Would any visitor of mine come scrambling over the wall, when I have a door to my house? But they'll catch him, and then—Come hither, Phebe, and tell me the truth, if my daughter has deceived me, and spare me the mortification of exposing her misconduct in the presence of every menial in my service.

Eliza. [*Aside.*] Don't betray me, Phebe.

Phebe. You are so passionate, sir, that even if I knew—[*Cries of follow! follow, and noise of barking of dogs.*]

Pry [*Without window, in flat.*] Would you murder me, you hard-hearted monster?

Hardy. They have him—they have him.

Pry. [*With one foot at the window, and speaking off.*] Don't fire! I'm a friend of the family, I tell you. Oh, if I do but escape with my life! [*Hardy points pistol at Pry. Pry tumbles in.*]

Phebe. Then we are saved again.

Hardy. So, this is the second time I have you. Now what rigmarole story can you invent?

Pry. Let me go—there's a mistake—I'm not the man—I'm your friend. I was coming this way, intending to drop in, when—

Hardy. My friend, indeed! [*Places pistols on table.*] How dare any friend of mine drop in at the first floor window?

Pry. If you doubt my friendship, see what I have suffered in your service. [*Turns about and shows his clothes torn.*]

Hardy. Explain yourself.

Pry. I have been hunted like a stag, and nearly sacrificed like a heathen to the fury of Jupiter and Bacchus; and all owing to a mistake. I saw a strange man climb over your wall; and being naturally anxious to know what he could want, I followed him, gave the alarm, and—

Phebe. Why, this is the same story he told us this morning, sir.

Hardy. And so it is.—Why this is the same story you told me this morning. Harkee, sir, if you find no better excuse for your extraordinary conduct, I shall forget you are my neighbor, act in my quality of magistrate, and commit you for the trespass. I find you entering my house in a very suspicious manner.—

Pry. Well, if ever I do a good natured turn again.—Let me tell you, Colonel, you are treating me like a phoenix; a thing I am not used to.

Hardy. What do you mean by treating you like a phoenix?

Pry. Tossing me out of the frying-pan into the fire. What I tell you is true. I gave the alarm, but the fellow was so nimble that he escaped; while your servants, seeing me run as if I had been running for a wager, mistook me for the man, set the dogs after me, and in short, I am well off to have escaped with my life.

Hardy. If this is true, what has become of the other? the gates are closed, and—

Pry. He's safe enough, I'll answer for it. Though I could not overtake him, I never lost sight of him. [*Observing a signal made by PHEBE.*] O ho! that explains the mystery, some swain of Mrs. Phebe's.

Hardy. What has become of him, I say? I'll not be trifled with—you are the only trespasser, I discover, and you I will commit, unless—

Pry. Oh, if that's the case, you need not nod and wink at me, ladies; the matter is growing serious, and I have already suffered sufficiently. He's here, Colonel, I saw him get in at that window.

Phebe. Oh, the wretch! a likely story, a man get in at that window and we not see him; why we have not been out of the room this half-hour, have we, Miss?

Hardy. Do you hear that? a likely story indeed! If you saw him, describe him.

Pry. Describe him! how can I describe him? I tell you he was running like a

grayhound; he didn't wait for me to take his portrait. He got up at that window, and I'll swear he didn't get down again, so here he must be. [*Walks up and round the room, and looks under sofa and table.*]

Phebe. It is a pity, Mr. Pry, you have no business of your own to employ you. Ay, that's right, look about here. You had better search for him in my young lady's reticule. [*Snatches reticule from ELIZA.*]

Pry. Stand aside, Mrs. Phebe, and let me—

Phebe. Why, you abominable person—that is Miss Eliza's room; how dare you open the door?—[*Throwing him round by collar.*]

Hardy. You abominable person! how dare you open my daughter's room door? [*Throwing him round by collar.*]

Pry. If there's no one concealed there, why object?

Hardy. True, if there's no one concealed there, why object?

Phebe. I wonder, sir, you allow of such an insinuation. [*Places herself at the door.*] No one shall enter this room; we stand here upon our honor; and if you suspect my young lady's, what is to become of mine, I should like to know?

Pry. Can't possibly say; but I would advise you to look after it, for I protest—there he is.

Hardy. [*Endeavoring to suppress his anger.*] Sir, you are impertinent. It cannot be, and I desire you will quit my house. Simon! [*Goes up to the door.*]

Enter SIMON.

Simon; open the door for Mr. Pry.

Phebe. Simon; you are to open the door for Mr. Pry.

Pry. Oh! I dare say Simon hears. I wish you good morning—I expected to be asked to dinner for this at least—this is the most mysterious—I say, Simon!

[*Exit, whispering SIMON.*]

Hardy. [*Who has taken a brace of pistols from a case in the table.*] I would not have him appear in the presence of that busy fool; but now, whoever he is, he shall answer this outrage to me.

Eliza. Oh, 'pa, for heaven's sake, I'll tell you the truth.

Phebe. Yes, sir, we will tell you. [*Aside.*] What shall I say?

Hardy. Tell me at once, hussy—is there a man in the room?

Phebe. Why then, sir, there is a sort of a young man, to be sure—but—

Hardy. But what?

Phebe. But don't be angry, for he is the prettiest little fellow you ever saw.

Hardy. A little fellow? A man is concealed in my house, and because he happens not to be the Irish giant, I must not be angry. Oh! that my nephew, Frank, were at home: but I'm still young enough to—

Phebe. Stay, sir, stay—[*Aside.*] Any thing to gain time, and prevent murder. You have guessed it, it is your nephew, Mr. Frank.

Hardy. What, Frank? my boy, Frank?

Phebe. Yes, sir, arrived a week earlier than was expected. We, Miss Eliza and I, sir—we were in the secret, and had planned a little surprise for you, but that eternal Mr. Pry spoiled it.

Hardy. [*Places pistols on the table.*] Oh, you wicked little rebels, to cause me all this uneasiness—but let me see the dear boy—let me—

Phebe. Stop, sir, I'll just inform him that—

Hardy. Don't detain me an instant. [*Going towards the door.*] What, Frank, come to your old uncle, you dog; why zounds! what is he at now? scarcely is he in at one window, but he is preparing to jump out at another. [*Exit.*]

Eliza. Phebe, what have you done? my 'pa must soon detect the imposture, and then—

Phebe. Lord, Miss, what would have been the consequence if the Colonel, in that storming passion, and with pistols in his hand, had been told the truth. We may yet get your Harry safe out of the house, and then—hush!

Enter HARDY, pulling in HARRY STANLEY.

Hardy. Come, Frank, an end to this foolery. Phebe has explained it all to me: I'm devilish glad to see you, and that is worth all the surprises in the world.

Harry. Sir—I—what is the meaning of this?

Phebe. We have told your unexpected arrival, Mr. Frank Hardy.

Harry. [*Aside.*] Oho! my uncle; 'gad, then, I'll soon make myself one of the family.—[*Shakes hands very heartily with HARDY.*]

Hardy. But let me look at you, you rogue; I have not seen you since you were a mere urchin. As Phebe says, he is a pretty little fellow. But I say, Frank, you don't take after the family. Your father was a tall man: all tall men in our family.

Harry. Why, I am not positively a giant, uncle; but what does that signify? Nelson was a little fellow like myself—so not an inch taller will I grow.

Hardy. Ah, ha, you are a wag. But tell me Frank, when you found yourself pursued, and in danger of a drubbing from my servants, why didn't you at once discover yourself to be my nephew?

Harry. Eh—to say the truth, that never once occurred to me.

Hardy. Well, your secret was in good hands with the girls. I was in a thundering passion to be sure—your poor cousin has scarcely yet recovered from her agitation,

Harry. Ah, sir, I know not how I shall atone to my cousin for the embarrassment my thoughtlessness has occasioned her.

Eliza. I'll never, never forgive you.

Hardy. What's that I hear? when I have forgiven his wild sailor prank, how dare any body—Go, Frank, give your cousin a kiss, or I'll storm the house about your ears.

Harry. Not through any disobedience of mine, uncle.

[Crosses, and kisses ELIZA.]

Eliza. Ha' done, Mr. Stan—ha' done, cousin, that will do. [Aside.] I'm glad he is obedient to 'pa, though.

Phebe. [Wiping her lips.] My master is right, since he is satisfied, there is no reason why any one else should be angry.

Harry. And you too, my pretty Phebe: your lips are as full of forgiveness as mine are of repentance, I'll answer for it. [Kisses PHEBE.]

Hardy. Come, come, Frank, you are forgiven. [Aside.] I must look close after the young dog, or I foresee we shall have him asking pardon of all the maids in the house. Now, Frank—[Frank crosses to HARDY.] I have news for you. Eliza is soon to be married.

Harry. Married, sir?

Hardy. Married, ay, married. I was resolved to defer the ceremony till your return. So now you are here—

Harry. That was very kind; and whenever Eliza marries, you may be sure I will

be at the wedding. And pray, sir, who is the happy man?

Hardy. What is that to you? I know, and that is sufficient for all parties.

Harry. Certainly, sir! but pray, does my cousin love him?

Hardy. No, but she may if she likes. I'm not one of those tyrannical fathers who would control the affections of their children. No, no, I leave my daughter sole mistress of her inclinations; free either to love her husband, or to leave it alone, as she thinks best.

Harry. How indulgent a parent. Now, suppose, sir, I should object to your arrangement?

Hardy. You object, you jackanapes! Harkee, it is rather the soonest for you and I to quarrel—now, that we may remain friends, you will please to recollect, that although I am willing to listen to reason, argument, and advice, it must proceed from those who have the good sense to be exactly of my way of thinking. But, if any one dare contradict or oppose me, I—no—I am not like my poor friend Wither-ton, I am lord, master, and sovereign arbiter in my own family.

Harry. [To ELIZA, aside.] Then our only hope is the yellow post-chaise.

Hardy. But come, Frank, your flying leaps must have given you an appetite; so follow me and take a snack.

Harry. I'll follow you, sir.

[Exit HARDY.]

My dear Phebe, what could induce you to risk such an imposition upon the Colonel? we cannot long escape detection.

Phebe. As you said, sir, when you came in at the window, "Any port in a storm." And such a storm as we should have had if you had been abruptly discovered in your own character—

Harry. Well, here I am installed as your cousin: it will be very pleasant as long as it lasts; but I fear we shall pay dearly for it in the end.

Eliza. I tremble to think of the consequences. Harry, what colour did you say was Mr. Doubledot's post-chaise?

Harry. The prettiest runaway colour imaginable—will you go and look at it?

Phebe. Nonsense, nonsense, we must do nothing rash. Your cousin, the real Mr. Frank Hardy, will not be here for a week, so we have plenty of time for consideration. Why, I declare, here is Mr. Pry again!

[PRY appears at the door.]

Pry. There he is. A most extraordinary circumstance. The letter is a good excuse for my return. [*Aside.*]

Eliza. Why he is making signs at me.

Harry. The devil he is; he shall answer that to me. What do you want, sir?

Pry. Nothing.

Harry. Lookye, Mr. Scout. I owe you a round dozen for sailing in chase of me this morning: now, explain the signals you were hanging out to my own dear little—to my cousin, Miss Hardy—or—

Pry. Your cousin? So then you are the nephew from sea, after all. My dear sir, you are welcome to England.

Harry. Come, sir, no evasion; explain—or overboard you go.

[*Pointing to the window.*]

Pry. Holloa! well, this comes of doing a civil thing.

Harry. Come, come, sir, be quick, or you'll find me as good as my word.

Pry. There then, since you will have it. —[*Gives ELIZA a letter.*] I intended to give it to you mysteriously; but hang me if I ever do a good natured thing again.

Eliza. [*Looking at it.*] There was no need of mystery, sir. [*To HARRY.*] It is from my cousin Frank but—how came this letter in your possession? It ought to have been delivered by the postman.

Pry. No matter—I am always in the wrong.

Phebe. But how came you by it all?

Pry. Because, &c.

Eliza. Why, it is a week old.

Pry. That it is, because I promiscuously forgot it. Because I am a good natured fool, and do all I can to oblige. I met the postman the other day, and as I always make it a rule to inquire who has letters, I found there was one for you, and I thought it would be but civil if I brought it to you.

Phebe. Where the deuce was the civility of your doing what the postman must have done?

Pry. Where? why he had his rounds to go; so that Miss Eliza would have her letter five minutes earlier than by waiting for him, if it had not slipped my memory for a week.

Eliza. [*Who has been reading the letter.*] Heavens! it is all over with us, Phebe; my cousin Frank will really be here to-day. This letter was to apprise us of his arrival a week sooner than we expected.

Phebe. There! now is our only hope,

which was in leisure for deliberation, destroyed—and through his interference again. If he had not kept that letter in his pocket for a week, we should have been prepared for your cousin's arrival; and our present difficulty, at least, would have been prevented.

Enter SIMON.

Simon. [*To HARRY.*] My master waits for you, sir, and is growing impatient.

Harry. I'll come. Let us go to the Colonel. I'll devise some excuse for leaving him—intercept Frank on his way hither—enlist him in our cause—and then throw ourselves on your father's mercy.

Phebe. I wish you joy of his mercy when he discovers the trick we have played him.

Eliza. Mr. Pry, if you did but know—

Phebe. [*Interrupting her.*] Nothing.—Simon, Mr. Pry is waiting till you open the door for him again.

Harry. And Mr. Pry may consider himself fortunate—[*Pointing to the window,*] that I have not spared you that trouble, Simon.

[*Exeunt HARRY, ELIZA and PHEBE.*]

Pry. Well, I have done my utmost to serve this worthy family; and all I have gained by it is—So, Simon, the young spark turns out to be your master's nephew, after all?

Simon. [*Pointing off.*] Now, sir, if you please.

Pry. He intends that as a hint, I suppose. Well, that letter appeared to perplex them. I shan't be able to rest till I have come to the rights of it. Ecod! I'll go down to Doubledot's, and just inquire whether he happens to know any thing about it. [*Exit SIMON and PRY.*]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room at DOUBLEDOT'S.*—PAUL PRY discovered, dangleing a newspaper, and at intervals, during his speech, he examines the books and different articles about the room.

Pry. Well, Doubledot does not return. Out, out, from morning till night. What can he have to do out? No wonder the Green Dragon carries all before it—but if men won't attend to their business.—[*Counts a score.*] Two and twenty. Upon

my life, it is very discreditable to run such a score at a public house:—who can it be? marked with an S—s. I'll lay my life it is Mrs. Sims—that woman owes money at every shop in the village.

DOUBLEDOT *speaks without.*

Doub. This way, sir, if you please.

Pry. Oh, at last. A traveller with him—I wonder who he is.

Enter DOUBLEDOT and FRANK HARDY.

Doub. [*Very obsequiously at first, but gradually relaxing in his civility.*] This way, sir—will you please to take any thing after your journey?

Frank. No, nothing.

Doub. Will you order your dinner now, sir?

Frank. I shall not dine here. Let my luggage be brought into the house, and remain here for the present. [*Sits at table.*]

Doub. Ah! a precious customer. A glass of water and a tooth-pick. [*Aside.*]

Pry. I say, Doubledot—a good quantity of luggage for one person. He is alone. Do you happen to know who he is?

Double. No—but you very soon will. I'll answer for it. [*Exit.*]

Frank. Now to proceed to my old uncle's. After an absence of so many years, I shall scarcely be recognized by him. As for Eliza, who was a mere child at the period of my departure——

Pry. [*Who has seated himself at table and taken up a newspaper.*] Pleasant journey, sir?

Frank. Very pleasant, sir.

Pry. From London, sir?

Frank. No, sir.

Pry. O, not from London. Stay long in these parts, sir?

Frank. Quite uncertain, sir. A tolerably inquisitive fellow, this.

Pry. [*Aside.*] Shy—don't like him—something mysterious about him. I am determined to find out who he is.—Beg pardon, sir, if I'm not mistaken your name is—a

Frank. You are right, sir, Snooks. Now, sir, allow me to ask you a question. Is it far hence to Colonel Hardy's?

Pry. Oh, you know him. Do you happen to know his nephew, who has just come from sea?

Frank. Come—coming, you mean.

Pry. Come, I tell you. He arrived this morning.

Frank. What, his nephew, Frank Hardy?

Pry. The same. I saw him with my own eyes. Come in a very odd way too. [*Aside.*] The intelligence appears to perplex him.

Frank. [*Aside.*] What can this mean? a person there assuming my name! doubtless some piece of roguery is intended, which my timely arrival may prevent. I'll find some future pretence for visiting the family as a stranger, and observe what is going forward before I declare myself.

Pry. [*Aside.*] An adventurer?

Frank. The Colonel, I believe, sir, enjoys a reputation for hospitality. Do you imagine he would refuse the visit of a stranger?—a gentleman travelling for his pleasure, who wishes to be favoured with a view of his grounds—his pictures.

Pry. [*Hesitating.*] No, sir.—[*Aside.*] A travelling gentleman—the case is clear.

Frank. There is no time to be lost, sir. I must be plain with you. It is my intention to pay Colonel Hardy a visit; the object of that visit is important, and that it may succeed, the utmost secrecy and caution are requisite.

Pry. Indeed. [*Aside.*] Very cool, upon my word.

Frank. To use your own expression, “beg pardon if I am mistaken”—[*Shaking his cane at Pry*—but you appear to me to be one of those good-natured, inquisitive, officious persons, who abound in such places as this. Now if you mention to any soul breathing that you have seen me, you may have cause to repent your indiscretion. [*Exit.*]

Pry. Sir, yours. Not the shadow of a doubt what sort of a gentleman he is. Yet he looks like a gentleman—but what of that? every pickpocket now-a-days is described as a youth of prepossessing appearance, and every disorderly woman taken before a magistrate, is sure to be young and interesting. Now, what ought I to do in this case? I have to interfere with other people's business. Yet, in a matter like this—I'll take a short cut to the house beforehand with the travelling gentleman, put the Colonel on his guard, and for once force him to acknowledge the value of my service. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—At HARDY'S.—Same as in Act II.—*Enter HARDY, MARIAN, and WILLIS.*

Hardy. What! marry his housekeeper!

marry mother Subtle! The old fool! The old dotard! Oh, that I were his father for one quarter of an hour, that I might enjoy the paternal gratification of breaking every bone in his body.

Willis. Fortunately the evil is not yet accomplished, and your interference may prevent it.

Hardy. But how did you learn this?

Willis. My suspicions long existing of such an intention, were confirmed by a desperate altercation between Grasp and Mrs. Subtle, which I have just had the good fortune to overhear. Grasp having detected her schemes upon my uncle, and enraged at her duplicity towards himself, threatened, even at the peril of his own ruin, to expose the intrigues she had so long carried on against me. Mrs. Subtle, presuming on her strong influence over Mr. Witherton, scoffed at his menaces, dared him to do his worst, and defied him to the proof of his accusation, till Grasp hinting at certain letters which unknown to her he had preserved, she instantly moderated her haughty tone, promised compliance with any arrangement he might propose, and once more I believe they are friends.

Hardy. Friends! accomplices you mean. But let me see, what's to be done? First do you return, both of you, and ——

Marian. I wish that could be avoided. Mrs. Subtle already assumes the mistress, and has expressed her determination to dismiss me, and ——

Hardy. That will do. You shall take her at her word. You shall remain concealed here for awhile; egad, and so shall you, Somers.

Willis. To what purpose, sir?

Hardy. Leave it to me. 'Tis here, 'tis here [*Striking his forehead.*] Go in my study; there you will be free from observation: no one dares go there without my leave. I'll come to you presently, and dictate a letter you shall send to Witherton, which, if it does not bring him to his senses, he is incorrigible.

Willis. How shall we thank you for the interest you take in our behalf?

Hardy. By leaving me to myself for a few minutes. I have my hands full of business already. Here is a letter I have just received from an old friend, relative to a runaway son of his! then there's my nephew, Frank, who is returned. But go, go—if my daughter, or her chattering

maid, should see you here together, I would not give you five minutes purchase for your secret.

Marian. We will act implicitly by your advice, sir.

Hardy. Do so, and I will yet blow all Mrs. Subtle's schemes—no matter where. [*Exit MARIAN and WILLIS.*] Now just let me look at old Stanley's letter again, before I communicate its contents to my nephew. [*Reads.*] "My boy Harry, who is a hair-brained, harem-scarem fellow, mounted horse, and galloped away, the moment I mentioned a wife for him of my choosing. He has been met on the road towards your place, and I suspect that, notwithstanding our secrecy, he has discovered who the girl is, and has a mind to see her before he positively rejects her. Should this be the case, and he fall in your way, pray do you humour his incognito, for no doubt he has adopted one, and detain him till my arrival, which will speedily follow your receipt of this." Ah, this is very pretty, but what right has any man to come and look at my daughter: to take her, or leave her, as he would a horse? My Lizzy is a wife for an emperor; I know it, that's enough, and I won't allow any man to—[*Calls out of window.*] Here, you Frank, I want you—[*FRANK within.*]—Coming sir! Coming sir, then why the devil don't you come. There, he is, tied to the woman's apron strings. Hang me, if I have been able to keep him with me, during three consecutive quarters of a minute since he has been here.

Enter HARRY STANLEY, ELIZA and PHEBE, hanging on each arm.

Harry. Did you call me, sir?

Hardy. Yes, but I didn't call all three of you. Yet here you go about with your heads together, like three conspirators, as if you were hatching another gunpowder treason.

Harry. Can you be surprised at my preferring the company of my dear, little—cousin, to yours, sir? But what have you to say to me, sir?

Hardy. Something that touches the honour of us all. Yours, yours—and [*To PHEBE.*] even yours, if you have any respect for your mistress.

Harry. [*Aside.*] Am I discovered?

Hardy. I have reason to believe that a certain person is in this neighborhood,

cruising under false colours, as you would call it.

Harry. Ah, sir, then I suppose you expect that he should face to the right about, and beat a retreat, as you would call it.

Hardy. No, you jackanapes, I neither expect nor intend any such thing. I intend to humour the deception, and then take him by surprise.

Phebe. [*Aside.*] You have but one chance for it, sir, confess at once—confess.

Harry. Our only hope, I believe. Then what if he should confess his error, ask pardon for his indiscretion, and throw himself on your mercy.

Hardy. Why then I should say, take my daughter, and may you be happy together.

Harry. Would you, sir, why then—
[*Taking ELIZA by the hand and turning towards him.*]

Hardy. But not so fast. You don't know your uncle, yet, Frank. I'll first punish him for his impertinence. How dare he, when it is settled that he shall marry my Lizzy, presume to have a choice of his own? And because he has not yet seen her, how dare he—

Eliza. Not yet seen me! who are you talking about, 'pa?

Hardy. Your intended husband to be sure, Mr.—
[*SIMON enters.*]

Simon. Mr. Paul Pry.

Hardy. Confound Mr. Paul Pry! Eternally that Mr. Paul Pry. My compliments, and I am not at home. [*Exit SIMON.*] I guess what his important business is likely to be. He comes to look for a shoestring, or tell me some nonsensical event that has occurred in the neighborhood.

Pry. [*Without.*] Pooh, pooh, this is no time for ceremony, so see him I must.

Phebe. I am superstitious about that Mr. Pry. A winding-sheet in the candle, or spilling the salt, is less ominous of evil, than the approach of that man.

Enter PAUL PRY.

Pry. Colonel, you must pardon the intrusion, but I come to tell you —

Hardy. Well, be quick, Whose cat in the village has kitted? How many blind puppies have your neighbors drowned? Come, inflict upon me the full and true particulars, and make an end of it.

Pry. Colonel, I don't understand. There is treason and a plot in the wind, and I came like a good-natured fool as I am, to put you on your guard. But there is no time to spare. He is now on his way hither.

Hardy. He! and who is he? and what is he?

Pry. An impostor—an adventurer—or something of that mysterious nature. A travelling gentleman, as he calls himself. He has just arrived, and luckily for you, I have wormed his intentions out of him.

Hardy. Well, well, and what are his intentions?

Pry. To get into your house under pretence of seeing your pictures—looking at your grounds—

Hardy. [*Aside.*] That's my man. Well, and what is there so extraordinary in that?

Pry. Oh, nothing. But when a man talks about the object of his visit requiring the utmost secrecy and caution—when he asks suspicious questions—

Hardy. What do you call suspicious questions?

Pry. First, he asked me whether you are of a hospitable turn, which I take to be very suspicious. If you had but seen him when I told him of the arrival of your nephew, Mr. Frank; he staggered—absolutely staggered.—“What his nephew!” says he, “Frank Hardy!”

Eliza. [*To STANLEY.*] Surely this must be my cousin Frank.

Harry. I'll away, and prepare him.

Phebe. No, leave that to me. My absence will not be remarked. [*Exit.*]

Hardy. Pray, did he mention his name?

Pry. Name? Bless you, these fellows have a name for every town in the kingdom. He calls himself Snooks—but Lord bless you—

Hardy. [*Aside.*] The cautious rogue But I'll be even with him. No no, it isn't my pictures he comes to see.

Pry. You may well say that—[*Aside.*] This time, however, he will acknowledge his obligations to me.

Hardy. Now, Mr. Pry, it is proper I should tell you, that I was already prepared for this visit. I know who the person is, and have most serious reasons for humouring his frolic. I know you to be a busy, meddling, talkative person, and therefore warn you, that if you breathe a hint of having put me on my guard, as

you call it—you know me, so I need say no more.

Pry. Well, between the two—Colonel Hardy, you are a magistrate and I—I haven't a shilling about me, or I'd make oath in your presence never to do a good-natured thing again whilst I live. [*Exit.*]

Harry. [*Aside.*] If I could but see him. Hadn't I better go and inquire into the truth of this, sir? That blundering booby confuses every thing.

Hardy. No, sir, you will please stay where you are. [*Crosses to ELIZA.*] This is he, my love—this Mr. Snooks, as he calls himself, is the person you are to marry.

Eliza. Oh, papa, and would you have me marry a man with such a name? I could not if he were a lord.

Hardy. No, my dear, no—that is not his name. I may tell you now—his name is—no, I won't. His project in this incognito, and mine in humouring it, might both be defeated, by your inadvertently naming him—so 'tis safe as it is. [*To himself.*] But I forget my prisoners. Frank, I have business that will occupy me for a few minutes in my study. Should this gentleman arrive before my return, you, as my nephew, will do the honours for me; and you, my little darling, will remember, that as he is your intended husband, you must endeavour—but I need say no more; that hint is always sufficient to put a woman to her sweetest looks and best behaviour. [*Exit.*]

Harry. I am in a pleasant dilemma here. Should this be Frank, I must cease to act your cousin. Should it be the person your father expects, good bye to my hopes of becoming your husband.

Enter PHEBE.

Phoebe. Where is the Colonel?

Harry. In his study.

Phoebe. 'Tis Mr. Frank himself. But be not alarmed, I have prepared him by a hasty narrative of the events of the morning, and he has promised to make one of our party. You may come in, sir.

Enter FRANK HARDY.

Frank. My dear cousin! [*Embraces ELIZA.*] What, Harry, my old shipmate?

Eliza. And is this my little cousin Frank? How much he has grown since he was a little boy!

Frank. We are both somewhat changed. I left home a boy, and returned a man. I

left you playing with a doll, and find you manœuvring for a husband. This pretty maid has informed me of your proceedings. But pray, my dear fellow, does it occur to you that we are in a devil of a scrape here?

Harry. And pray, my dear fellow, does it occur to you how I am to get out of it?

Frank. [*Pointing to the window.*] That seems the shortest way.

Harry. That way led me into it, and I never take the same road twice.

Frank. But since my uncle doesn't expect two nephews, one of us must abdicate.

Phoebe. I hope you didn't come all the way from the antipodes to tell us that, sir. That—must be the end of it, we know: but if you were at all acquainted with your uncle's character, you would conceive that there might be some danger in an abrupt disclosure of the deception we have been forced to put upon him.

Frank. How forced?

Phoebe. Why, as I told you by the way, sir, to prevent lord knows what mischief.

Frank. Harkye, you and I are old friends; you love my cousin, she loves you, and if my assistance is likely to promote your union, you may command it. Would your father consent to it?

Harry. I doubt that, for he has a scheme of his own for my marriage. So my notion is to marry first, and ask his consent afterwards.

Eliza. Stop, I have an idea.

Phoebe. [*Aside.*] At last! If it be really an idea, she never came honestly by it—Hush! I tremble at every sound. I'll go and see what it is. [*Exit.*]

Harry. Now for your idea.

Eliza. I dread my 'pa's anger, and dare not see him till he is pacified. Now if Harry were to force me to run away with him, whilst you—

Frank. That is a step I wish not to sanction. Be prudent, or I abandon you. But pray tell, since I am not to be myself, who am I?

Harry. Why the Colonel expects his protégé. He believes you are the person and—Hush! he's here.

Frank. That will never do, for should he really arrive, our difficulty would be increased—and—

Harry. [*Aside.*] I long to throw myself into his arms, yet dare not.

[*They retire.*]

Enter HARDY.

Hardy. We have despatched the letter, and if that fail to arouse old Witherton to a sense of his humiliation—[*Aside.*] ha, there he is. Now I'll teach him to come here and take my whole family as it were on trial. [*FRANK advances.*] I believe I have the honour of addressing the travelling gentleman who has expressed a desire to see my pictures.

Frank. Sir—I—

Hardy. Sir, I entreat you will use no ceremony—visit my grounds—examine my furniture—settle your opinion upon every thing and every body in my house.—This is my daughter. [*Takes her by the hand.*] My daughter, sir—you understand. I hope you like her. This is my nephew, Frank. What is your opinion of him! How d'ye like me?

Frank. So well, sir, that if I were to choose an uncle for myself, you would be the very man.

Hardy. Well, that's one point in our favour. But we have not done yet—my dinners—my wines—it is important that those should be to your satisfaction, young gentleman;—so I shall request the satisfaction of your company at dinner to-day.

Frank. Ay, sir, and to-morrow, and every day for a month to come, if you please.

Hardy. And if any thing in my house, dead or alive, should displease you, you understand—pray use no ceremony in mentioning it.

Frank. [*Aside.*] What the deuce does he mean? Sir, I assure you that every thing here is perfectly to my taste.

Hardy. If not, Mr. Snooks has but to gallop to town again, and no party you understand is compromised by his visit.

Frank. Upon my soul, sir, I do not understand—but Snooks—oh, I perceive the chattering fellow I met at the inn, has spoken to you about me, and be hanged to him.

Hardy. No matter, sir, I am very proud of the honour you intend me, and let that suffice.

Harry. [*Aside to Frank.*] Don't contradict him, or he'll talk for a month.

Hardy. And now, sir, that no time may be lost, suppose you commence your inspection at once by a ramble about my grounds. If you please, my daughter shall accompany you: but if that is in the least disagreeable, pray say so.

Harry. [*To ELIZA.*] Come, and thank heaven for this respite.

Hardy. What the deuce Frank—[*Separates them.*] Do the civil thing to the travelling gentleman. Will it be in any way disagreeable to you, sir, to give my daughter your arm?

Frank. Let this attest, that it is the most agreeable thing you could have proposed to me, sir.

Hardy. [*Aside.*] I am sorry it is so. I almost wish he had disliked her, that his marriage might have been a punishment to him for presuming to have a choice of his own. But his father will soon be here—and then—

Enter PHEBE, with a key.

Well, what is the matter with you? What has alarmed you? Is the house on fire? Why don't you answer?

Phebe. Alarmed! no, sir, I am not alarmed; but Grasp, Mr. Witherton's steward, wishes to see you—and running to tell you has taken my breath away, that's all, sir.

Hardy. So, the letter has produced its effect, I imagine.

Phebe. He seems in a violent rage, so pray go to him, sir, go.

Hardy. Well, why need you be so alarmed about it? But you have nerves, I suppose. Ah, the luxury and refinement of the times! Here's a chambermaid sent into the world with as fine a set of nerves as a duchess. I'll go to the man. You'll excuse me for a short time, Mr. travelling gentleman; Frank and my daughter will supply my place. [*Exit.*]

Eliza. Phebe, what are you so flurried about? Is it really Mr. Grasp, or have you deceived my 'pa?

Phebe. No, Miss, no, that's true enough—but I wish it were the whole truth. He's come at last and I have him under lock and key.

Eliza. Who, the young man?

Phebe. Young! why, Miss, he's fifty.

Harry. You have mistaken the person, then; 'tis a young man the Colonel expects.

Phebe. The Colonel speaks of him as he was, when they were associates, without considering how many years have passed since. I am certain 'tis he, for he asked to see the bride—that was enough for me. I thrust him into the breakfast parlour, and locked the door. Here, take

the key, and settle your matters as best you may.

Harry. They'll be easily settled; [*Takes the key.*] I have but one way of treating with a rival. Either he must relinquish his claim, or I shall leave the point to be argued by a brace of the most persuasive tongues of any in the kingdom. Come with me, Frank.

Frank. Hold, you have chosen to be my representative with my uncle, I shall therefore take your place with your rival, and try what may be done by more temperate measures. Come, come, Harry, stay where you are. You are too deeply interested in the issue to be as cool as circumstances may require; so leave the interview entirely to me.

Harry. On one condition, I will; that if you do not succeed in persuading him to abandon the engagement he is under with your uncle, you will then turn my gentleman over to my care, and I warrant you—

Frank. Say no more, 'tis granted. Come, Phebe, show me to the dragon I am to vanquish.

Eliza. And tell him, Frank, that I can never love him—that we shall never be happy together—and that though I may be obliged to marry him to please my 'pa, I shall never do any thing to please him.

[*Exeunt HARRY and ELIZA—FRANK.*]

Phebe. Well, when I marry, I'll not leave the choice of a partner to the Colonel. The man would be well enough for a grandfather, but for a husband—Miss Simpleton has entered much better for herself. Her Harry is a dashing fellow, that's the truth on't. Here are some verses he just slipped into my hand. [*Reads.*] Well, his compliment is pretty enough, but I can't say much for its novelty. He compares my lips to cherries. Whilst Mr. Frank is gone for the letter, I'll get them by heart. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*At WITHERTON'S—Enter WITHERTON.*

With. Marry!—at the very sound I feel myself a happy and contented man. Marry!—and yet at my age 'tis a step which ought not to be inconsiderately taken. Willis, [*Rings.*] his advice has served me on more than one occasion. Ah, had my nephew been where he ought, I had not needed the friendship of a

stranger; but that young man shall supply his place.

Enter SERVANT with a letter.

Desire Mr. Willis to come to me.

Serv. Mr. Willis is gone, sir—and here is a letter for you, sir. [*Exit.*]

With. Gone! what does he mean? [*Opens the letter.*] and a letter from Marian. [*Reads hastily.*] What do I read? "Mrs. Subtle's tyranny, her overbearing insolence—unable any longer to endure it—by at once quitting your house, and relinquishing your protection, and 'tis with unfeigned sorrow and regret I do so, I am but anticipating my intended dismissal. Willis, for reasons which you shall know hereafter, has resolved to accompany me."—Marian! Marian! my poor Marian! Driven from my house—Willis too. Does she already so presume? I see my conduct now must determine the character I am to maintain hereafter. I must teach her that I can be master or sink for ever into the abject slave.

Enter MRS. SUBTLE.

Mrs. S. The papers are destroyed—and now—

With. So, Mrs. Subtle, where is Marian? where is Willis?

Mrs. S. Gone!

With. By whose authority are they dismissed? yours?

Mrs. S. [*Astonished at his authoritative tone.*] Why, how is this? Rebellion?

With. Have you done this, I say?

Mrs. S. No. And if I had, give me leave to say, sir—

With. I perceive your error: let me correct it while there is yet time. He that has occasionally endured the control of a servant, may yet revolt at the dominion of a wife. Remember, besides, you assume the mistress somewhat prematurely. Let Willis and Marian be recalled.

Mrs. S. [*Aside.*] Is this possible? I know not where they are, sir.

With. Restore them to my house, or—

Mrs. S. Or you would have me quit it.

With. I said not so.

Mrs. S. [*In tears.*] I deserve this. Oh, woman! would you make a man your tyrant, you need but avow to him that you love. 'Tis clear you wish me gone.

With. No, Mrs. Subtle, no—but let them be recalled.

Mrs. S. They shall be sought after. But

was this well? do I deserve this unkindness? Marian is young and handsome; and if her presence here displeased me, could you divine no excusable motive for my displeasure?

With. Well, dear Mrs. Subtle, say no more. I was perhaps too hasty. Ah, here comes Hardy.

Enter HARDY.

Hardy. So, what is this I hear? You have dismissed Willis—poor Marian too—those whom I recommended to your care.

With. Well, well, and were it so, am I not master in my own house?

Hardy. No, there's the master of you, and your house too. But I'm aware of your intentions. Marry your housekeeper! How old are you? Are you out of your teens? You have long since arrived at the age of maturity, we'll say nothing about years of discretion.

With. Colonel, this is my house.

Hardy. I understand—and when I have performed my errand, I'll leave you to the full enjoyment of it. If you marry, what is to become of your nephew? Though when the settlements are drawn, I dare say Mrs. Subtle will take care the poor fellow shall be amply provided—for *[To her.]* you always have been the friend of poor sinners, you know.

Mrs. S. [Aside.] Ah, is he there?

With. Provide for him! I'll cut him off with a shilling.

Hardy. Do what? Do you know the meaning of that trivial, dreadful phrase? Would you carry your resentment beyond the grave? A'n't you satisfied to enjoy the pleasure of revenge as long as you live? Surely that is long enough for the best—for the worst of us. When we die, 'tis time our resentment should expire too.

With. You will be silent on the subject of my nephew, if you wish to preserve my friendship.

Hardy. 'Tis to render you worthy of mine, that I speak. But this is no time for ceremony; your eyes must be opened. Here, Grasp.

Enter GRASP.

You have for years been the dupe of this precious pair—poor Somers traduced—his letters—yours suppressed—falsified. This honest gentleman, doubtful of being able to persuade you of the truth of his confession, has taken the surer way of making it to me.

With. I was already prepared for something of this nature, but he has deceived you: his motives are not unknown to me.

Mrs. S. Let him speak, sir. What intrigues he may have carried on against your nephew, I know not. Whatever he would charge upon me, he must prove. His word, under present circumstances, is as nothing.

Hardy. I would give as little for the fellow's word as you would, who seems to know its great value. So, come, sir, to the proof you told me of.

Mrs. S. Ay, now—villain!

Grasp. Ay, now you shall feel what it is to make a dupe of me. *[Exit.]*

Hardy. Now when your eyes are opened, perhaps you will have no objection to acknowledge that you perceive the light of the sun.

With. 'Tis a wicked imposture of his—the petty revenge of disappointed hope.

Mrs. S. Let them proceed, sir.

Re-enter GRASP.

Grasp. They are stolen—I am robbed. *[To MRS. SUBTLE.]* 'Tis you have done this.

With. What say you?

Mrs. S. This is too stale a device.

Grasp. [To HARDY.] The papers I told you of—'twas but this morning I saw them there—my desk has been opened—You, *[To MRS. SUBTLE.]* you alone had a motive for doing this.

With. The trick is evident. Deliver up your keys, and quit my house.

Hardy. There can be no objection to that. There will be one rogue the fewer in it. *[To GRASP.]* Do you persist in the truth of the disclosure you made to me?

Grasp. It matters not. You see which way the wind blows. 'Tis clear, whatever may happen, I can no longer remain here. *[To WITHERTON.]* Your blind folly deserves a bitter punishment—marry her. *[Exit.]*

Hardy. [To MRS. SUBTLE.] Now I dare say you consider this a triumph, but I have yet—

Mrs. S. Mr. Witherton, what further insult am I to receive at the hands of this gentleman?

Hardy. Hey-day!

With. Colonel Hardy, I beg you will recollect that this lady is to become—

Hardy. Lady! Well, then, my lady pickle and preserve, since it must be so.

With. Sir, the attempts to disgrace her in my esteem, though I doubt not ingeniously concerted, have failed. It remains with you to determine by your conduct towards her, whether I am to continue your friend.

Hardy. My determination is taken. Good morning to you. I had prepared a surprise for you, which would have rendered you a happy man for life. You shall not enjoy it, till you know better how to deserve it. Good day.

Enter PAUL PRY.

Pry. I hope I don't intrude.

Hardy. You have just dropt in to wish the young couple joy, I suppose?

Pry. I come to wish Mrs. Subtle joy. You must have been dreadfully alarmed when you discovered your loss.

Mrs. S. What loss—what?

Pry. I saw you drop them, and called after you, but you didn't hear me.

Mrs. S. What are you speaking of?

Pry. Poor Mrs. Subtle, thought I, if these had been her own, it wouldn't so much have grieved her; but to lose a packet belonging to her master—

Hardy. Eh, what's that? Papers?

Pry. A heavy package she let fall into the dry well, up yonder. It took me nearly half an hour to hook them out again—and here they are.

Mrs. S. [About to seize them.] They are mine.

Hardy. [Seizing them.] By your leave. So, so, this confirms the truth of Grasp's story. [Looking at them, and giving them one by one to WITHERTON.] Will this convince you—or this—or this?

Mrs. S. The scheme I have for years been framing, in a moment destroyed by an officious fool.

With. May I believe my eyes? The letter desiring my nephew to hasten to England, suppressed. And here—[Reads.] "Again I write to you, my dear uncle, to implore your consent to my marriage." And here he entreats permission to see me. What say you to this, Mrs. Subtle?

Mrs. S. I scorn to reply. If you believe me implicated in these intrigues—if you have so lost your confidence in my truth and honesty towards you, bid me at once begone. In your solitude, your desolate solitude, you will find leisure to repent your injustice, and—

With. Say but you are innocent in any participation in this, and—

Hardy. Say it! Confound her, she'll say it, and swear it too. But are you so blind as not to perceive the drift of her artful speech? Why need you be desolate? why need you be solitary? It has been her wicked policy to render you so. Recall the friends whom nature has provided for you. If you won't, I will; and if you don't like them—give them over to me.

With. What mean you?

Hardy. To restore an injured nephew to you; and if Somers and his wife have suffered through the calumnies this good lady has heaped upon them, your own judgment has done them right in its true estimate of the virtues of Willis and Marian. Come in.

Enter WILLIS and MARIAN.

I hate the parade of sentiment. There they are, so take them at once to your heart. They have nothing to be ashamed of, except having an old fool for an uncle.

[WILLIS and MARIAN throw themselves at WITHERTON's feet.]

With. No, not there—not there. [Rises and clasps them in his arms.] To what vile treachery have I been subjected? Mrs. Subtle, you may perceive that your presence here is no longer desirable.

Mrs. S. Think not I desire to remain; and if I feel a pang at parting with you, it is at the reflection that a few hours more would have made me mistress of that fortune, which now—may it carry misery wherever it is bestowed. [Exit.]

Hardy. There! If you could entertain the slightest regret at the departure of that good lady, I trust that her farewell speech will serve to extinguish it.

Pry. [To HARDY.] 'Tis best for him as it is. He'd have caught a tartar; besides he can be no chicken. Now what age would you take him to be?

Hardy. At a random guess, turned of twenty. Give me your hand. [To WITHERTON.] I congratulate you on your accession to your senses. I am happy in what I have done here. I feel in good humour with myself, and every body else. Will no one ask a favour, that I may enjoy the pleasure of granting it? Will no one offend me, to afford me the gratification of forgiving him?

Enter FRANK HARDY.

Frank. If you are in that mood, sir, I can furnish you with employment.

Hardy. So, Mr. Snooks, is it you? [*To WITHERTON.*] The son of our old friend Stanley, with whom you and I have cracked many a bottle in our young days. He thinks I don't know him.

Pry. The travelling gentleman.

Hardy. [*To FRANK.*] Then you intend to confess who you are, and trust to my mercy? But I knew you from the first. I was apprised of your runaway freak, and was resolved to humour it.

Frank. Pray, sir, read this letter.

[*Gives a letter.*]

Hardy. "Archibald Stanley"—a letter from his father.

Pry. A pass to the next parish, I suppose.

Hardy. What the deuce! break off his engagement with me; and has he encouraged you in this?

Frank. Upon my word, sir, he is a very rational old gentleman, and made no sort of scruple in relinquishing his share in the treaty.

Hardy. So then it appears that my daughter is not agreeable to you, and your father is mad enough to—

Frank. My father, sir!

Hardy. Aye, sir, and I consider the conduct of old Mr. Stanley in this affair

Frank. One word, sir. Is the gentleman I have just seen, old Mr. Stanley, the father of Harry Stanley?

Hardy. Why this is stretching the proverb with a vengeance; and do you pretend that you did not know your own father?

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! So then Harry Stanley is the person you have all along intended for your son-in-law?

Hardy. Why who the devil else do you think it was? Sir, do you persist in refusing my daughter?

Frank. I do, sir. Yet, nevertheless your own intentions will be fulfilled.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. [*To WITHERTON.*] Mr. Stanley, sir.

Frank. Ha, ha, ha! I foresee a warm explanation here.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. [*Crosses to WITHERTON.*] Ah,

my old friend! I have made a fruitless journey down to this place, but I would not return to town, without shaking you by the hand. What, Hardy! I had resolved not to see you, but since we have met, your hand. Your daughter may be all the happier for the exchange.

Hardy. So then you countenance your son in his refusal? You allow him to come here, look at my daughter, turn up his cursed impudent nose at her, and coolly march off again.

Stan. What, and has my Hal been here? What has become of him?

Hardy. Why, don't you see him before you? Turn about, you dog. [*To FRANK.*]

Stan. Ha, ha, ha! He's no son of mine.

Hardy. Tell me, if that is not your son, pray whose son is he?

Stan. That's more than I can say. All I know about him, is that he is the gentleman in whose favour I have just relinquished my boy's claim to your daughter.

Hardy. So, sir, you have dared to impose upon me, by telling me that—

Frank. You wrong me, sir. I told you nothing. The error was of your own creating.

Pry. There, you see, I was right.

Hardy. Ay, and you putting me on my guard has led to this misunderstanding. But here comes my nephew. I shall leave it to him to revenge this affront.

Enter HARRY, ELIZA, and PHEBE.

With. My dear friend, be temperate.

Hardy. For all misunderstanding, that has occurred here, sir, I alone am—the devil, my father!

Pry. The devil his father! Well, I thought he did not come of a good family, from the first moment I saw him.

Stan. Come hither, sir, and answer your father.

Hardy. Listen to your uncle, I say.

Stan. You his uncle! Why zounds, are you mad, or do you think I don't know my own son?

Hardy. There is some confounded roguery in this. If one of these is not your son, and the other an impudent rascal of a lover, what am I to do for a nephew?

Phebe. [*Leading FRANK to him.*] For want of another, take this.

Hardy. I begin to perceive. So then you were the bird-catcher after all, and were already acquainted with my daugh-

ter. And pray, Miss Phebe, how did you dare—

Phebe. Why, sir, if hot-headed gentlemen will ask questions with pistols in their hands, what is one to do?

With. Come, come, say no more. You have your own way.

Hardy. True, I have my own way, but not in my own way of having it. Her obedience is not quite so evident in this, as I could have desired; however, there

[Crosses to HARRY, passes him over to ELIZA, and joins their hands.]

There, you bird catcher, you. You've caught a goldfinch.

Eliza. Thank you, 'pa, and if ever I marry again, you shall have the choice all your own way.

Harry. I am in no hurry to give your 'pa an opportunity of putting your obedience to the test.

Hardy. Frank, my boy, you do take after the family, and I forgive you on that account.

Phebe. I hope, sir, you'll forgive me—if not—[Turns to WITHERTON.] I hear sir, that you have dismissed your housekeeper, and—[Curtisies.] should I lose my place in the Colonel's family—

With. Ah, my dear, you are too young for a housekeeper, and I have abandoned my intention to marry. Celibacy is an error, which at my age it is too late to repair. I have been foolish enough to live single all my life, but to marry now, would be but to exchange a great folly for a greater. In this is now my refuge for life.

[Taking his nephew's and MARIAN'S hand.]

Hardy. All you that are single, take warning by him, and marry as fast as you can.

Pry. [To PHEBE.] A broad hint to you and me, Miss Phebe.

Phebe. Lord help me. You are too inquisitive for a husband.

Pry. Pooh, pooh! A spirit of inquiry is the great characteristic of the age we live in.

Hardy. It is a spirit which now and then leads you to fish in troubled waters.

Pry. I flatter myself I have fished to some purpose to-day though—the papers, you know.

Hardy. So you have; and in consideration of that, I will tolerate you for the remainder of it. You shall dine with me.

Pry. You'll tolerate me—no, will you? Well, that's very polite, and I accept your invitation.

Hardy. But if you dare ask a single question, even what it is o'clock, I'll toss you out of the window.

Pry. I must ask one question more. Ladies and gentlemen, if I am not impertinent, will you, will you overlook the many faults of Paul Pry?

THE END OF PAUL PRY.

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE COURT.

HOW CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE WAS SNUBBED BY A RAILWAY TICKET AGENT.

Chief Justice Waite, of the Supreme Court, had a funny experience the other day, and as he has related it to any number of friends, the story has had a wide circulation in society. Several weeks ago he had an imperative engagement in Baltimore. Like all great men he is proverbially absent-minded. He went up to the Court, and after a few moments' session adjourned the Court and came down leisurely to the Baltimore and Ohio Depot, which is only a short distance from the Capitol. As he got out of the street-car he found he had ten minutes in which to purchase a ticket and get a seat on the train. As he went up to the ticket office he discovered, to his surprise, that he had only a few pennies in his pocket. He had neglected to provide himself with "scrip for his journey." He looked around the waiting-room, but saw no one he knew. What was to be done must be done quickly; his engagement was an important one. So he filed up in the line to the ticket office, and when he reached the window the Chief Justice smiled an awful smile across the full width of his ample mouth, and asked the ticket agent if he knew him.

"No, I don't," snarled the agent; "and what is more I don't want to. What do you want?"

"I want a ticket to Baltimore and return. I am the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and I have no money with me; it is purely accidental. I can give you my personal check."

"Oh, I know you. I know all the bloods, but that dodge won't work on me.

I have just had two members of the Cabinet try to 'bilk' me out of tickets, and no Chief Justice dodge gets me. Take your ugly mug out of the window, and get out of the way of people who have money."

The Chief Justice glared. He could not fine the young man for contempt of Court. He felt cheaper and worse than if he had been a real fraud. He blushed and perspired so that the agent had his firm belief strengthened. The Chief Justice dashed out of the station to see if he could not find some one to identify him. He had only five minutes left. It was too short a time to run to the Capitol. He saw no one. Across the street there was a saloon and eating-house. The Chief Justice made a rush across the road, but he stopped at the door. What if he should be seen going into a common gin-mill? What would people say, and it was a bare chance if any one in there should know him! Spying a private entrance, he rushed in and accosted the proprietor with the frantic inquiry of—"Do you know me?"

"Yes, bet yer head, I do, yer honor," said the short-haired, freckled-faced man behind the bar. "Ye are the boss av the Shuprame Coort. I see ye every day going by here on the cars."

"Will you cash my check? I have no time to explain." Here the Chief Justice grabbed a piece of paper upon a desk near by and began to write hurriedly.

"Shure I will. I've seen ould byes off on a tear before get out of money. Trusht me, sorr. Is it a twenty ye want? Here it is. Will ye have a drop before ye run?"

But, before any further explanation could be made, the Chief Justice had grabbed the money and was running across the street. In some way the ticket agent had learned of his blunder during the Judge's absence, and was all politeness when he saw the money. Mr. Waite barely made the train, but he has not had such a shock to his dignity since he went upon the bench of the Supreme Court.

"My dear doctor," said an Irishman, "it's no use your giving me an emetic. I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

A REPORT FROM BELOW.

As Mister B. and Mistress B.

One night were sitting down to tea,

With toast and muffins hot,

They heard a loud and sudden bounce,

That made the very china flounce,

They could not for a time pronounce

If they were safe or shot.

Suppose the couple standing so,

When rushing footsteps from below

Made pulses fast and fervent;

And first burst in the frantic cat,

All steaming like a brewer's rat,

And then, as white as my cravat,

Poor Mary May, the servant.

Lord! how the couple's teeth did chatter,

Master and mistress both flew at her.

"Speak! fire? or murder? what's the matter?"

Till Mary getting breath,

Upon her tale began to touch

With rapid tongue, full trotting, such

As if she thought she had too much

To tell before her death!

"We was both, ma'am, in the wash-house,

ma'am, a standing at our tubs,

And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I rubs;

'Mary,' says she to me, 'I say,' and there she stops for coughin',

'That dratted copper flue has took a smokin' very often,

But please the pigs,' for that's her way of swearing in a passion,

'I'll blow it up, and not be set a coughin' in this fashion!'

Well, down she takes my master's horn, I mean the horn for loading,

And empties every grain alive for to set the flue exploding.

'Lawk, Mrs. Round!' says I, and stares, 'that quantum is unproper,

I'm sartin sure it can't not take a pound to sky a copper;

You'll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its puff,'

But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of snuff.

Well, when the pinch is over, 'Teach your grandmother to suck

A powder-horn,' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'I wish you luck.'

Them words sets up her back, so with her
 hands upon her hips,
 'Come,' says she, quite in a huff, 'come
 keep your tongue inside your lips ;
 Afore ever you was born, I was used to
 things like these ;
 I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn
 up by degrees.
 So in it goes, and bounce, O Lord ! it gives
 us such a rattle,
 I thought we both were cannonized, like
 sojers in a battle !
 Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on
 both our backs,
 And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and
 split all into cracks.
 Well, then I fainted dead away, and might
 have been cut shorter,
 But Providence was kind, and brought me
 to with scalding water.
 I first looked round for Mrs. Round, and
 sees her at a distance,
 As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as
 anything in existence ;
 All scorched and grimed, and more than
 that, I sees the copper slap
 Right on her head, for all the world like a
 percussion copper cap.
 Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps
 them well up together,
 As humanity pints out, and burnt her nos-
 trums with a feather :
 But for all as I can do, to restore her to
 mortality,
 She never gives a sign of a return to sensu-
 ality.

Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as **my**
 own late departed mother,
 Well, she'll wash no more in this world,
 whatever she does in t'other.
 So I gives myself to scramble up the linens
 for a minute,
 Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it's well my
 master wasn't in it.
 O ! I never, never, never, never, never, never,
 see a sight so shockin' ;
 Here lay a leg, and there a leg, I mean, you
 know, a stocking,
 Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a
 tattered skirt,
 And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all
 scotched and black with dirt :
 But as nobody was in 'em—none but—no-
 body was hurt !
 Well, there I am, a scrambling at the things,
 all in a lump,
 When, mercy on us ! such a groan makes
 my heart to jump.
 And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort
 of eye,
 A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open
 to the sky ;
 Then she beckons with a finger, and so
 down to her I reaches,
 And put my ear to her mouth to hear her
 dying speeches,
 For poor soul ! she has a husband and young
 orphans, as I knew ;
 Well, ma'am, you won't believe it, but it's
 Gospel fact and true,
 But these words is all she whispered—
 " Why, where is the powder blew ? "

THOMAS HOOD.



